PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1981 $2.75

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SEXUAL MALPRACTICE

CONFESSIONS OF A MAFIA INFORMANT

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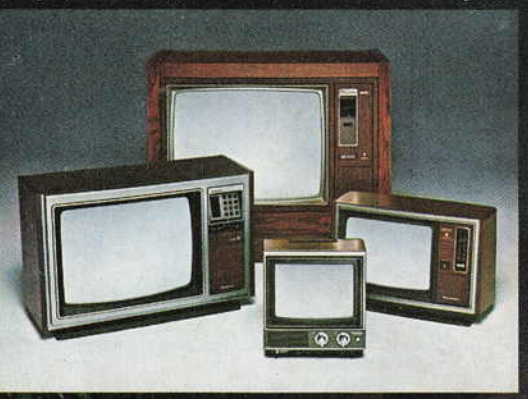

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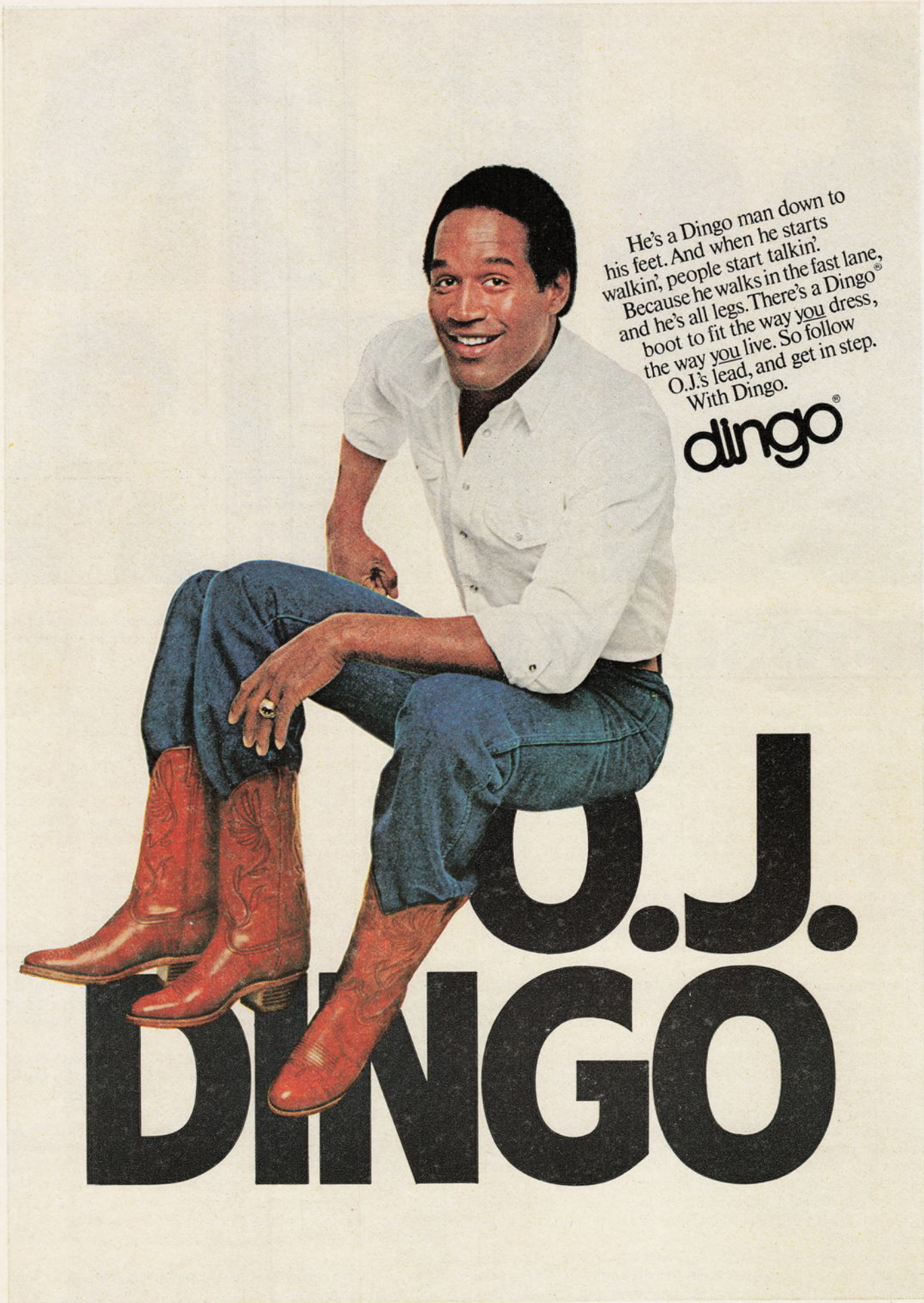
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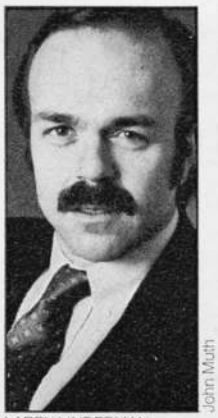

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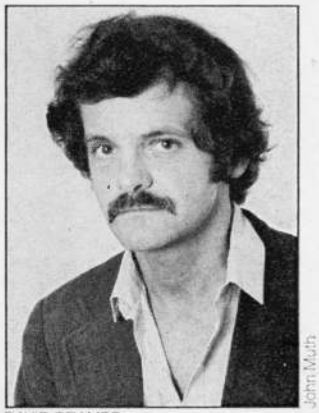

DAVID GRAMBS

John Muth

HOUSECALL

The man who calls himself **Tony Angelo** had to watch in horror as Joey, a loan shark, put the fear of God into a man who had missed his payments: "Without saying a word, Joey kicked this guy in the face and then made him scramble all over the floor. . . . The guy was frightened to death; he handed over every dollar in his wallet and busted open his kid's piggy bank and gave Joey the pennies. All the while, his wife and kids were watching." Incidents like that one convinced Tony Angelo, an honest businessman who had made the mistake of borrowing money from the Mafia, to make an even bigger mistake: he decided to become an undercover spy within the Mafia and give information to the police. In "Twice Betrayed" (page 56), Angelo and *Penthouse* contributing editor **Ernest Volkman** chillingly recount the triple life of an organized-crime informant who must act the parts of a local businessman, an undercover agent, and a member of the Mafia as if his life depended on it –because it does.

Angelo turned out to be a stunningly successful government witness–33 organized-crime hoods have been indicted so far as a result of his testimony. But Tony Angelo's own personal story was much less successful. To stay alive, despite the $100,000 mob contract offered for his murder, Angelo turned to the federal government's Witness Protection Program, which promised him a new identity and a safe, decent life in return for his testimony. The government did give him an alias (which is *not* "Tony Angelo," needless to say). But the rest of the program has been a disaster for Tony and his family, who now live in deadly terror every time they hear a noise in the night. This government betrayal was the main motivation for Tony Angelo to tell his story to *Penthouse*: without adequate protection, there will be fewer men like Angelo, whose firsthand evidence is necessary to convict criminals like Joey. And that failure will affect us all.

Another reason for the failure of America's criminal-justice system, writes lawyer **Seymour Wishman** in this month's "Advise and Dissent" (page 110), is simple incompetence and inexperience. Wishman, who has both prosecuted and defended hundreds of people in his 16 years as a lawyer, says that "steps must be taken to attract more qualified people into the law-enforcement profession. . . . And once hired, these people should be scrutinized in a systematic way to ensure quality control."

Three years ago this month, Bob Guccione launched *Omni* magazine–a spectacular monthly celebration of the future, which has since become one of the great publishing success stories. To mark this anniversary, we are proud to present a specially adapted excerpt from *Voyagers*–a new novel by *Omni* editorial director **Ben Bova**–which will be published by Doubleday (page 136). Bova, who has written more than 50 works of both fiction and nonfiction, tells the riveting story of the approach of an alien spacecraft and of the Russian-controlled scientist who threatens the biggest scientific advance of all time.

Another best-selling novelist is the subject of this month's interview (page 112): **James Clavell**, author of *Shōgun* and *Noble House*, who warns that America's ignorance of history has blinded us to threats from the Soviet Union and Japan. "The Japanese are paying us their most enormous compliment," Clavell explained to *Penthouse* interviewer **Joseph B. Treaster**. "In Japan, if you have an expert teacher . . . it is your duty to surpass your teacher. Japan is doing just that, and we'd better watch out. We are under siege economically. And historically, all wars have started for economic reasons."

On the lighter side, you'll want to read "Sexual Malpractice" (page 84), a satirical short story by *Penthouse* copy editor **David Grambs**, in which California lawyers take the hilariously logical next step after palimony and galimony: lawsuits for sexual failure.

Important new evidence in the John F. Kennedy assassination controversy is unearthed by investigative reporters **Warren Hinckle** and **William W. Turner** in "The Mystery of 544 Camp St." (page 80), an exclusive excerpt from their forthcoming book *The Fish Is Red*, which will be published by Harper & Row. And our own most controversial feature, the annual "Twenty Worst College Football Teams," by the fearless **Larry Linderman**, can be found on page 76.

Finally, we know you'll quite happily join our special autumn Pets in welcoming the arrival of the most colorful of all seasons. Happy reading!

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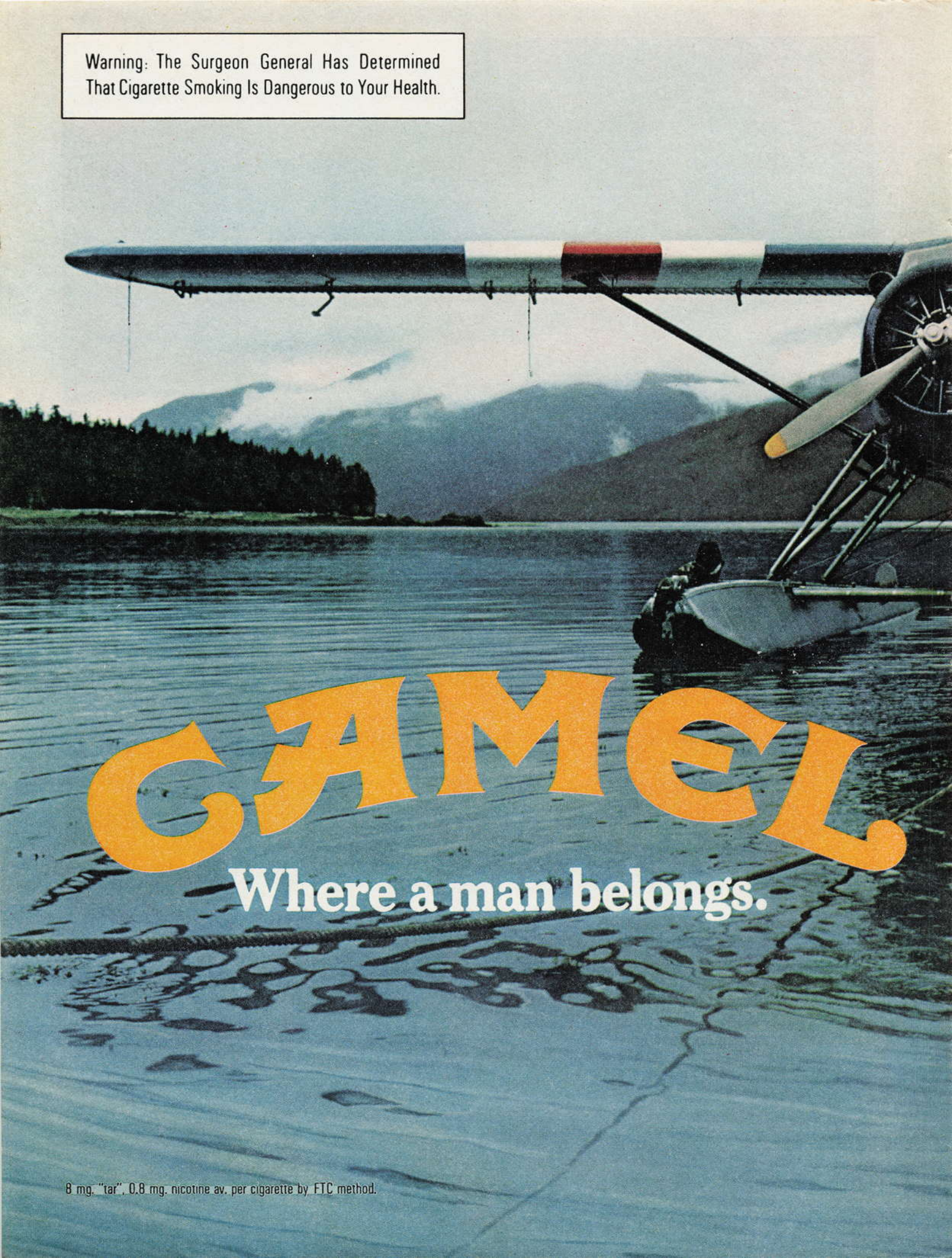
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OCTOBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Memories past

I had a beautiful affair this year with a friend, who was separated from her husband. I am 34 years old and single. She is a few years younger. The first time I visited her apartment to comfort her, she came onto me real strong. She lay in my arms on the couch and kissed me deeply, to my surprise. I touched her pussy, and Julia just moaned and opened her legs. Within minutes we had our clothes off and were fucking while kneeling on the living-room rug. That night I ate her beautiful pussy with my arms looped around her legs as she crawled backwards across the living room and dining room.

Each time I visited Julia it was a sexual surprise. She'd meet me at the door in a towel or just an open shirt. She'd dance for me in a long black gown with nothing on underneath. She'd suck my cock as I smoked a cigarette. She fucked me in the shower, standing on the ledges and pumping herself up and down. She posed for some very special nude photos. She masturbated while sitting in a chair facing me. She held my cock as I peed in the toilet. She cooked gourmet meals wearing only her panties and served herself for dessert.

When we couldn't be together, we'd fuck each other over the phone. She'd tell me how wet and horny she was. She'd put the phone between her legs and finger herself so I could hear her sopping cunt. All the while she was cooing and moaning and using every dirty word you could even think of. She told her favorite fantasies, especially eating another cunt. I'd read her my favorite *Penthouse* letters.

Then her husband made offers of reconciliation. Since I could offer her nothing permanent, I encouraged her to work things out with him. She told me that she still thought of me when she masturbated and when he fucked her, but she wanted to give it her best shot.

After four months she came over to say good-bye before moving back to his apartment in another city. I held her and kissed her, but she was determined to be faithful. I caressed her large breasts and rubbed her legs, but she would not give in. I told her to take off her jeans, and I'd eat her once more for the road. It was hard for her, but she remained true to her decision.

Instead I took her out for lunch—salad and white wine. As we talked about our favorite memories together, I could see she was getting turned on. I told her to drink her wine because I intended to take advantage of her. She had a great big smile and gave me a playful wink.

We almost ran up all the stairs to my apartment. She opened her jeans, and I pulled them off her. She pulled off her wet panties and uncovered her tits. "Eat me," she cried. I did. "Fuck me," she begged, and I did. It was a hot, furious, relentless fuck. It was a fine good-bye. It was all of our relationship in one final, loving statement.—*Name and address withheld*

Royal flush

I have been an avid reader of your fine magazine for several years, but until last week, some of your "Forum" letters left me doubting the validity of the column. However, since my extraordinary experience, I can now say that I am a firm believer in the existence of improbable sexual experiences. This is my story.

First let me explain that Jim, my buddy that shared this adventure, and myself are in the armed forces stationed in Germany. Having been stationed here for quite some time, we decided to take our annual leave together. We decided to head for the ski slopes. Little did we know what lay in store for us in the beautiful area of southern Bavaria.

We were scheduled to stay at the resort for about two weeks. The first few days passed without much excitement, with the exception of some excellent skiing. It was on the fourth day that we met the three ravishing beauties that we were to spend the next two tremendous days and nights with.

Jim and I were making our way down one of the intermediate slopes when we witnessed a beautiful young lady crash and burn on the run directly in front of us. Looking for any opportunity to meet some ladies, we decided to stop and give this lass a hand. Before we could get over to her, however, some other guy came out of nowhere and beat us to the punch. Needless to say, Jim and I were more than a little depressed that night as we entered the hotel bar. Jim and I found what we considered two good seats at the bar and ordered two stiff drinks to match our physical conditions. It was about this time that Jim suddenly got up and rushed out onto the dance floor. I looked up just in time to see him grab the same girl that we had seen on the slopes earlier that day. It seemed that he had seen her dancing all alone and decided to take advantage of the situation.

After the song ended, he brought her over to our seats and introduced her as Kimberly. She was petite, about five foot

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two with sandy hair and gorgeous green eyes. We talked long enough to find out that she was from England and had come skiing with some of her family. She suggested that we come over to their table and sit with them. Jim and I were a little skeptical about this suggestion. We weren't too sure that we wanted to get involved with a family scene, even if the inviter *was* so delicious! Not having had too many other offers, though, we decided to go for it. We followed Kim over to her table, expecting the worst. What we saw set our already smoldering organs on fire. There at the table sat her family. It consisted of her identical twin sister, Kathy, and an older sister named Diane. Diane was a little taller than the twins, about five foot four, with auburn hair, but the same beautiful green eyes. Needless to say, we sat down without any further hesitation.

I was sitting between Kim and Kathy, as we called them, and Jim was nuzzling up to the older sister, Diane. We had been at the table for a couple of hours drinking and carrying on when suddenly I felt not one but two sets of hands unzipping my fly. I tried, as best I could, to act nonchalant, but glancing through already watering eyes, I saw that Jim must have been experiencing something similar, because his eyes were not only watering but rolling in their sockets! It wasn't long before the girls suggested that we all go up to what they called their "flat." We were all pretty drunk, but we finally made it up to the top floor, where Jim and I discovered that the girls were staying in the most expensive of the suites.

We hadn't been in there more than five minutes before we were all down to our birthday suits. Kathy was licking up and down on the shaft of my cock while intermittently taking its bulging purple head between her ruby red lips. Meanwhile, Kim was in the process of settling her precious honey-colored cunt down on my waiting tongue. All the while, Diane and Jim were engaged in a trembling 69. Diane was 21, two years older than the twins, and had a meticulously trimmed auburn snatch. I could practically see the smoke rising up between them. Moving out of the living room, the twins led me into the master bedroom. For hours, it seemed, I pumped one and then the other, while the unengaged girl would either lick or cup my swollen balls in her hands. Later I found out that Jim was having an equally good time in the living room.

After resting for a few minutes, we decided to retire to the bathroom. Diane and Jim had already had the same idea, so there were five of us in the four-foot sunken marble tub. I have never been able to perform that long, but these three lovelies kept me and Jim at our best. After being soaped up by Kathy, Kim told me that she wanted it in the ass. I have never been involved with anal sex before, but I thought, "What the hell!" It was the most come-draining experience that I have ever had. It was beginning to get daylight when we all

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passed out from exhaustion. Our second session with these babes began about dark, the following night. The girls said that they had something special planned for us, so we went up to their place and began with a bona fide "group grope."

It didn't take us long to get warmed up for what lay in store. It was fantastic! Seeing those three luscious limeys in the altogether was enough, but to actually be rolling around on the shag carpet exploring every orifice of their nubile young bodies was paradise! After a couple of hours of carnal bliss, Jim and I were completely done in. We were kicked back enjoying the afterglow and a couple of good drinks when the twins started playing around with each other. It wasn't long before Diane had joined in and Jim and I witnessed the most sensual feminine threesome imaginable. We were held spellbound, and the twins and their older sister kissed, caressed, and licked every square inch of each other's body.

We could only stand just so much of this kind of entertainment before we were ready to go at it again, so Jim and I took our freshly engorged members and happily rejoined the girls. We finished off the night with a late dinner in the club and said good-night to the girls. We then returned to our own room for some well-deserved sleep.

After lunch the next day, we went up to their suite only to find that they were gone. Imagine our surprise and delight when, questioning the desk clerk, we found out that these three exquisite birds were in reality the daughters of a British nobleman. What a trip! We were naturally disappointed that they had left without saying good-bye, but under the circumstances we understood. We knew no one back on post would believe that we had actually made it with royalty, so that's why we decided to write to "Forum." At least now someone will acknowledge our accomplishment and maybe, at the same time, get a little enjoyment from reading of our adventure. —*Name and address withheld*

Fun with fine washables

Just writing this letter is giving me a bursting erection which I'll have to deal with in the way I'm about to describe.

I like to put on a collection of lingerie I've gathered from my apartment laundry room. It doesn't match—but that doesn't matter. First, I put on a lacy black halter bra, then the top of a gold nylon baby doll nightie. The matching panties come later. Next, I slip into a white garter belt, but I bring the back garter straps between my legs to the front, crisscrossing them before clipping them to the nightie. The same in reverse for the front straps puts exquisite pressure on my balls and the base of my cock. After that, I shove a seven-inch remote-control vibrator up my ass. Finally I pull on the panties from the nightie.

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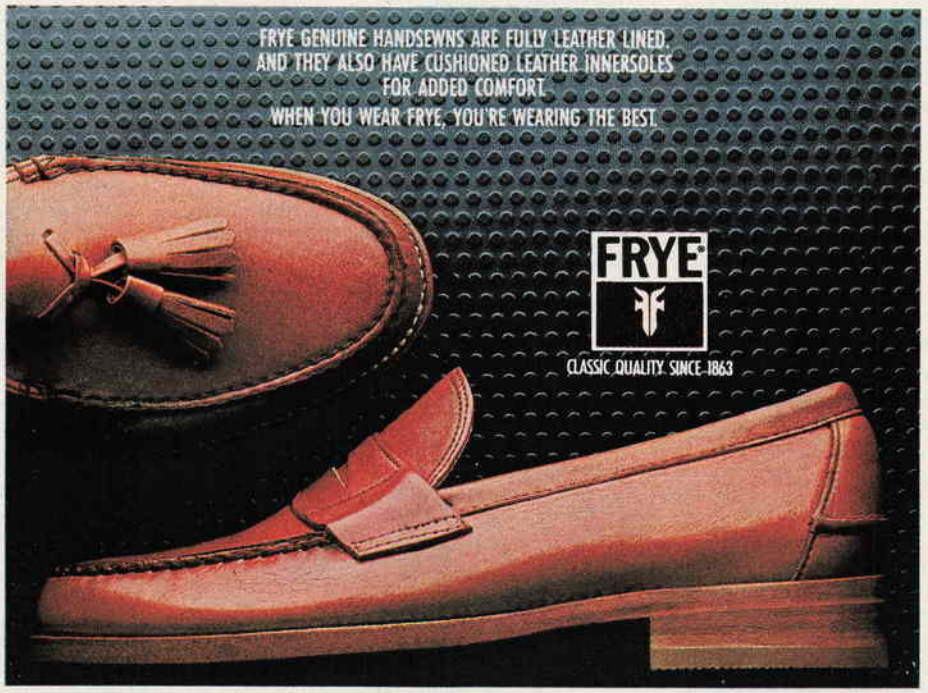
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I push the front of the panties down to expose my penis. Sometimes I put on sleazy, gaudy makeup if my hands aren't shaking too much from the excitement. I lie down on my bed, with my knees pulled part way up so the panties put pressure on the vibrator, turned on low, in my ass. With my left hand I start to leaf through about five or six copies of *Penthouse* from my five-year collection. I linger over "Forum" and the gorgeous pictures in each issue, all the while slowly jerking off with my right hand. I pick out a favorite picture in each issue, leaving it open to that page. When I'm surrounded by gorgeous womanhood, the pace of my hand quickens and I turn up the vibrator and set my mind free.

I imagine myself in exactly the same position in the conversation pit of a sunken living room. I still have the same outfit on and magazines around me. Up above, all around, are beautiful, elegant women (all my favorite *Penthouse* models). They're dressed in evening wear—designer gowns and magnificent high heels. They're drinking champagne, lasciviously eating strawberries and watching me. More than watching, they're humiliating, ridiculing, and taunting me. "Beat it, wimp," "Don't forget to come in your face," and "That's right—stare at those gorgeous pussies you'll never touch" are just some of the things they say to me. This drives me wild. I turn the vibrator up to high, beat my meat faster and faster, and explode all over my face and chest. The tallest and sleekest of the women steps down and tells me, "If you're good, we'll let you stay and be our houseboy and perform like this for us every night."

If only it could come true!—*Name and address withheld*

Guest of honor

My husband and I moved to the East Coast from the Midwest last summer so he could take his first job as a university professor. Our sex life has always been good, though perhaps a bit tame for Alex, who greatly enjoys *Penthouse*, especially the "Forum" section. Last month something happened to me that totally changed my sexual existence, and I feel I have to write about it.

Some of the faculty wives are very nice, and one of them, Gwen, organized an afternoon coffee in my honor. Her house is very big and interesting, and after a while I decided to investigate on my own since the conversation was not exactly stimulating, and I love old houses. When I reached the third floor, I discovered a delightful large bedroom with an old stuffed chair directed toward a window overlooking the backyard. I couldn't resist sitting down and having a little rest before rejoining the party.

Just as I was about to leave, I heard a voice say: "In here." Immediately, two of the women entered the room. I am small, and the chair was large, so I could not be seen. Unable to resist the thrill of spying, I

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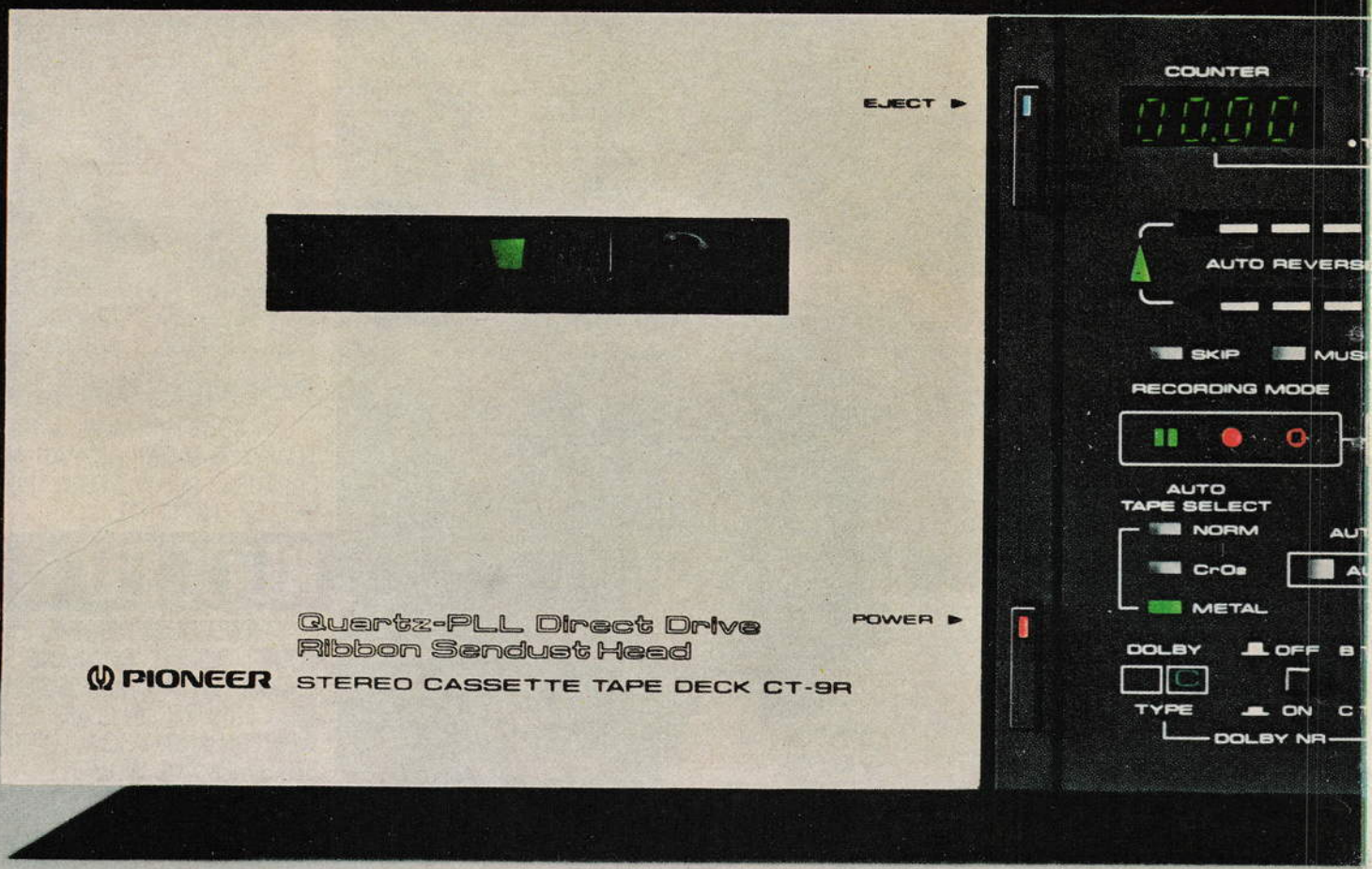

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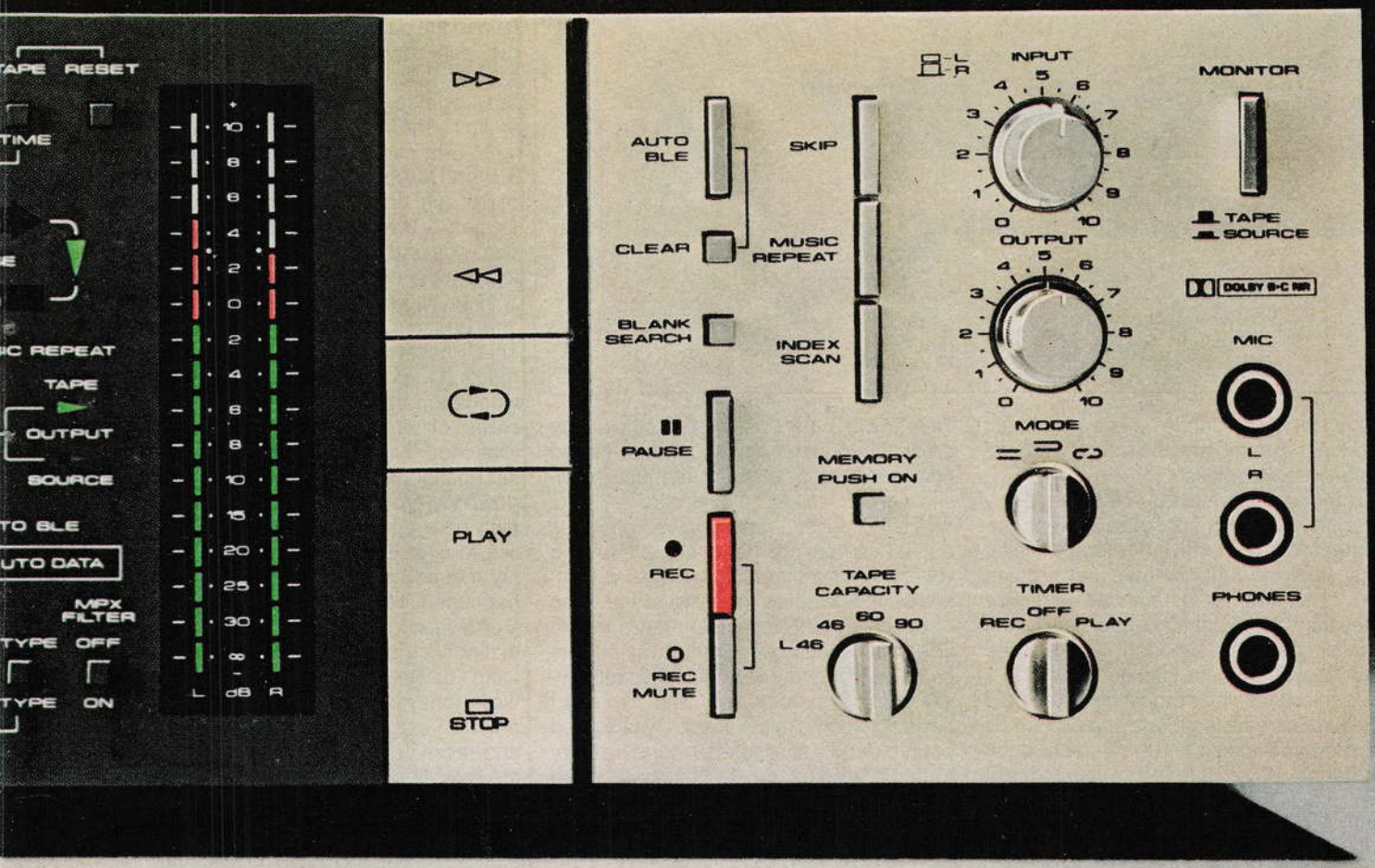

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did not let my presence be known. Almost at once I regretted my decision: I heard the women begin to kiss!

The first to speak was Rachel, a lovely girl with rather large breasts. She entreated her friend to remove her top. "Please, Lisa, take off your sweater. Let me see you." Lisa, I remembered, was extremely beautiful, taller than Rachel and with smaller breasts. Although I could see nothing, I could hear Lisa complying.

At this point, I was definitely shocked but also extremely curious and aroused. I resisted an impulse to rub myself through my jeans. What I could no longer resist was the temptation to peek around my chair to see what Rachel and Lisa were doing.

Both still wore their jeans, but both were absolutely topless. Lisa was lying on her back in the bed while Rachel, bending over her with one knee on either side, was allowing her breasts to sway gently so that they just grazed Lisa's nipples. Then she abruptly bent down and kissed her passionately on the mouth, pressing her tits onto Lisa's. Occasionally, she would kiss and suck Lisa's nipples, which were by now quite stiff—as were my own. A lot of gentle moaning and hissing accompanied their play, and Lisa's hips were quietly grinding the air with a steady rhythm. When Rachel sat up, Lisa hungrily raised her lips to Rachel's large, bumpy nipples and sucked them in and out several times. They were both totally oblivious of my presence. By now my shock had turned first to revulsion, then to the most exquisitely erotic feeling I'd ever had.

"Hello, Julie. I see you've found us out." I jerked my head around to see Gwen standing there, blouse open yet otherwise fully clothed, grinning at the three of us. Lisa and Rachel were more than a little surprised to see where I was but became very friendly very quickly. I felt myself turning a deep red, and my heart began galloping in my chest. I was scared but profoundly stimulated. I stood up to try to begin an explanation but was hushed by Gwen, who shed her top and came to me. Saying nothing more, she kissed my cheek. I astounded myself by allowing her to remove my plaid shirt.

My breasts are very small, but my nipples become extremely hard and pointed when I am aroused. At Gwen's first touch of my right breast I felt a stiffening like I'd never experienced before. She was quite deft and gentle, and her hands were marvelously soft as they raced over my tits. All the while she kissed my neck and cheeks, and I felt all hope of resistance ebbing rapidly. The eroticism was enhanced by the eager gaze of Lisa and Rachel, who held hands as Gwen made love to me. At last Gwen kissed my mouth. I reciprocated, even though I knew I should not. But I did. Next her amazing mouth dropped to my nipples (stiff and deliciously pointed), which she bathed and caressed with her tongue until I thought I would faint from sheer animal pleasure. Then she stopped and beckoned to the exquisite Lisa.

Lisa very gently hugged me to her and kissed me deeply. While not as skilled as Gwen, she drove me crazy because of her beauty. When she nibbled on my breasts I stroked her hair and beautiful, naked back. Then Rachel took a turn as Lisa and Gwen watched. She approached me from behind, kissing my neck and fondling my little breasts as she rubbed her own on my back. The sensation was unbelievable. I kept my eye on Lisa, whose arm was draped around Gwen. When Gwen affectionately kissed her, to my immense surprise I felt a tremor of jealousy.

Although I knew it had to happen, when Gwen and Lisa began taking their jeans off, a mixture of fear and rapture ran through me. Rachel undid my own and helped me out of them. After hers were off, our panties quickly followed. My eyes traveled quickly to Lisa's thinned, trimmed bush. I noted the perfect curve of her pussy lips. She must have sensed my feelings. She came over, pressed herself to me, and kissed me deeply. The sensation of her cunt on my thigh and belly was ecstasy. My own cunt was dripping. She gently guided me down so that I was on all fours in the middle of the rug.

First Gwen, on her back, slid under me and began sucking on my right breast. Then Rachel took my hard left nipple in her mouth. I had lost sight of Lisa and began wondering about her when I felt the soft caress of her tongue in my belly button. As I watched Gwen and Rachel in their beautiful nakedness, Lisa's tongue moved down toward my wet and eager slit, stopping here and there to linger. It seemed like forever. Her tongue roamed all over my mound but refused to enter. Finally it happened. Her tongue split my lips and journeyed up to my clit, at which point I exploded in an orgasmic wave unlike anything I'd ever imagined. Rachel and Gwen were gone now, removed to a neighboring patch of carpet. I lay down, turned over, and received Lisa, whose kiss electrified me with its pungent reminder of my own sex.

We kissed gently, and I held the enormity of what was happening at bay. In a moment Lisa raised herself, presenting me with a beautiful breast. My first taste of her enlarged nipple caused me to become aroused again, and I soon lost any hesitant feelings as I made love to her. It felt wonderful to be able to please, to excite, a woman so perfectly lovely as Lisa, to have her groan and encourage me as I gradually learned what she liked. It was a bit difficult to touch her cunt. I had, of course, touched my own before, but otherwise it was a totally novel and scary experience. How different it was from my own! I amazed myself by being able to gently finger her erect clit, flicking it the way I love, and carefully inserting my finger up her vagina. The act was immensely erotic for

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I could not, however, bring myself to taste her. She said she understood but acted disappointed. With a final kiss she drifted over to Gwen, and Rachel came to me. Lisa sat on the edge of the bed, opened her legs, and looked directly at me. I could not take my eyes off her as Gwen knelt and began to trace delicate little patterns over the inside of her thighs with her tongue. I sat, legs crossed, on the carpet, enthralled, envious, aroused. Rachel put her head on my lap and sucked on my stiff, pointy little nipples.

Gwen quietly moved in on Lisa's clit, which seemed enormous to me: it was way out of its hood. The sight of Gwen's tongue and lips nibbling and sucking on Lisa, at times entering her, was almost more than I could bear. I began to orgasm like crazy and clutched Rachel's head, forcing it between my legs to my dripping pussy. At the same time, I noticed, Lisa climaxed with a loud groan.

After that we rather hurriedly dressed and rejoined what was left of the affair downstairs. I departed as soon as I could, after securing a good-bye from Lisa.

I haven't dared to tell Alex any of this, but sex with him has been marvelous since that afternoon. My only problem is that I long for Lisa. I cannot rid myself of the image of her sitting on the bed, legs spread, gazing at me. I cannot forget those soft, soft kisses. Ever since that day I have regretted not tasting her cunt. It has become an obsession with me, and I know that very soon I shall try to accomplish this. We have met in public since, a few times, and she has been extremely friendly as well as lovelier than ever. *—Name and address withheld*

Daring-do

After reading about some of the experiences of your readers in "Forum" recently, I thought I should share a different experience that happened to me about four months ago. At the time I had been going with Luke for about six months. Every time I went to his apartment I was fascinated by an antique barber's chair which he kept in his living room. Since Luke is a hairdresser by trade, he was always kidding me about letting him trim my locks. Finally this one night after a few drinks I told him he could.

I sat in his barber's chair, and Luke immediately produced some leather straps with which he secured my wrists to the arms of the chair and my ankles to the footrest. Since we were both into bondage, I did not get too excited about this. He tied a cape snugly around my neck and turned the chair to face the large mirror on his wall. Luke then went into the bedroom for a couple of minutes. When he returned he had an object in his hands, but I could not see what it was. He bent over to plug it into the wall outlet, and when he turned to face me I saw that it was electric barber clippers he had gotten.

Luke announced that I was about to receive the "Ultimate Haircut, a Star Trek Special." With that he placed the electric clippers at my forehead and ran them straight back across the top of my head. I struggled to get loose, but his free hand held my hand in a viselike grip. Four more times he ran the clippers from my forehead to the back of my head, taking all the hair off. Then he placed the clippers in front of my right ear and ran them up to the bare spot on top. He continued this all the way around the back of my head and finished with the last strands of hair in front of my left ear. In less than two minutes he had clipped off all the hair on my head. My eyes were filled with tears. I was in such a state of shock that I was speechless. Luke got a can of shaving cream and covered my head with the white lather. He went into the bathroom and returned with a package of disposable razors. Then he proceeded to shave all the white lather off. Luke started to clean up everything, leaving me strapped in the barber's chair facing the mirror. All I could do was stare at my now completely bald head sticking out from the cape.

After about ten minutes Luke came back into the room and told me how beautiful I looked bald. He talked about how easy it would be to take care of and how I could change my hairstyle by just changing wigs. He came up behind me and reached around and held my chin in his hands while he kissed my bald head. The more he breathed on my shaven scalp the hotter I got. When he finally released me from my bonds I was like a meek pussycat in his hands.

As I said, it has been some four months since the first time Luke shaved my head and ever since then I have maintained my bald look. When I go out to work or out with Luke, I cover up with a wig or scarf. But at Luke's place I remove them and watch him get hot over my bald head. Two or three times a week I gladly sit in his antique barber's chair and let Luke shave me clean. These sessions have become a real turn-on for both of us.

Much as I enjoy having my head shaved bald, I know that it is not for everyone. But I certainly do think that they should try it at least once. Who knows, they may decide like I did that being bald is really the ultimate hairstyle. In fact, I like it so much that I am trying to figure out a way to get Luke to try it. I dream of a time when I can get him to sit in his chair while I give him the Kojak treatment. He doesn't know this yet, but since he knows how much I enjoy being bald I am sure he won't mind letting me shave his head. *—Name and address withheld*

Love letter

This is an open letter to a special sailor who's far away. I hope you love it, babe. I hope you more than love it—I hope you wear it right out. This is a fantasy for you

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and me. Hi, sailor . . .

We're at opposite ends of a crowded room. We're talking with other people and looking at each other. I'm trembling and getting moist just looking at you. I'm wearing jeans and a clinging T-shirt, and I can feel you undressing me with your eyes. (Sometimes I wish I weren't so well built, because I get tired of strange men staring at me, but tonight I'm glad my breasts are big and round—I know you love them that way.) Your staring makes me feel weak, and I leave the room. (Will you follow me? You do.) I whisper, "Where?" You tell me where, and we go there.

Now we're alone together at last. I reach up and put my arms around your neck. You put your arms around my waist and pull me close to you. We kiss each other tenderly and then hungrily, and your tongue is sweet in my mouth. I take your face in my hands, and I kiss your forehead and your eyelids and your cheeks and then your lips over and over. Then we're kissing so deeply, and I'm moving my hips slowly against you. You can feel my softness against your chest, and I can feel your swollen cock pressing against me. Oh, baby, it's so big and hard. You take your hands and gently trace circles around my boobs. I can feel my nipples getting hard, and you're just staring at me as if you're hypnotized. I press my thighs against you. I can't bear to have any space between us. I can feel you throbbing against me.

We help each other undress, and we're so eager we're fumbling a little. We smile at our clumsiness and keep kissing and touching each other. And now we're lying nude in each other's arms. Your rod is so stiff against me, and you're rubbing it against my tummy. I take it in my loving hand and slowly stroke its full length. I can feel it pulsing in my hand. I kiss your neck and your shoulders and your chest, taking little licks and love bites as I slowly go down. I almost come just thinking about it, mmmmm. Then your cock is in my mouth, and I wonder if I can take it all. But I do, and it's easy, and I'm caressing your balls and inside your thighs as I'm sucking and licking you. You gasp and moan as you come, and I drink every drop, and my lips are wet and glistening.

You pull me up to lie beside you, and you kiss my hair and my face and stroke me gently. We lie there snuggling and nuzzling, and I feel you getting hard again. Oh, baby, I'm getting so hot for you. I know I'm going to go crazy on you, and you smile because you know it, too. Your hand is between my legs, and it's getting moist from my warm juices. You're stroking my eager pussy, and I feel like I can't breathe. You kiss me roughly, and it hurts a little, and my hands and my lips are doing whatever you want them to.

You start to enter me, and I'm so excited and tight I almost can't let you in. You gentle me with your hands, and you go down on me, and I want you so badly I can't stand it. Then you slowly slide your beautiful shaft into me. Oh, babe, it feels so good. I'm tight around you, and we're moving together and—oh, honey, oh, give it to me. Oh, babe, and . . . oh, yes, more, oh, please . . . oh, darlin', it . . . oh, yes, oh, yes . . . oh, more . . . oh, that's it . . . oh, God, I love it . . . oh, yes . . . oh, baby, come with me . . . can you come with me? . . . I'm so close . . . come with me now . . . *now* . . . I . . . oh, yes . . . oh, baby, oh, baby, baby . . .—*Name and address withheld*

Slave labor

Since I haven't read any letter concerning female domination recently, I thought I would relate to your readers my story.

My wife is a beautiful brown-haired beauty. She measures 38-25-36. When she works hard all week, she is ready to go out on the weekends. Most of the time I go with her. But about once a month a different situation occurs.

She loves to go dancing. I don't really get into that scene, so once a month she goes alone. When she makes it clear that it is her night to go out, I must serve her dinner in the nude or in my apron and nothing else. After the meal I must draw her bath and clean the kitchen while she soaks. When she is ready to get out, she calls me in to dry her off. Then I do everything a personal slave would do—paint her nails, comb her hair, and dress her. She puts on a sexy low-cut top with a push-up bra that makes her boobs stand up so everyone will notice. Then she puts on sexy jeans and high heeled open-toed sandals. Then she has to make a decision.

If the house should be cleaned, then she'll leave me a set of instructions. The laundry must be done, followed by the sweeping, mopping, and waxing of all the floors. All of these tasks must be completed in the nude. By the time I start these chores, she leaves the house.

Usually she goes to a particular club, and she has several "friends" to dance with. She stays out until three or four o'clock in the morning. Sometimes she screws these friends and sometimes she just does some heavy petting. When she arrives home and if the tasks have been done properly, she'll allow me to make love to her. Sometimes she'll tell me about her studs that she danced with. Other times she won't tell me anything. She also keeps a black book with numbers, names, dates, and gold stars beside them.

If the house doesn't need cleaning or I've been bad, she'll tie me spread-eagled on the bed, suck my cock until I'm rock-hard, and then leave me there until she comes back home. Those hours spent tied up are a combination of excitement and torture. When she comes home, she'll usually tease me for a while before my cock can enter her love nest.

One of the best nights was when she told me that a beautiful red-headed stud

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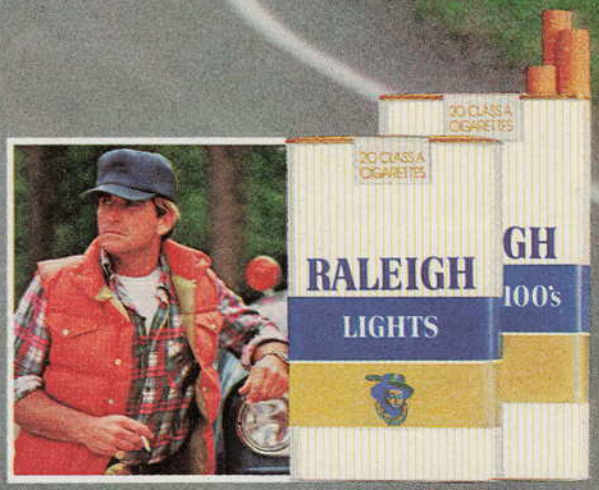

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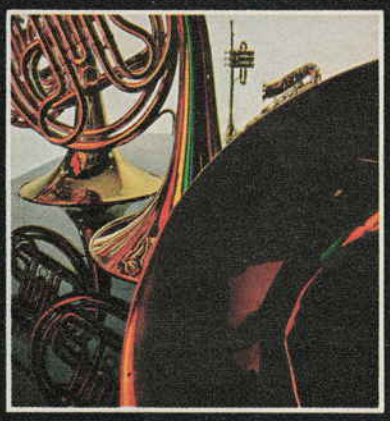

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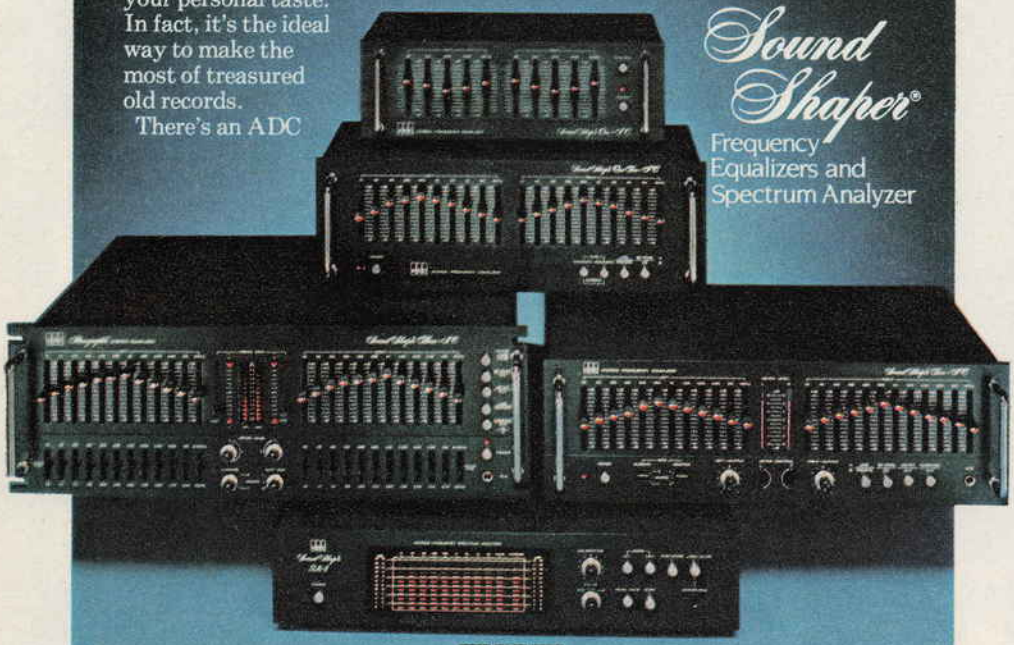

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had sucked on her boobs for hours that night. When I told her that I doubted her, she got off of me and turned on the light. On her tits were two hickeys, and there was no doubt that it had happened. I struggled to get loose, but she laughed and left the lights on so I could see those hickeys. Then she told me to beg to suck her tits. I was so horny I begged her right away for those magnificent globes. She said that she let her stud suck them and he didn't beg. Then she laughed at me and told me that to suck her tits, I would first have to suck her ass. Then she sat on my face, and I sucked on her ass until she came. My cock was bursting by this time, and she told me to beg for her cunt. I begged her for ten minutes, and finally she climbed on and rode me to orgasm.

Next month she has promised to take me to the club so I can watch her dance with her "black book boys." She said afterward she'll go out to the car and screw one of them, and I can go outside and watch the windows fog up but I must not get close to the car. I can't wait.

We are a happily married couple with a normal sex life, but once a month or so my submissive and her dominant streaks are satisfied. By the way, your magazine is great. If there are any other men who like having their wives dominate them, I'd like to read about their adventures.—*Name and address withheld*

Two on a raft

I recently had an experience I would like to relate to your "Forum" readers. I attend a western college that borders the Pacific Ocean. My apartment extends over the beach that runs parallel to the campus. My experience began early in the spring term at my fraternity's spring rush party. As usual during rush, the girls that attended greatly outnumbered the rushes. As the rush progressed throughout the week I noticed this one girl named Annette who had been eyeing me the night before but was really staring at me this particular night. As I pretended to start conversations with guys who wished to rush our house, I found Annette grabbing my arm, asking me to dance. Without hesitation, we pushed our way to the dance floor and there I really began to notice her great body. She stood about five feet nine and about 125 pounds, with breasts that were practically talking to me. As we danced, Annette began to snuggle up against me and, with her hand, was massaging my already swollen member. I was in shock as she performed this magic in such a sea of humanity.

After small conversation and about half a dozen beers, Annette asked me to go to her apartment in order to do some heavy-duty groveling. Like a fool I refused, telling her it was because I felt obligated to assist my fraternity brothers in selecting pledges. However, I did ask her to meet me at my apartment the next day.

I woke up with a slight hangover the next morning but was anxious for An-

nette's arrival. It was nearly 11:00 A.M., and she had still not shown up. Frustrated, I proceeded to grab a twelve-pack of beer and went for a float on the Pacific in my two-man inflatable raft. The day was sunny and very hot as I soaked up both the suds and the sun. I was almost asleep when I felt something hit the bottom of the raft. Having seen many whales in this vicinity, my immediate thought was of danger. To my surprise, however, it was Annette, who had swum all the way out to the raft and gone underneath it to scare me.

She proceeded to get into the raft, and her skimpy bikini had my weenie doing flip-flops. She complained that the heat was too much, and she ended up removing her bikini altogether. Her lovely tits were even better than I had imagined, and her dark bush shone with ocean water droplets. After seeing this, I was afraid my engorged torpedo would break through my bathing suit and sink the raft. Annette noticed the swelling in my shorts and offered to relieve the tension. She began removing my suit, exposing my nine-inch dick, which pointed straight toward the sun. Annette, realizing the opportunity, placed her hand on my spear and began jerking in a rhythmic motion. Then she placed her luscious mouth over my prick as her lips performed oral surgery. As I neared heaven, she stopped her sucking and eased her already wet box onto my pulsating appendage. I began to move up and down as the ocean below aided in this scintillating sexual intercourse. I felt as if I was coming in buckets as the warm jism flowed like wine filling her honey pot.

Semi-worn out, I began to lie back against the sides of the raft but found this an impossibility as Annette had turned around and wanted me to lick her steaming twat and pink ass hole. Nearing lunchtime anyway, I found my appetite could easily endure two courses. I licked and sucked her clitoris until her honey juices came flowing all over my face as well as down her legs as climax was reached. Annette screamed and begged me to do the same to her anus. I was never into butt licks, but I found the Hershey way was quite tasty.

Finishing my lunch, I took my again erect cock and entered her love box from behind. I pumped until we both exploded with incredible orgasms. Exhausted, I grabbed the only remaining beer left and poured it on top of Annette's tits and saw the beer flow right into her misty tunnel. I saw the opportunity to really taste the high *cuntry*. I took one last dive into her cave and brought her to a shuddering climax. We both fell asleep in the raft, and the intense sun burned us both in all the wrong places.

When it came time to paddle in, I noticed my roommates and friends with binoculars looking at us in the raft. Somewhat embarrassed, Annette put her bikini back on, and I, my shorts. She promised that when she recovers from the sunburn we

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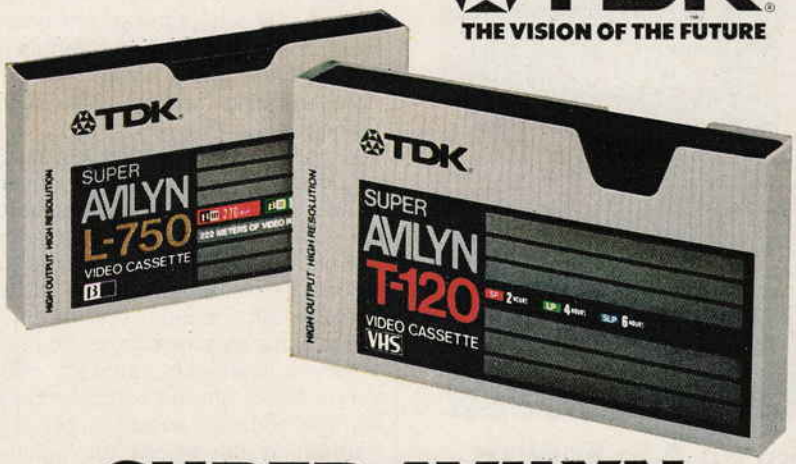

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Best foot forward

Since the downtown area where I live seems to be a mass of beautiful legs at lunchtime, I thought I would write and tell you about my particular sexual turn-on. I get absolutely hard as a rock when I see a pair of sexy feet on a beautiful woman, especially if she is wearing high heels, particularly those black velvet slides, and a pair of sheer nylons. When I see something like this, my first thought is how I'd like to take my hard tool out of my pants and have the woman gently rub her silky feet all over it. It would be only a matter of seconds before I would shoot a huge load of sperm all over the bottoms of her feet.

There are several locations where I find I have the best luck in spotting sexy feet. First, the bookstore. At lunchtime there are usually lots of beautiful women looking for books. I'll just go up and down the aisles until I spot a pair of feet that turn me on, and then I'll kneel down and pick a book out from the bottom shelf. At that point I am only inches away from her feet. While pretending to look at the book, actually I am staring at those nylon-encased beauties and wishing I could rub my cock all over them. I am so close to her feet that it is all I can do to keep myself from reaching over and running my hands all over them, or bending over and kissing her toes. Needless to say, my cock is now throbbing and rock-hard. If I am careful about it, I can usually slip one hand in my pocket and grab my pulsating dick. With my eyes riveted on the smooth feet only inches away, I rub my cock very slowly so as not to let anyone know what I'm doing. I come to a shattering orgasm, spewing hot jism all over the insides of my pants.

Another spot I have found is the escalator in a large department store. I'll go in and pretend to be checking out some of the merchandise, but actually I'll be looking for a girl with beautiful feet who is going up the escalator. I make sure that I get on right behind her. Then if no one gets on behind me, I'll bend over and pretend to be tying my shoes. Once again, I am only inches from those sexy feet. I want to reach out and at least touch the heel of her shoe. It is easy for me to stand up again, put my hand in my pocket, and rub my now throbbing member until I shoot hot come.

My greatest fantasy, though, involves a beautiful door-to-door saleswoman who comes to my house. When she comes to the door, I have only my bathrobe on and she has on dark high heels and very sheer nylons. I invite her in, and she sits across from me with her legs crossed. She asks me to come over next to her so I can see the sales literature more clearly. I am now very close to her feet, and she begins to slip her shoe on and off. I get a raging hard-on as her nylons rub against her shoe.

She looks down at my cock and then says to me, "Do you like my feet?" Naturally, I'm too embarrassed to say anything. She then looks back at my cock and says to do anything I want to her feet. Talk about ecstasy! I take my throbbing penis out and rub it on the nylons and her shoe. At this point I can barely maintain control, so she tells me to lie down and she takes her shoe off. She then starts to rub her smooth foot up and down the length of my hard cock. The nylons are so smooth and her foot so beautiful that I start to come, so she puts her foot up and gently begins to rub it all over my face while I take off her other shoe. I slide my throbbing cock into her shoe, the smooth leather is still warm from her foot, and I can feel a huge load of sperm beginning to boil. As she rubs my face with one foot and I'm sliding my hard dick in and out of her sexy high heel, I have a shattering orgasm, filling her shoe with my sticky, hot come.

After I finish coming, she puts the sperm-filled shoe back on and begins to finger herself. She tells me that she loves to feel hot, sticky come in the toe of her high heel as it moves up between her nylons and toes till she has an incredible orgasm. —*Name and address withheld*

Amateur night

Not too long ago I decided to have my wife, Marsha, put on an exhibitionist act at the local strip club. Since Marsha is also my slave, she listened intently as I laid out the plans for her act.

The night came a week later, and there were about 20 guys in the audience. Marsha was the third contestant. As she walked onto the stage, she was clad in a floor-length red evening gown that zipped down the front from top to bottom. She had on long white gloves and three-inch high-heel shoes. As she danced around the stage, her long blond hair would flip from back to front and spill down over her shoulder and lovely breasts. She slowly peeled the gloves off and soon began unzipping the gown, as she moved seductively around the stage. She had to bend all the way down to release the last catch of the zipper, and as it released, she snapped to a full, upright position, letting the gown drop to the floor around her feet. The crowd roared approval as she began to glide around the stage, clad now in a red-and-black-lace garter belt, bra, panties. The pale whiteness of her upper thighs stood out in vivid contrast to the tops of her sheer black nylons. The other two contestants had not worn nylons of any kind, and this added feature seemed to turn the audience on, as their shouts of approval increased.

As the second song began, Marsha knelt down on the stage and asked one of the fellows in the front row to reach behind her so he could unsnap her bra. He put his arms aroud her, and in a second the bra fell away, exposing Marsha's lovely white 36-inch globes. As the bra hit the floor, Marsha grabbed the man by the ears and pulled his face into her breasts. She let

him suck, bite, and lick her luscious tits for quite a while as she began to rub her clit through her sheer lace panties. She then moved from one guy to the next until eight or ten guys in the front row had sampled her wares with their tongues and mouths.

For the third number, Marsha sat on the stage, facing the audience. She leaned back on her arms, lifted her ass, and stuck her legs out spread-eagled into the face of yet another front-row patron. He was literally drooling with expectation as she instructed him to remove her panties. When he had completed this welcome task, Marsha pulled his mouth into her cunt. He eagerly began to lick and suck her box while she leaned back on the stage with her eyes closed, asking the two guys on both sides of him to suck her tits. The crowd was wild as she moaned and squirmed to the triple eating she was now enjoying. Again, Marsha moved from one guy to the next around the front of the stage. I could hardly keep from coming as I watched from the second row.

What a turn-on to look over a complete stranger's shoulder as he wildly eats your wife! Marsha's ass was bouncing up and down to the music, and as I looked around the theater, I could see newspapers bouncing up and down on at least a dozen laps, as these second- and third-row patrons could only watch for now and beat their meat under their homemade tepees. I must admit that I was one of them and was beginning to wish I had taken a front-row seat. I'll bet at least half of the audience came during that third song, but no one left at the end of the song. They waited with hands on cock, ready for the next number to start.

As the lights came on for her last scheduled number, Marsha walked onto the stage, carrying a large quilt and a box of dildos and vibrators. She laid down the quilt and positioned herself spread-eagled on it. Still clad in just her garter and nylons, she began to explore her body with her fingers. She pinched and caressed her nipples with one hand as the other slowly traced up and down her inner thighs and along the lips of her beautiful pink slit. Slowly she inserted a finger into her glistening snatch, then two fingers, then three. She reached for a large 12-inch dildo and began licking up and down the side of it. She stuck the rubber cock in her mouth with long, slow sucks that matched the rhythm of her finger fucking and the song. The crowd was really going wild as the 12-inch dick disappeared down her throat.

Marsha then played switch, shoving the enormous tool into her dripping cunt while licking the sweet juices from her fingers. She began to roll around on the quilt while fucking herself into a frenzy. She moved seductively from one position to the next so the entire audience would have a chance to see her shoving that huge cock in and out of her cunt. She began moaning as she pinched her nipples and kept time to the music with her ass. She grabbed for a small mini vibrator and proceeded to lubricate it with her mouth. Then she rolled onto her stomach, raised her ass in the air, and with one gigantic shove pushed the small vibrator deep into her ass. What a sight she was as she shoved the two tools in and out of her ass and cunt at the same time! As the song came to an end, Marsha had an orgasm like I have never seen before, which left her lying exhausted on the floor as the lights went out. From the moaning I heard around me in the audience, I suspect a few of them came also. The crowd started yelling, "More—more, we want Marsha! Bring back Marsha."

Then the MC came on the stage and yelled, "Start the music and lock the doors." When the doors had been locked, the music began and Marsha danced into the audience. She started sitting on everybody's lap and stroking the dicks of the guys next to her. You could hear them come as she ground her cunt against their cocks. Soon four of the other five contestants (three of which never did get to dance) came out into the audience and started taking patrons up on the stage as they changed amateur night into audience-participation night. All five girls took on at least five guys each during the next hour. There were threesomes, foursomes, and moresomes. I saw one guy come at least three times, and I equalled the same

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number with three of the other four girls.

The best of the three was a girl named Lynn. Lynn was about five feet two with a slim, neat figure. Her tits were about 34 to 35 and very well shaped. She had long blond hair like Marsha's, but her face was much more pronounced due to her high, narrow cheekbones. She was ever so slightly cross-eyed, but it added to her schoolgirlish charm. Anyway, Lynn had been the first contestant of the evening and was now back for as many encores as she could get.

I had just finished with a brown-haired fox named Patty when I looked over on my right and saw Lynn on all fours. She was sucking on one cock while another was hammering at a staggering pace in her cunt. I rested while I watched her lovely tits hanging down and swaying to the rhythm of the fuck. She was nearing her peak when the guy suddenly pulled out of her cunt and squirted his load all over her ass. She started moaning, "Don't stop—don't stop. Oh, please, somebody, fuck me, fuck me!" By this time I had a hard-on again. I moved in behind her, sticking my fingers into her snatch. I fingered her in rhythmic strokes as I spread the come on her ass around her puckered little hole. With no warning, I shoved another finger into her ass as the first finger slipped back into her cunt. She cried, "No, not in the ass, please." But her ass told another story as she shoved it back onto my finger. With the middle finger in her cunt and my index finger in her ass, I began to move at a faster pace. She matched the rhythm by increasing the pace at which she was sucking the guy in front. I spread some of the extra come from her ass on my dick and moved in close behind her. Again without warning, I pulled my hand away and shoved my seven-inch tool into her ass. She screamed as it forced its way in, but she continued to shove backwards onto it. Her scream died into loud moaning as she neared orgasm. She came at the same time as the guy in front, and I was not far behind.

The show had started at 11:00 P.M., and it was 3:00 A.M. when the last of the patrons had left. We asked Lynn and her husband, Mike, if they wanted to come over to the house for a drink or two. They readily accepted. By 1:00 P.M. the next afternoon we had totally drained ourselves. I have never seen Marsha so turned on before. She and Lynn gave us some very vivid and fond memories as they kept us hard by performing lesbian style whenever Mike or I said we were tired.

This was the best fantasy night Marsha has ever given me, and now she and Lynn are regular lovers—only when I allow it, that is. Lynn has now become Mike's slave too, and he and I are now forming plans for their next exhibitionist act. Mike and I can hardly wait!—*Name and address withheld*

Better than a fantasy

I just swore I'd never be writing, but now I've got my own "Forum" experience that I truly never dreamed I'd be writing about. I do hope other women start reading "Forum," and if my experience gets printed, that it helps other women overcome their oral-sex taboos.

It was a sunny afternoon in May as my new husband of six months and I decided to devote the entire day to satisfying one another. Since it was our six-month anniversary, we thought we'd celebrate it by being each other's sex slave, to perform whatever and whenever the ruler at the time demanded.

Just the thought of it made my already hot pussy twinge with excitement. We both agreeably decided upon Steve being my slave first. He said ladies go first, so I was already imagining him buried between my legs, since he loved performing his expert oral skills upon me. I went down on him too, but mostly because I knew he liked it.

I ordered him to the living room to lie on the couch, and he was not to move unless he asked me first. I let him take two magazines to read so he'd get good and horny. We both always enjoyed "Forum," and it usually plays a starting role in our lovemaking.

I took a quick shower and lay out on our king-size water bed, naked, while my mind started thinking of my slave just waiting for my command. I couldn't help but notice the wetness of my hot box as I reached for a magazine in the nearby dresser. As I opened it to find a sexy article, I suddenly envisioned Steve's standing stiff as he read about all those wonderful sexual fantasies.

I thought of taking him by total surprise. I realized my lips were parted as my slippery tongue was unconsciously circling them. It was as if he was lying there with me between his legs about to begin sucking his hard tool deep in my throat. I could see his facial expression, how pleased and overwhelmed he was by watching his wife need to suck his cock so willingly. His balls had always intrigued me. I could picture them gently cupped in one hand as I began to taste his smooth softness with my hungry tongue. My lips were drawn slowly toward his male hardness. I imagined sucking madly until he was filling my mouth with his come as I eagerly swallowed, not to miss a drop of this precious love juice he was feeding to me.

I was startled as I heard his movements in the next room. Then I suddenly remembered that he was lying there, ready and just waiting for me to tell him the first sexual pleasure that I wished.

I realized that my imagination had started this, but my fantasy was in the living room waiting to come true. I quietly slid off the bed, tip-toeing slowly to where Steve lay, unaware of what I was planning. There Steve was with the magazine covering his face. His cock stood stiff as though he'd explode at a touch! Quietly, I made my

way to the couch where he was. I didn't hesitate for one second. I just fell upon his throbbing cock and began to suck hungrily. It seemed to grow larger with the attention of my sucking lips. I was licking his huge cock along its full length, then started teasing the head with my slippery tongue. His body was twisting and jerking sensuously. His moans were growing louder with delight. Sucking him into my lips was more beautiful than I had imagined earlier, and I could feel my own flames inside my pussy as I continued on. He let out a loud moan that suddenly triggered me into an exploding orgasm that seemed to fire my entire body.

I'd give a million dollars to have this day on film. I was so turned on I could feel my own juices flowing and building into another climax. I glanced up at Steve's face as the sensations of my warm lips were making him shudder. I wanted to suck forever. I wanted to tell him just how I was feeling, but I was finding it difficult to even think of stopping. My hands grabbed his firm cock as my tongue went to work. I flicked madly over his swollen head, and he let out another sensuous moan of pleasure bringing me to another climax! Suddenly I had to raise my head to let out screams of pleasure. I asked if he cared that I had sort of broken the rules of our game. He reached out pulling my head, placing his cock between my lips. He was so hot and the feeling I was having by bringing so much pleasure to him was obvious. Kneeling on the rug next to him, I massaged his balls while my lips sucked wildly on the head. His hands were still on my head while I took him deeper into my throat. He was begging me not to stop between moans. Then he began to shake, thrusting harder and harder to meet my sucking lips. He was about to climax in my mouth. The thought of drinking his hot juices could only turn me on even more. He jerked upward as his throbbing cock began to explode between my lips. I could feel his whole body twitching as his hot come was running down my throat. I was swallowing and sucking madly, not wanting to miss a drop. He slowly removed his hands and sank back into the couch. I was breathing heavily and laid my head down next to his semihard cock.

It was even more beautiful than I had imagined. I wouldn't change that day for anything. Steve loves oral sex even more than ever now. As he lies on the bed and sees me between his legs with my mouth wrapped around his cock, he knows I've got a newfound fixation for it. I'm glad he's as crazy about me sucking him as I am because I don't have any plans of ever giving it up. *—Name and address withheld*

A very strict diet

I am a married woman, five feet four and 115 pounds. My husband and I have a fabulous sex life. He constantly lets me know how turned on he is by my firm breasts, flat stomach, and perfectly rounded ass. He says that after seven years of marriage he

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finds me more sexually enticing than ever and that with such a sexy wife at home he wouldn't dream of having an affair. However, this wasn't always the case.

When we were first married, I weighed 135 pounds. I wasn't fat, but I sure wasn't skinny. After a while, when my husband's interest in sex seemed to drop off to almost none, I became terrified that I would lose him. I had always promised him that I would drop the weight, and he supported all my diet plans, but I could never stay on any of them.

One night I broke down and confided my fears to him. He said that while he seriously doubted he would have an affair or stop loving me because of my weight, he was nonetheless disappointed that I cared so little about myself. I started to cry and said I guessed I just wasn't mature enough to do it. Then he said that if that was the case, we'd have to tackle the problem on a juvenile level. With that he got up and went into the bathroom, returning with my hairbrush. "Take down your pants," he said. I couldn't believe my ears! "What are you going to do?" I asked, rather surprised to hear my voice quiver as I said it. "I'm going to spank your bare bottom for not keeping your promise," he said. "And I'm going to spank you every week you don't lose weight until you're down to where you should be!"

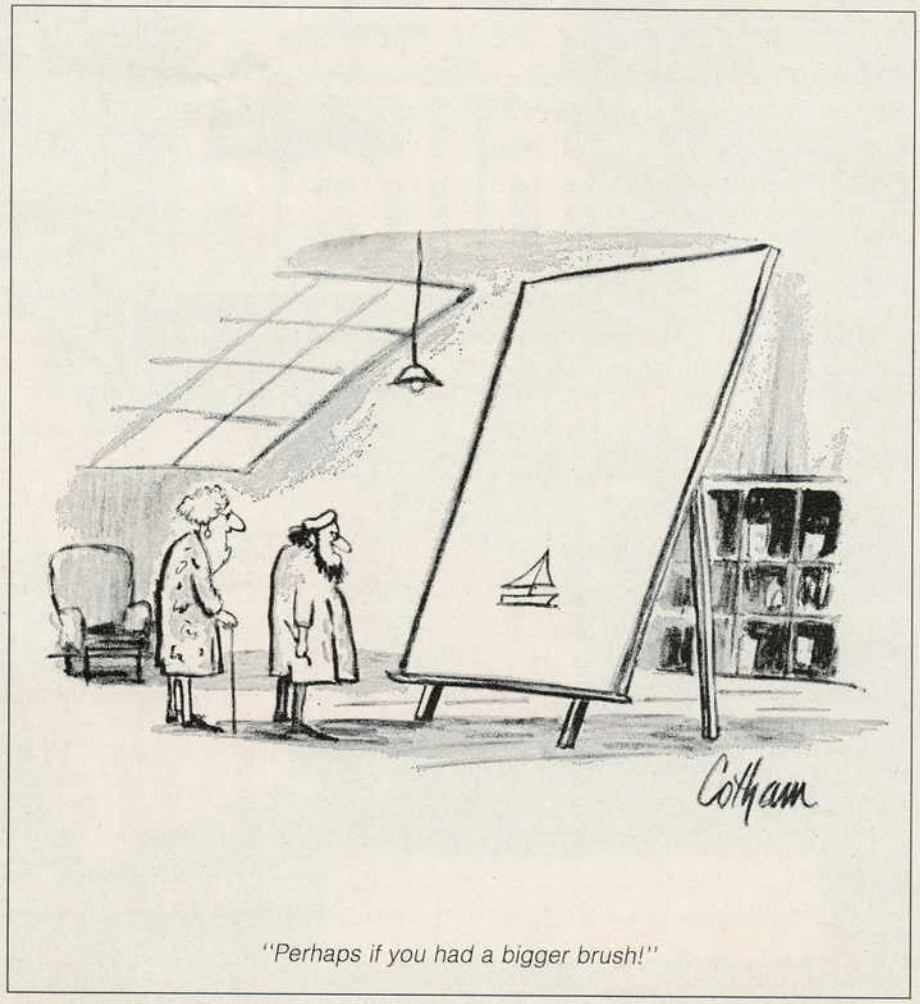
Now Ernie and I have a very close, liberated relationship, and I knew all I'd have to do was put my foot down and say, "Oh, no, you don't!" and he'd have given up. For the life of me I don't know why I didn't. Maybe something in me realized this was the only way I'd ever get it done. Anyway, I must have been really scared because I was trembling all over. I backed away and said, "Please, Ernie, please don't. I promise I'll lose by next week." My last "please" barely came out, and I felt tears stinging my cheeks. "You've been a very bad girl, and you're going to get a spanking now!" he said. "And if you don't have your pants around your ankles in five seconds, I'll whip you all night!"

That did it. I slowly undid my pants, having great difficulty with the snap, because my hands were shaking so badly. I felt totally humiliated standing there naked from the waist down like a schoolgirl. "Now get your naughty ass over my knee this instant," he barked. I walked forward till I was standing over his lap. "Please," I whispered. He grabbed my arm and pulled me down over him. Even as I gasped from the shock, I heard the brush coming down through the air towards my quivering cheeks. Smack! I screamed in pain and jumped up from his lap. "That's enough, please," I begged, rubbing my burning ass cheek. "You just earned yourself double what you would have got," he said as he threw me back down over his knee. With the brush he shoved one leg down to the ground, locking it under his leg so I was lying half on and half off his lap with my legs wide open, offering him perfect access to my lower bottom as well as a perfect view of my wide-open cunt. Even though it was my husband, I felt like covering up. I was thoroughly exposed.

This time he took his time, rubbing the brush across my buttocks and between my legs, while lecturing me about accepting my punishment. "Have you been naughty? Yes. Do you deserve to have your bottom blistered like a little girl? Yes." Down came the brush hard against my lower bottom. "Ouch!" Down it came again and again, rapidly, stroke after stroke, burning into my upturned ass. I was kicking and screaming, "Ernie! (smack) No, please! (sob) I promise I'll be good! (smack) I'll be a good girl, I promise!" Finally I was so convulsed I couldn't scream any more, only sob incoherently. My burning red ass was bouncing up and down like mad, contracting under one excruciating blow and then bouncing up like jello to meet the next one. And still he kept going and going, every now and then coming dangerously close to my cunt but never hitting it. Then he reached down into the crack of my ass, pulled one side over, and started smacking the soft inner ass cheek, 15 or 20 times in the same spot before moving to the other. I was in agony. I was crying so hard my whole body was shaking uncontrollably. Then, suddenly, I realized it was over. He released my leg, and I rolled off his lap and lay in a quivering mass at his feet. For five minutes all I could do was sob. When I could walk, he took me over to the full-length mirror hanging on our bedroom door and showed me my crimson ass.

When I weighed in a week later, I had lost four pounds. I didn't get another spanking until a month later when I slipped and gained two pounds. He whipped me with a riding crop he had bought for the occasion and then made me sit on my tortured ass and watch him eat a gourmet dinner that made my mouth water.

That was two years ago, and since then I have had my naughty bottom turned over his knee on many an occasion. Now that I am down to the weight I should be, I only get a spanking if I go up over 120, which is not very often. Tonight is weighing-in night. I'm 115 pounds, and I know that instead of a spanking tonight, I'll be moaning in ecstasy from his beautiful hard cock sliding in and out of my pussy, to be followed by his expert loving tongue licking my clit to a tremendous orgasm as I suck his gorgeous swollen prick dry of every delicious drop of come that he can give my waiting mouth. My ass may have suffered a lot, but I've gotten a wonderful faithful husband who loves my body and loves me. I'd say it was well worth it. — *Name and address withheld*



"Perhaps if you had a bigger brush!"

Tempo, tempo

I've just visited New York City for the first time, and if my stay there last weekend is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

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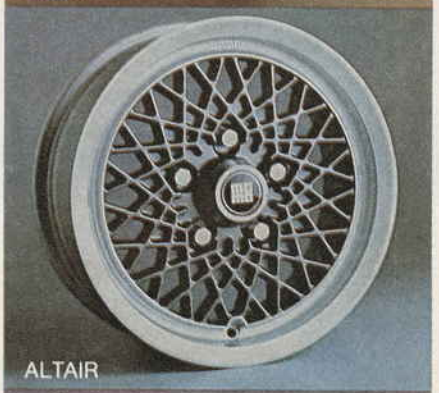
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is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Oh, God!

I am writing you this emergency letter to assure you that, contrary to rumor and what *Penthouse* magazine has implied, I did not grant an interview to that filthy publication. (In fact, the only reason I subscribe to it is for the uplifting articles and to keep in touch with events on Earth.)

Believe me, I do not give interviews to smut magazines, swim in cesspools, or lust in my heart or soul for anything except an occasional Triple Wendy's Burger.

I did, however, discuss my views of life, death, and the hereafter with two 90-year-old interviewers from *Reader's Digest*. If, as I suspect, these gentlemen were not bona fide, then they will rot in eternal damnation—i.e., 50 years of continuous Barry Manilow music—for their perfidy! Bear in mind that these sorts of things are exactly what the devil does to tempt us.

What we up here need is your help down there. Funds for fighting such spurious kinds of pornography have fallen low, especially since inflation has hit everybody, including Heaven. So please, send us your money. Send $25, $75, $1,000—whatever you can spare—but be sure to have it blessed by the Moral Majority first so that I know it's pure.

Send your cash, checks, or credit cards to: God vs. Penthouse, c/o Box 131, Heaven, 00001. Rest assured (and in peace) that every dollar that is not needed to give My legal team first-class accommodations at Howard Johnson's and to otherwise increase their comforts while fighting this horrendous assault against moral sanity, purity, and apple pie will be used in the battle. (Unfortunately, since we may need some of your gifts for legislative activity, we cannot make your contribution tax-deductible. But you will be rewarded a thousandfold by knowing that you have given of yourself to help decency and end moral decay.) Thank you!—*God*

Political cancer

I was impressed enough by Allan Sonnenschein's investigative article "The Politics of Cancer: The National Cancer Institute" (July 1981) on the cancer research rip-off that I had to write!

His journalism was excellent and well documented. It would appear that Congress and the GAO could use several thousand Allan Sonnenscheins to try and keep both government and "prestige institutions" honest.

How about having him do a series on the American justice system? Only problem is, it might take 100 years! Kudos to all.—*D. Thomas Gitchoff, D. Crim., San Diego, Calif.*

"The Politics of Cancer," by Allan Sonnenschein, appeared about the time that a series of news stories on fraud at the National Cancer Institute hit the headlines. Sen. Paula Hawkins lectured to the American Medical Association on the subject.

It is interesting to compare the Jane Brody articles in the *New York Times* with the *Penthouse* piece. Although the *Times* has often run stories on malfeasance in federal agencies, they do not often contain the lengthy apologies or excuses for the misbehavior found in Ms. Brody's reporting of the fraud. Despite the recent scandals involving such papers as the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times* seems unable to see any potential conflict of interest in having a reporter with long and close connections with the American Cancer Society and NCI (involving publications of books and other PR activities) cover the fraud at NCI. The contrast evident between the apologetics of the *Times* stories and the carefully documented *Penthouse* story of mismanagement and worse at NCI shows a higher ethical standard in your magazine.

In my 1980 testimony to Henry Waxman's House subcommittee, I noted that more than half of the billion-dollar-a-year budget of NCI would be spent on fraud, mismanagement, waste, and outright quackery. This is probably a conservative estimate. Sonnenschein has detailed the effects, the incompetence, and possible corruption in several "big ticket" programs at NCI. The cause of these problems can be given in two words: "peer review."

Peer review is the process that is used in handing out the money at NCI and other National Institutes of Health agencies. It is supposed to be a "scientific" review, but it is nothing of the kind. It is a "buddy system." The people doing the review are passing out the money to their friends and colleagues, and they have no sense of accountability to the public.

As Sonnenschein correctly observes, the NCI advisory boards that do the peer review are "dominated by the members of the most prestigious universities, hospitals, and drug companies." However, unlike the examples in the *Penthouse* article, the new fraud scandals actually occurred in this Washington-Boston axis of elite medical schools and research institutes. Therefore, the new scandals reveal the failure of peer-review processes more

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clearly. What upset Congress the most was not the original fraud but the fact that the investigator in question had just been given a new grant for $910,000 by Dr. Vincent DeVita, the NCI director, and this peer-review process. Why didn't NCI wait until the fraud question was resolved before handing out almost a million dollars?

The "very best people" are directly or indirectly connected with this mess. The investigator who got the $910,000 grant had been accused of data falsification by his own staff, and in June 1978 an "ad hoc committee" within his own department "concluded that some of the charges had merit." Subsequently, "Straus was asked to resign" from Boston University. (These quotes are from a June 19, 1981, *Science* story defending Straus.) It is an "uncontested fact that data falsification did occur" in this grant "administered by the Eastern Cooperative Oncology Group."

Now let's look briefly at some of the very important persons and institutions that have some direct or indirect connection with this matter. The responsibility for quality control of the falsified data rests with the ECOG statistical unit, which is located (where else?) at Harvard University. ECOG has been a pet program of the NCI clinical studies division, which was long headed by Dr. DeVita, the present NCI director. At the June 2 hearing on this fraud case, "Despite the hostile questioning by Hatch and others, it is clear that DeVita still has strong bipartisan backing including Kennedy and the new assistant secretary of health, Edwards N. Brandt, Jr." Because of Sen. Ted Kennedy's powerful influence with NCI during the past decade, hundreds of millions of NCI dollars have been channeled to this Boston constituency, and Kennedy has always managed to head off investigations of NCI fraud, waste, and mismanagement. "Kennedy, who left early after haggling with Hatch over the parliamentary format of the hearing," didn't succeed this time.

The question that bothered Senators Hatch and Hawkins was: why did the NCI rush to give almost a million dollars to the investigator in question?

To anyone who understands how peer review really works, the answer is simple. Peer review removes accountability to the public or its representatives and "in the name of science" (but with a miserable record of accomplishment) lets the "good ol' boys" pass out a billion taxpayer dollars to whomever they please for whatever they please. If they want to give a million dollars to a good buddy who has done something a little naughty (something they themselves may very well have done), then that's what they are going to do, whether the Congress or the public likes it or not.

Once you understand how peer review works, then the shocking improprieties that Sonnenschein documents in such detail can be seen, not as failures or aberrations of the system, but as the way the system works. Peer review not only condones or protects fraud, waste, and mismanagement; it rewards it.

The *New York Times* isn't going to tell the public the truth about NCI, but perhaps *Penthouse* will. However, the real tragedy here is not the waste of money but what the public lost because of NCI's focusing on nonexistent hazards (such as viruses, which are not significant in human cancer) instead of the real hazards. Today, most human cancer is technogenic (*techno*, "technology," and *genic*, "caused by"). Simply by making effective use of the scientific knowledge we now possess, the incidence rates for cancer could be cut in half in the next 20 years. So the most devastating cost of the no-win "conquest of cancer" program is the human cost—the tens of thousands of Americans who will be getting cancer in the future who would have avoided this fate if the National Cancer Institute had cared about the public health rather than the private benefits to the medical schools and research institutes, which have run their peer-review process to suit themselves. These elitists have the attitude "the public be damned" (as they showed in this fraud episode). Unfortunately, the thousands of Americans who will get cancers that could have easily been prevented are literally going to be damned.—*Irwin D. J. Bross, Ph.D., Di-*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

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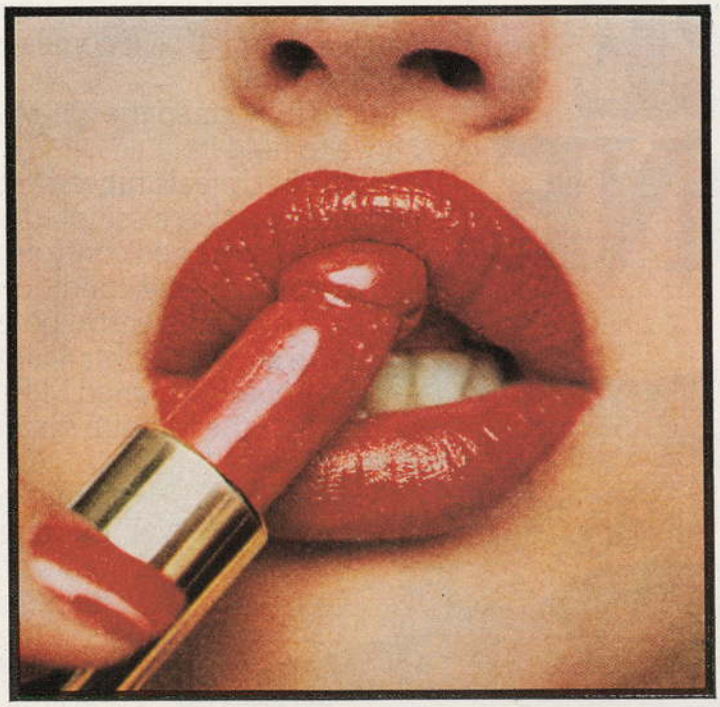

LETTER OF THE MONTH

As a regular reader of Penthouse *magazine and especially your column, I would like to share a most unusual and rewarding experience that happened to me last fall. I am a 36-year-old attractive blond with the same figure that made men whistle at me when I was in college. I do not consider myself promiscuous. Although I was not a virgin when I married, my sexual experience was limited to two boys during my four years in college and only once during my 14 years of marriage have I been unfaithful. This happened with a cute man that worked for my husband, and after a three-month affair he was suddenly transferred to another location. Also, I do not think of myself as being oversexed, but I thoroughly enjoy sex and take every opportunity to excite my husband in an effort to promote sexual relations.*

Last fall a strange coincidence occurred. My husband had to go to Washington, D.C., for a week, and a dear friend of mine was being married—her second time—and asked me to please come and stand as the matron of honor, to which I agreed. Now, my husband and I own a cottage high in the Blue Ridge Mountains, overlooking a lake and with a spectacular view, and since it was getting late in the autumn season, we decided that we should take advantage of this opportunity and spend the weekend there before winter set in. We made all the preparations, and he departed early Sunday morning and drove to Washington. On Wednesday I left, drove to Charleston, W. Va., and stayed overnight with my friend. Her wedding was the following afternoon, and not wanting to disrupt her plans, I dressed for the occasion and then loaded my bags into the car and planned to leave right after the reception without changing, since it was only a three-hour drive to our cottage up in the mountains.

After the reception I stopped by a supermarket and picked up some perishables, had the bag boy load them in the trunk, and got on the road. The sky had a dark overcast, and a light rain had begun to fall. Shortly after I turned onto the interstate, I noticed two very young sailors who were hitchhiking. I had never picked up a hitchhiker in my life, but I suddenly felt so sorry for these two young kids, especially since it was raining. I was already past them when I decided to stop, and I had to back up as they ran for the car. They took off their coats to keep from getting water on the car seats and were most thankful for the ride. They said that they were stationed at the navy base in Norfolk and that they had been home on leave and were hitchhiking back to Norfolk. We talked and laughed and became friendly, and they remained very polite with a "Yes, ma'am," which made me feel matronly. As we drove, the weather got worse and the radio was warning of a winter storm, possibly with the rain turning to sleet and freezing temperatures. I told them that I would be turning off the interstate in about another hour. What did they plan to do? They said that they would try to continue on.

Also, as we drove, I noticed both of them looking at my attire and especially my legs and the high heels that I was wearing. I commented that I had been in a wedding and had not bothered to change. I felt flattered that they were casting amorous glances at me, and without being too obvious I shifted to raise my skirt and show more of my legs. They were enjoying the view, and I felt playfully mischievous as I teased them. By the time we arrived at my exit, the rain had turned to sleet and ice was forming on the windshield. I stopped by the side of the road and told them that if

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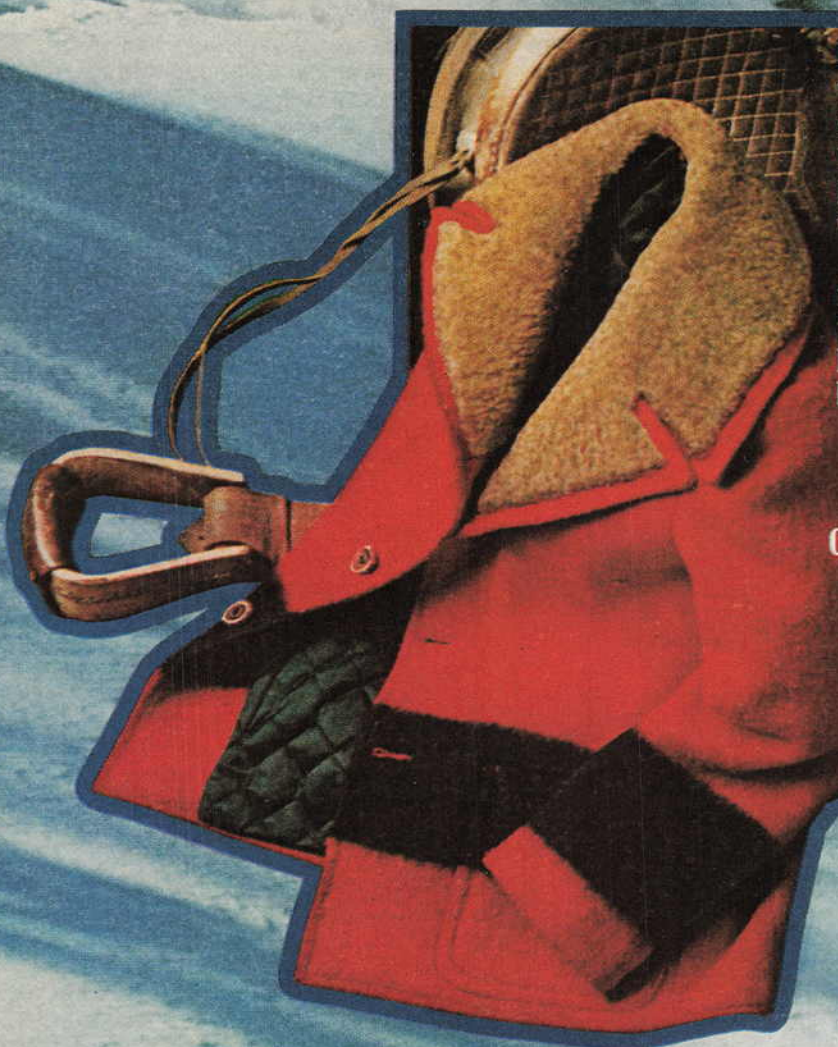

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they had to continue on they were going to get soaked and that they shouldn't be out in this kind of weather. They didn't know what to do, and I finally suggested that our cottage was about a 40-minute drive from the exit—if they wanted to spend the night and then return tomorrow, I would drive them back. After some hesitation, they finally agreed. By the time we reached the cottage, the weather was terrible and I could hardly see the road.

The boys, Dave and Ron, helped me unload the car and carry in all the things that I had brought for the weekend. Once inside we discovered that the power was off. I later learned that the icy conditions had knocked down some high-tension lines, and the power was not restored until the following day. Without power I couldn't start the furnace, so Ron and Dave went out under the deck and carried in logs that we kept stored under there to have dry firewood if needed. Soon we had a roaring fire in the fireplace, and the den was starting to get warm. By then I was ready for a drink. I was reluctant to offer alcohol to these two young boys, but they assured me that they drank, and so we fixed drinks and were really enjoying the fire and the good time we were having.

As I was out in the kitchen mixing a drink, Dave came in and I asked him to pour for me, when he quickly responded with a "Yes, ma'am," I told him to cut that out and to call me Gwen and that I was not an older woman. He seemed shy, and suddenly I put my arms around him and kissed him. It was a short kiss, but neither of us moved, and then we kissed a second time, which was long and passionate. His hand slid up the side of my dress and hesitated at my breast, and then I began running my tongue across his lips and finally into his mouth. He became violently passionate, and his hand closed firmly on my left breast. I offered no resistance and allowed him to explore my body at will. Dave then evidently told Ron of the encounter, because it wasn't long before Ron and I were locked in a similar embrace. The thought that kept going through my mind was the results of the Masters and Johnson studies indicating that a woman is in her sexual prime in her mid-thirties and the male reaches his peak in his teens.

I suggested that Dave and Ron go into one of the bedrooms and bring out two of the mattresses and place them on the floor in front of the fireplace, where we could stay warm and enjoy each other's companionship. As we lay there, I took turns kissing and teasing both of them, for which I felt a certain degree of guilt, since they were both only teenagers. The drinks relaxed them and made them bolder, and it wasn't long before their hands were caressing my breasts and legs. It was dark in the room except for the light from the fireplace, and it was very obvious that they were both sexually stimulated. Dave unzipped my dress and I allowed him to remove it, along with my slip. Soon my bra was gone, and Ron peeled off my panty hose. I was completely naked as I lay there between Dave and Ron, and they also undressed and allowed me to fondle their cocks, which were rock hard. Dave, being the more aggressive, moved on top of me, and I guided his cock into my vagina. It was quick and short-lived because he came in about two minutes. He moved away, and Ron hesitated until I asked him if he was ready to make love. He was very nervous and admitted he was a virgin and had never had sexual intercourse before. I helped guide him into position, and when I got his cock into me, he began pumping violently and I almost laughed at him. Finally I told him to slow down and try to see how long he could continue. But it was too late—he didn't last a minute. I said, "Let's all have another drink and do it again."

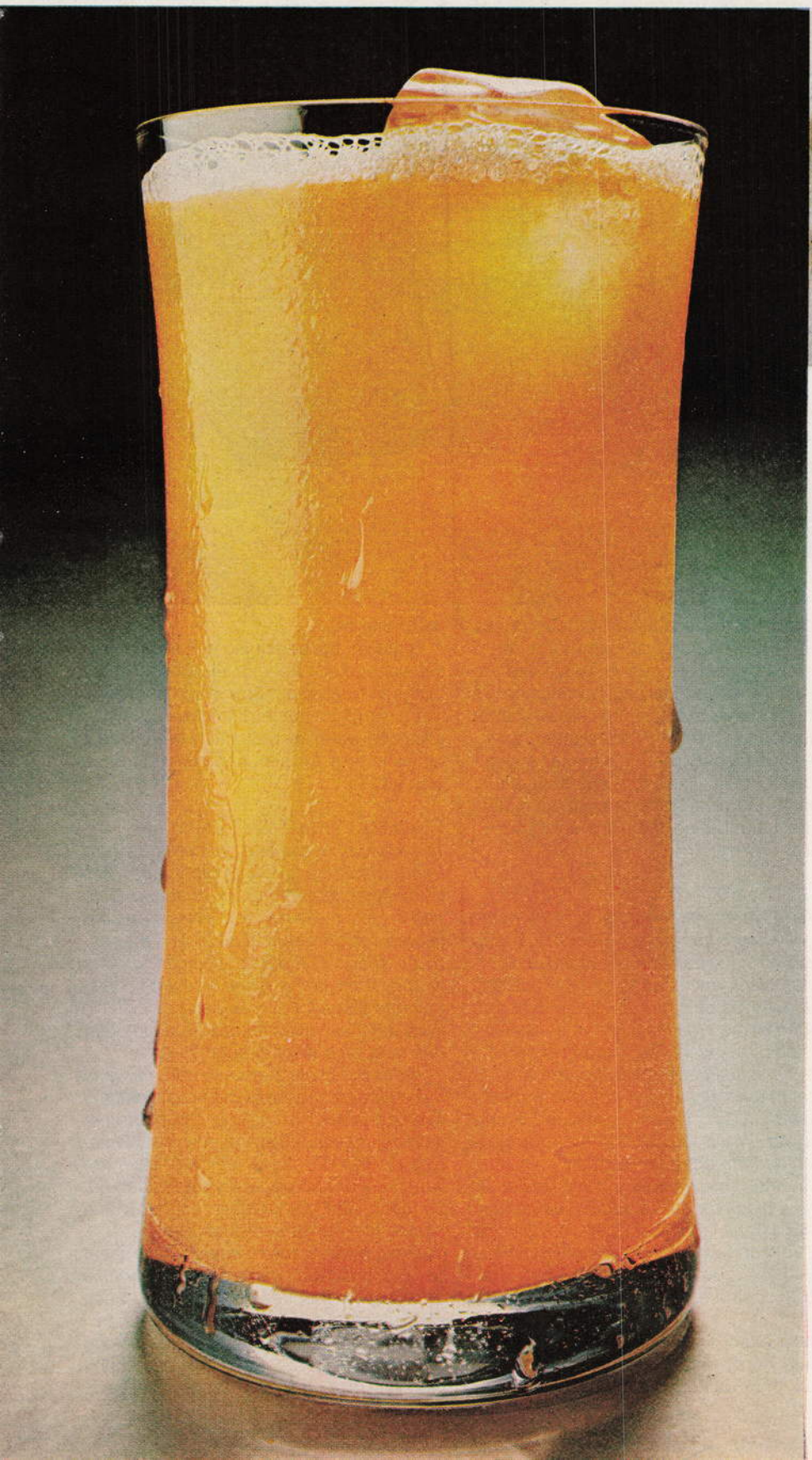
I slipped on my high-heel pumps, since the floor was cold, and went to the kitchen for drinks while Ron and Dave piled more logs on the fire. As I returned, they were agog at seeing me walking toward them totally nude. Once back on the mattress, we began a session of foreplay again, with Ron getting an erection first. I immediately took him on. This time he was slower and lasted longer. As soon as he reached a climax, Dave was ready to go and we engaged in a long session of fucking. By then I was really excited and sexually aroused, and I aggressively tried to stimulate them again. My fondling seemed to fail, and in sexual anguish I resorted to something I normally don't do too often and especially in the presence of another man. I began kissing Ron and darting my tongue in his mouth, and after a long session of this I moved down and kissed his chest, stomach, hips, legs, and finally the head of his cock. I started sucking him. Within minutes he had a hard-on, and I moved back into position and guided him into my aching vagina. We fucked for a long period of time, and I had my first orgasm, which was out of this world. Ron came and rolled over in sheer exhaustion. Then Dave whispered in my ear that he would like to try my method of exciting an erection. Without any hesitation I bent over and proceeded to suck his cock. It took him longer to gain an erection, and he didn't want me to stop. Dave and I then fucked for a long time, and I enjoyed several more orgasms.

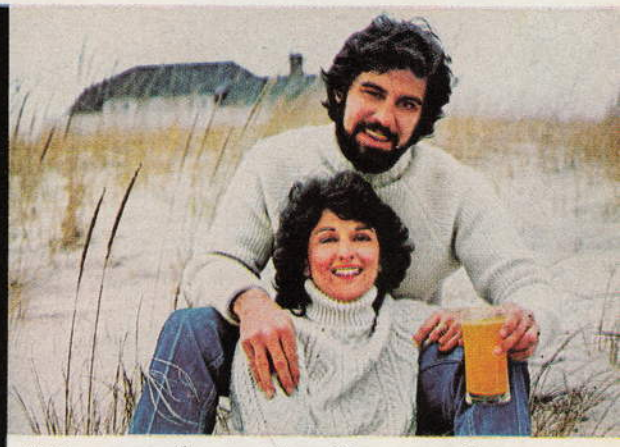
We all lost complete track of time, and it was well into the wee morning hours before the three of us dropped off to sleep in sheer exhaustion. I repeatedly sucked both Ron and Dave to bring their cocks back to hard-ons and languished in complete ecstasy as I achieved orgasm after orgasm.

The day began beautifully with the sun shining, power restored, and one more round of sex before we arose to fix a hearty breakfast. After Ron and Dave got their things together and I slipped into something more comfortable, I drove

"Do be careful. He can smell fear."

"Puerto Rican white rum makes the best screwdriver."





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them back to the interstate exit. I gave both of them my address and telephone number and told them that if they called or wrote to me whenever they went home again, I would meet them at the same exit and take them to the cottage for as long as they could stay. After a long period of passionate kissing and fondling, we parted.

Sad to say, I haven't seen or heard from either of them since, but I think of them constantly and keep hoping that the two together or with some other friend will contact me. They both gave me their addresses, and I have written to both of them—casually at first and finally in-depth letters describing vividly our encounter and how I enjoyed it and long to have a repeat performance. In a final, desperate letter to Ron, I suggested that I plan a trip to Norfolk to stay at a motel nearby if he and Dave or even some other friends would enjoy a night of sexual gratification. They did not answer my letters, and I still hope that I will hear from them. I know they enjoyed every moment of it, and there is no describing the thrill that I experienced.—G.G.

I'm about your age, and I, too, have discovered the joys of having sex with young men. For those of us who dare breaking an old and crumbling taboo, i.e., screwing a teenage boy, there are a few pitfalls, however. I guess premature ejaculation is the major problem. The young men do get excited, but the nice thing is it doesn't take them a few hours or all night to get hard again. Ten minutes later they're ready to go again. As you learned, sometimes it's better to have many mini-sessions rather than one long, uninterrupted marathon.

As you also learned, it's fun for a woman to be totally in control of the situation. God only knows, some of these men have to be taught. And they are so eager to learn!

BASIC BLACK

On Fridays after work the girls in the office usually stop for drinks. Recently I was standing at the bar when I noticed this gorgeous black man staring at me. I couldn't take my eyes off him. He walked over and started some small talk. All of a sudden I blurted out, "I want you." I don't know why I said it. It just happened. We arranged to meet at a hotel. I wasn't going to go, but I couldn't resist. I was so excited I was shaking. When we got into the room, everything happened so naturally.

Another time I asked a male coworker who is black for a ride home. I asked him up for a drink, and no sooner was he in the house than I was on my knees sucking is dick. I get so excited with black men I can hardly control myself.—P.N.

I know exactly what it feels like to get instantly horny for a black man. A beautiful black man walked into the butcher shop I go to one day.

That was the beginning of a terrific sexual encounter. We did all sorts of sexy things in front of a mirror in my bedroom, like having him masturbate his thick white juices between my buttocks. I organized a fantastic orgy for him, and his endurance was terrific.

TEACHING WHAT YOU LEARN

The advice I'm seeking concerns my new freedom to have sex with other men. This is totally acceptable to my husband, Ted, and in fact, it was his idea. When Ted suggested I might enjoy having sex with another man, I thought something was wrong. After doing some research, I discovered that a lot of men get their kicks in knowing their wives are desirable to other men and they want to spoil them.

Ted is definitely a one-woman man and has a nice job. He loves me, and I wouldn't even consider him making it with another woman. If I suspected he even had fantasies on this, I'd leave him. He told me I would never have to worry about that, but he continued to suggest that it would please him if I wanted other men.

Though I was sure I would never cheat on Ted, his wish came true 11 months ago, and he has treated me like a queen ever since. I guess it happened when I started having fantasies about fucking other men. After all, I was a virgin when I married. Also, Ted and I were having sex

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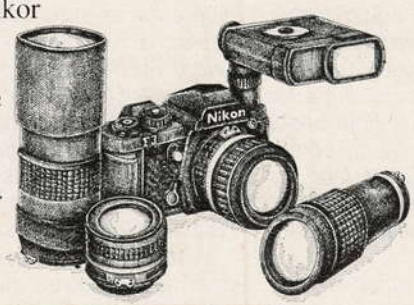

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Clip the coupon from the bottom of the page or see your participating liquor store for an entry blank. Then find the setting, scene or view that you think whispers J&B, and send it in. Make certain that you follow the rules below. Incomplete entries will be invalid.

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1. To enter, submit a black-and-white or color photograph (2¼" x 2¼" to 8" x 10") of a scene that you feel "Whispers." Slides and transparencies are not accepted.
2. Handprint your name, address, and zip code on the official entry form or a plain piece of paper. Glue or tape it to the back of your photo entry. Do not write on photo, include cardboard backing to protect picture in mail. Include with your entry the answer to the following question: What do the initials "J & B" on a bottle of J&B Rare Scotch stand for? Your entry will not be eligible for judging unless this question is answered. The information needed to answer this question may be found by looking at the label of any bottle of J&B Rare Scotch. You may obtain a free label facsimile by writing to: J&B Label, P.O. Box 2920, Westbury, NY 11591.
3. Enter as often as you wish. Each entry must be mailed separately to: J&B "IT WHISPERS" CONTEST, P.O. Box 2917, Westbury, NY 11591. Entries must be received by December 31, 1981.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality (0 to 30 points), relevance to the theme (0 to 40 points), composition (0 to 20 points), photographic technique (0 to 10 points). Winners will be selected under the supervision of National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this contest. All prizes will be awarded, and winners notified by mail. Prizes are not transferable or exchangeable. Only one prize to an individual or family.
5. All entries become the property of The Paddington Corporation with all rights, including the right to edit, publish and use any photo without further consideration of payment to the contestant. No correspondence about entries will be entered into, nor will photos be acknowledged or returned.
6. Before receiving a prize, each entrant must warrant his age, that the photograph was taken by himself, that he is an amateur photographer, and that he has full rights to the photograph and that it has won no previous award or competition.
7. The contest is open to U.S. residents, except employees and their families of The Paddington Corporation, its affiliates, advertising and sales promotion agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, professional photographers and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. Void where prohibited. All federal, state and local regulations apply. Taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners.
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only once or twice a week. Sometimes I would fake an orgasm because he climaxed too quickly.

I'm a secretary for a retail firm that receives several calls from traveling salesmen. Paul, a newer salesman, always flirted with me. He asked me to lunch, and I ended up in his motel room. He took me in his arms and gave me the longest kiss I ever had. I could feel his penis begin to grow. That really turned me on as I shoved myself against him. He undressed me, then himself, and backed away to admire my nakedness. I stared at his penis, having never seen one other than my husband's or in pictures.

He picked me up and carried me to the bed. Putting me on my back, he began stroking my breasts and stomach. Brushing over my vagina, he stroked the inside of my thighs and only occasionally brushed my throbbing love box. After a while that magic hand began to stroke my clitoris. In contrast to my husband's fumbling efforts to find my love button, Paul knew exactly where it was and his touch was all tenderness. He seemed to know when I reached the threshold and moved to some other less erogenous area. Never in my life have I been kept in such a state of sexual excitement. Finally he pulled me toward him and placed his hard penis between my legs. Spreading my legs, I reached down and took his cock in my hand and fingered him. I wondered about being able to take all of him. To my amazement, it slipped right in. I could feel it stretching parts of me that had never been stretched. We were a perfect fit. I wanted it all the way, and I felt myself coming after only a few strokes. I fought to hold back, but there was no way. Paul had me so excited I lost all control. I could feel my spasms squeezing his penis. He stayed in tight, which seemed to increase the intensity of my orgasm.

It couldn't have been more than 30 seconds before I had my second climax. As he continued fucking me, I came for the third time and Paul let out a low moan, tightened, and, with a shudder, filled me with his sperm. I cuddled him and kissed him gently, feeling his penis deflate as he was still inside me. Promising we would meet again, I hurried off to work.

I didn't tell Ted about this until two nights later, while we were in bed. He got terribly excited and wanted to know all about it. He was rock hard in seconds. I could see I had made the right decision by fucking Paul. We had our best sex ever that night. He told me how much he loved me for making it with another man. Since then, I always climax with Ted.

I have had sexual relations with Paul once since then. I wasn't as nervous, and I sucked him, which is something I seldom do to Ted. I have had sex with two other salesmen and had no trouble climaxing.

Paul wants me again, as do the other two. I found that sex with other men was different and exciting but not necessarily better than with Ted. I would never be satisfied now having sex with just Ted, but he is definitely the one for me. I like the security I have with him, and he always makes me feel like a wonderful person. He loves me more and respects me more now than ever before. We both feel faithfulness on his part is extremely important.

What can I do to repay Ted for the freedom he has given me without involving other women? Subconsciously I guess I was ripe for other men, and Ted knew it. There is no emotional involvement with the other men, but I just love the way these men absolutely go nuts over me and kiss my body all over. One of them kisses my butt and licks me there really well. Ted never did that to me, and I wouldn't think of asking him.

Are there any problems you think could develop in the future? Also, is my situation common? I think most husbands like to think their wives are "bitches."—J.L.

If you would like to make your marital situation more blissful and exciting, why not reeducate your husband in technique instead of fucking around? You mentioned that he comes very quickly. Why not teach him to hold back longer and give you more pleasure? If you enjoy it when other men lick your butt, why not ask your husband to try it? Try improving your sex life by start-

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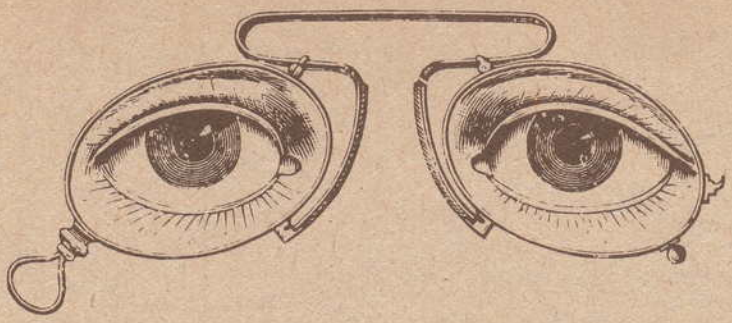


VIEW FROM THE TOP

HELL'S OWN HOLIDAY

BY EMILY PRAGER

Halloween, All Hallows' Eve, the night when the spirits walk the earth, is becoming more and more celebrated in this country. Shopkeepers claim it's nearing megabusiness. At $75 for a cheap mask, you can understand why. This year alone, enough candy corn was sold to feed all the pigs with a sweet tooth in the Ukraine, and then some. If you laid all the coneheads worn to parties end to end, they would reach all the way to Arthur Clarke's house in Sri Lanka, and back.

Remember when the average person was reticent about donning a silly costume and venturing out in public? That was in the days before everyone expected to be a star, if only for ten minutes, and before Andy Warhol spread the word that even the lowliest churl could and would someday appear on television. Nowadays, when people will do anything to get on camera ("Let's Make a Deal," "That's Incredible!", the late-evening news), is it any wonder that a holiday built around weird costumes and raucous behavior has taken off?

Punks bob for apples containing razor blades. Punks celebrate Halloween all year long. Or at least, that's what they look like. On Halloween itself, punks dress up like Bill Buckley or Nancy Kissinger, depending on their sex. Or not, as the case may be. On Halloween you can be any sex you want—that's why it's such an '80s holiday. It's traditional but loose, and getting looser.

Adults have stolen it from children. Trick-or-treating's too dangerous now when the average next-door neighbor really is a closet psycho, a quiet person who only ax-murders when his biorhythm is off or a defenseless child comes to the door demanding candy. Halloween had to change with the times, but so much?

As America more and more resembles a Third World country, Halloween has become the anti-Christmas. It's comparable to carnival in Haiti or Brazil. It's a day for letting off steam, when acting crazy is sanctioned, and when responsible adults play dress up and pretend, yell and scream all night, and don't have to buy presents for anyone but themselves. And can you blame them, what with the high inflation, banditos and *pistoleros* everywhere, assassinations, bombings, child prostitution, and the country's dependence on foreign imports?

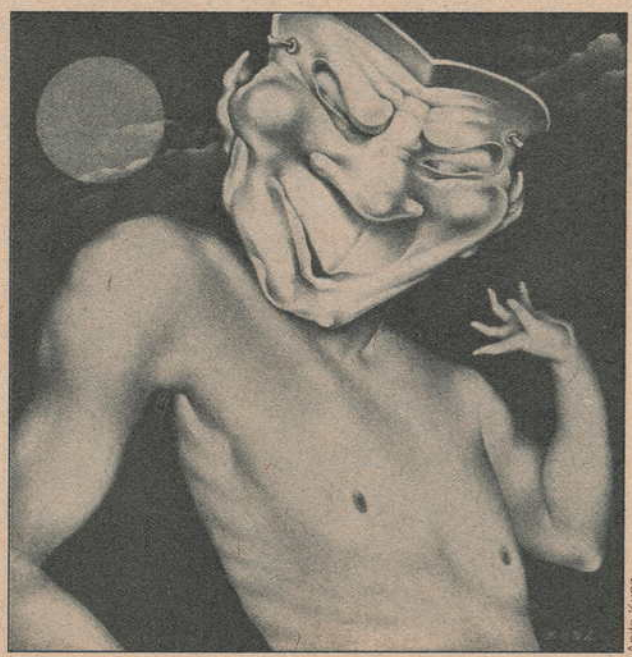
Halloween is driving-away-the-devils day, when the poor can relax and, behind masks, mingle with the rich. That's what the Third World is all about: the poor and the rich. Manhattan, for example, is a continuous carnival. There are 35,000 homeless people living on the streets of New York City, as in Calcutta, Santiago, Addis Ababa. Sleeping, shitting. So far it's only singles, but at present rents it will soon be families on the streets with their charcoal braziers to heat up the Big Macs and the Egg McMuffins. Is it any wonder Halloween is so important, so frenetic?

Or perhaps it's just perversity, a preoccupation with all things horrific, that naturally accompanies a fall from a state of grace. The decadence of the once powerful. We have seen better days.

And we do love horror these last few years. Witness the resurgence of the horror film (*Halloween, Friday the 13th I* and *II, Prom Night, The Howling,* etc., etc., etc.) and of yellow journalism. If it's violent, bloody, and involves a sexual deviation, we want to hear about it, in detail. Indeed, we will pay to see it live, if possible. Do you think that if they'd had celluloid in the Middle Ages, they would have had snuff films? How about in prehistoric times? I don't. I think snuff films are as thoroughly modern as the mugging of the elderly in elevators or the abuse of helpless zoo animals for pleasure.

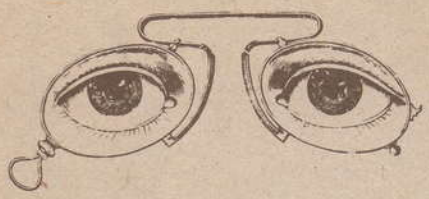
How many industrialized nations can you name in which a poor child, raped by her own father, is forced to give birth to his baby? Time's up. Would you swear America isn't into S&M?

Halloween is the eve of All Saints' Day, when the spirits rise from the dead and walk the earth for just one night. In many cultures, when someone dies, the living never speak his or her name again. If that were true in America, in 1981, the country would go under. There'd be no local news—that's for sure. Norman Mailer, now writing his second book about Marilyn Monroe, would be waiting tables. There'd be no Elvis imitators, very few TV movies, and fewer best-selling memoirs by aging, promiscuous actors and actresses. Bliss.



Anita Kunz

Halloween is a holiday devised by Christians with a healthy respect for the dead. It was, traditionally, the day on which one dealt with the terrifying idea of death without fear. One imitated it, played chess with it. Made fun of it instead. In modern-day America, however, this terror aspect of the day, although retained in graphics, is quite forgotten. It is clear that we as a society have absolutely no respect for death or the dead whatsoever. To put it bluntly, in this culture the dead are up for grabs. People exploit them, sully their reputations, claim their ideas, and make money off them. What if there really is an afterlife? What do these people do—finger their agents on Judgment Day? Nobody worries about the hereafter any-



more. Why not? It's still there.

Or maybe Halloween's so popular because our president is an actor and therefore, totemically speaking, putting on costumes is sanctioned, even encouraged. Ever since the hostage crisis, our country as a whole has definitely been "on," culminating in the election of a man who was once "on" for a living. America loves the limelight. If there's a camera nearby, America will hog it. If you've got a SAG or AFTRA card, you are that much closer to the White House than the average Joe and you can celebrate this Halloween by dressing up in an outlandish outfit and parading by your congressman's home demanding to see more of Patti Davis on TV.

Did I mention black cats? No? Well, let me warn the guy who wrote *1,001 Uses for a Dead Cat* to watch out for trick-or-treaters with paws this October 31. And, just to be on the safe side, don't French-kiss anyone with whiskers.

In closing, I want you to remember that Halloween isn't just a big raucous party. It's a commemoration of death and all that goes with it: coffins, gravestones, ghosts, heaven, hell. So think about death when you've got that stupid costume on, specifically your own, and have a little respect for it and what might come after it. The threat of hell, like capital punishment, certainly isn't going to deter the hard-bitten psychotic from vicious crime, but it just might make network executives in charge of programming think.

But we'll never know until we die. And then we'll see who goes to hell and who doesn't. Last Halloween, though, I was visited by the ghost of Dante, who told me that there are many more circles now than there used to be. Special ones where Right-to-Lifers are violated and made pregnant by leprous pinheads, where NRA members serve as practice targets for devils fond of gunfire, and where muggers, rapists, child abusers, and TV newspersons are boiled alive in molten lead while innocent angels hold microphones and ask, sympathetically, "How do you feel?" for all eternity.

SCENES

INDEPENDENT'S DAY

Only five years ago budding rock stars discovered that the record business was harder to get into than a restricted country club. Four labels virtually controlled the charts, and to land a contract with any one of them you had to sound like Bruce Springsteen, look like Stevie Nicks, and have a better coke connection than the phalanx of A&R men waiting in the wings. But then that's show biz.

Today's hopefuls, though, have turned up what's left of their noses at the conventional star-making machinery. Instead of groveling before the major labels, they are starting their *own*, by pressing demo tapes into discs and selling them independently through a network of mom-and-pop stores that stretches from coast to coast. All it takes is a halfway decent riff, very little imagination, and about $3,000 to cover the cost of hardware: vinyl, album covers, sleeves, and, in some cases, a blurb from the local deejay.

This has touched off a minor revolution in the long-suffering pop music empire. Companies like Columbia and Warner Brothers now find themselves competing for a piece of the rock with labels whose offices are located in the corner of a two-car garage in Poughkeepsie. They operate on piggy-bank budgets. Experience is an unessential luxury, and stars are born every minute on such labels as Ripsaw, War Bride, Deli-Platters, Ritdong, and Two-Tone. Some of their offspring—mavericks like the B-52's, Elvis Costello, Devo, and Robin Lane and the Chartbusters—struck it rich on their own, then sold out to the lure of hot lights and limousines. But for the most part, new-wave groups are increasingly considering the independent route as a way of breaking in, making it a whole new ballgame and one that is threatening to crack the market wide open.

Shoes, an Illinois-based quartet who successfully put out their own album-in-the-rough on PVC Records before signing a fat deal with Elektra, found out soon enough that more is often less—and then some. In 1969, unable to attract the interest of a major label, Shoes trudged into a jerkwater studio with a tape that had been recorded in their apartment and turned it into a hit album. "We didn't have much money to work with, so we initially pressed one thousand albums for three bucks apiece," recalls Jeff Murphy, the group's erstwhile guitarist/printer. "I had the covers made up at work. The album had fifteen songs, instead of the usual ten, so we could give the kids their money's worth. And we even threw in an iron-on heat transfer for T-shirts." Which wasn't bad, considering that they sold the album for $3.50—several dollars below the regular list price.

The band loaded the trunks of their cars with the album and hit the road—much like the rock pioneers of the early 1950s—asking stores to sell them on consignment. Air play followed, reviewers championed them as underdogs, and reorders began pouring in. Pretty soon Shoes was a national phenomenon.

"But we blew it as businessmen," Murphy admits. "We didn't keep such great financial records and forgot how many copies we'd given each store. And then there were ballbreakers, like interstate-commerce laws and corporate regulations, we just plain ignored." And so, when Elektra Records knocked on their door in 1979 with a respectable contract, Shoes tripped over one another signing on the dotted line. It's been downhill ever since.

"Elektra just hasn't been able to do the job, and our popularity is suffering for it," Murphy laments, mulling over the band's recent nose dive into oblivion. "We feel a

Gary Gershoff/Retna, Ltd.

"Blotto could turn out to be tomorrow's Hall and Oates."

little ripped off that hundreds of record-company people are dragging their asses doing in months what it took the four of us to do in a week. I'm beginning to think that the rock industry doesn't have all the answers it claims to have."

Blotto, an Albany, N.Y., band, is quick to agree. Last year they made up 1,000 four-song records for $3,500 "as a joke," then proceeded to watch as the nation's top FM stations jumped on it like a torch. One of the tracks, "I Want to Be a Lifeguard," emerged as the summer's runaway novelty hit, and by August the joke was on Blotto. Sales reached an impressive 15,000 LPs, and demand for the album exceeded the amount they were able to produce and distribute. Even the stone-deaf ears of the record business heard something unique in Blotto's sound ("like the jangle of cash registers," one member suggests), and made a few efforts to sign the group. "But we realized that it was a no-win situation," Broadway Blotto points out. "They pleaded with us to be original, but when they auditioned our new material, they said, 'Why don't you guys sound more like the Doobie Brothers?' I thought they were kidding."

Lee Harvey Blotto, the group's drummer, convinced the rest of the band that it would be wiser to wait before signing Blotto Industries over to some overextended pop conglomerate. "We heard the crap the big labels were putting out, so we went right to work on our second album, determined to outdo ourselves."

The result, *Across and Down*, is doing nicely, although several fans have complained the follow-up album was a bit too slick for their tastes.

"Well, I can understand that," Lee Harvey admits, though he hurriedly defends Blotto's extravagance. "We splurged on the new record. It cost us six thousand dollars to make, but a large portion of the budget went to supply enough Saratoga Water to keep us going in the studio. That's not bad if you stop to consider that Fleetwood Mac spent one and a half million on *Tusk*—and I *know* what kept them going!"

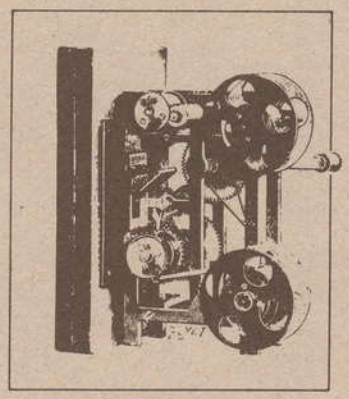
The sales figures help support his argument, but the sound tells the whole story. Much of today's best and most innovative music has been released on artist-owned, independent labels. And it's getting better all the time. Unsigned groups like Doug and the Slugs, Pylon, SVT, and Roy Loney are attracting sizable followings and are teaching others like them how to manufacture and market their own records with considerable success.

When asked what one dream kept most of these new bands going, a record-store owner replied, "That's easy. This year's Blotto could turn out to be tomorrow's Hall and Oates." Possibly—but let's hope not.—*Bob Spitz*

Chris Walter/Retna, Ltd.

Devo: striking it rich but selling out to the lure of limos.

FILMS



WHAM! BAM! SPLAT!

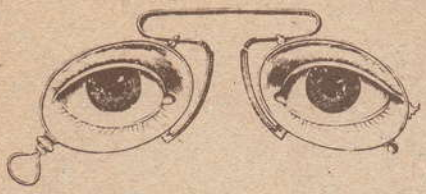
The action-adventure movie, the comic-strip movie, and their second cousin, the old Saturday-afternoon serial, have become so commonplace recently you might think they'd forgotten how to make anything else. Is there nothing, asks the concerned critic, suitable for adults? I, too, lament the absence of mature entertainment—that is, until I have to face such middle-aged inanities as, say, *The Four Seasons*. Then I realize that Hollywood in its wisdom sometimes does know what it does best. And so it's back with the rest of the average 12-year-olds to see what multi-million-dollar kiddie show has been devised for us next.

This month's examples, ***Raiders of the Lost Ark*** and ***Escape from New York***, happen to belong at the top of their class. With their feet squarely planted either in the fondly forgotten past or in the fantastic future, they would seem to avoid any taint of contemporary relevance.

Actually that's not quite the case. *Raiders of the Lost Ark* approaches its time, 1936, and its struggle between us and them, good guys and bad guys, Americans and Nazis, with the fashionable nostalgia that its makers, George Lucas and Steven Spielberg, feel for the movies of a decade before they were born. On the other hand, the 1997 of John Carpenter's *Escape from New York*, when the crime rate has risen 400 percent and Manhattan has been turned into a maximum security prison by the building of a wall to separate it from the rest of the country, simply mirrors what the rest of the country generally thinks of Manhattan right now.

Thus, in its own dark, bloody, disillusioned way, *Escape from New York* offers a kind of satiric social comedy, despite the fact that almost nobody gets out of the movie (or the city) alive. Those who do get out include the best of men, the cynical Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell), ex-war hero and convicted criminal, bargaining for his freedom and his life. They also include one of the worst, the president of the United States (Donald Pleasance), a vindictive, cowardly power pawn who spends most of the movie as a prisoner of the prisoners in New York. You can pick out the decaying landmarks: the graffiti-strewn World Trade Center, a barricaded, bonfire-lit Broadway, and something called the Sixty-ninth Street Bridge (there isn't any Sixty-ninth Street Bridge). In the 1960s Jean-Luc Godard made one of the best science-fiction adventures, *Alphaville*, largely by pointing his camera at the architecture of contemporary Paris.

Kurt Russell as ex-war hero.



Escape from New York hasn't that sort of style (indeed, it was partly shot on location in St. Louis and Los Angeles), but it shares some of the feeling for a relationship between present and future that raises its very conventional chase melodrama into a frequently moving meditation on the ruin of a world.

The whole enterprise of *Escape from New York* is to accomplish the impossible and escape the escape-proof prison. The strain felt at every stage is enormous. *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, by contrast, revels in the boundless energy of a world where "impossible" isn't a concept. The first 15 minutes alone, in which ace archaeologist Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford) recovers a gold idol from some ancient Latin American jungle temple and in the process encounters poisoned arrows, secret swords, tarantulas, a bottomless pit, corpses old and new, a tribe of blowgun-wielding Indians, an evil rival archaeologist, and a giant rolling stone that definitely gathers no moss, would fill any average dozen adventure movies. It's a great introduction, and that it has almost nothing to do with the story of the movie that follows is really part of its greatness. Endless invention is what this kind of movie is all about. It's not about anything else, not even its plot: the search for the legendary Lost Ark containing the tablets of the Ten Commandments, coveted by Hitler because the army that carries it is supposed to be invincible.

Steven Spielberg's Raiders of the Lost Ark: *civilized pleasures.*

No sooner do Indiana and the beautiful Marion Ravenwood (Karen Allen) actually find the Ark, under the Egyptian desert in a tomb called the Well of Souls, and get themselves sealed up alive by the unscrupulous Frenchman Belloq (Paul Freeman) and his Nazi colleagues, only to fight their way through 7,500 poisonous snakes and a slew of rotting cadavers (which I forgot to count) until they finally emerge above ground and in the light—than they *immediately* spot the ingenious flying wing that is to carry the Ark to Germany. I take that sort of juxtaposition to be the very soul of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Each adventure not only tops the one it follows but also changes direction—so that you may die of serpent's sting or arrow poison but never of boredom.

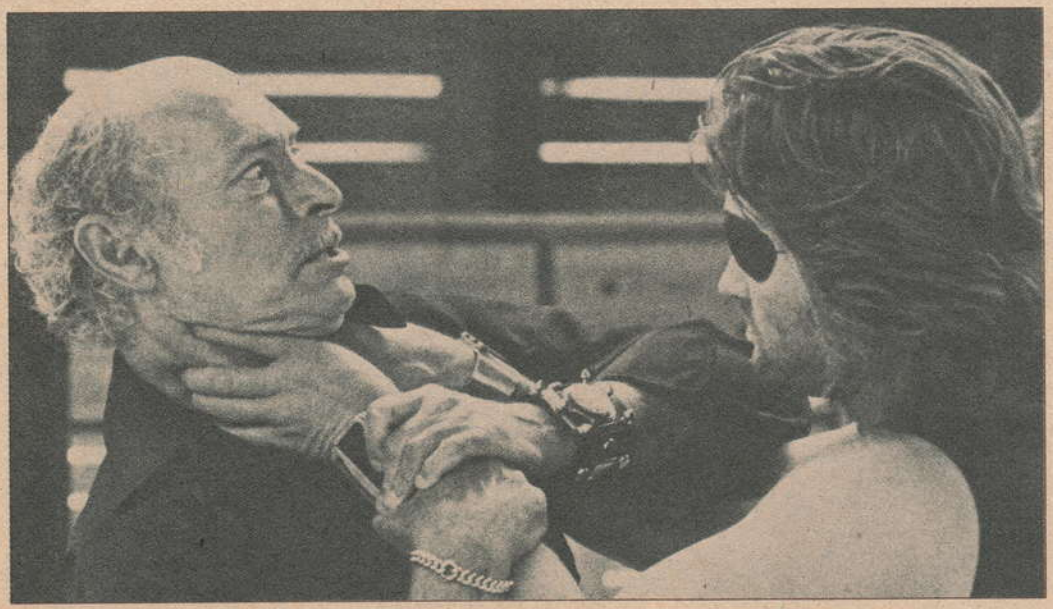
Sometimes the invention does falter, and then *Raiders of the Lost Ark* seems no better than the old grade-C programmers it's taking off on. The bag of tricks isn't bottomless, merely very large; and you'll find yourself occasionally carrying the movie on the strength of the goodwill it's earned maybe five minutes before. But this is rarer than not. There are enough civilized pleasures to make up the difference: the weirdness of Indiana's chosen weapon, a snarling whip; Harrison Ford's sly-eyed complicity in the role he delights in performing; even the improbable gin joint in the wilds of Nepal that, at the outset, Marion has been running during the ten years since Indiana broke her heart and went away.

Of course the high spirits of *Raiders* or the doom-laden darkness of *Escape from New York* derive from the most sophisticated calcu-

Harrison Ford as Indiana Jones.

lations. Filmmakers on the order of Lucas, Spielberg, and Carpenter always, and maybe too completely, know just what they are about. I'm not sure you can say the same thing for Sidney Lumet, who is perhaps the most erratic major director now working. He has recently produced disasters *(The Wiz, Just Tell Me What You Want)* but now has made a movie that is uneven but essentially very fine.

Prince of the City returns to the themes and territory of Lumet's *Serpico* (1973), but with some differences. The tale of New York City police corruption remains, but the gloomy, lonely heroics are gone, and in their place have come a series of relationships, loyalties, betrayals, and moral ambiguities as complex as anything I've seen in recent movies.



John Carpenter's Escape from New York: *a comedy in which almost nobody gets out alive.*

Special Investigative Unit detective Danny Ciello exposes misconduct outside the department, inside the department, then among his own friends and partners, and finally within himself. He follows a path, from public spirit to private confession, that is as tortuous as the action of a Dostoevski novel. Danny backs into his progress from the good life of an elite city cop to the half-existence of a fugitive informer almost as if the movement were beyond his control—which perhaps it is, and which may be what saves him. The shocker in *Prince of the City* is not the depth of corruption it unveils but the depth of sympathetic understanding that accompanies the unveiling. There is nobody—cop on the take, well-connected hood, junkie pleading for a fix—who isn't seen to have his reasons.

Because the world of *Prince of the City* is so largely Italian, it's sometimes hard to tell the cops from the crooks, who look alike, sound alike, and may be one another's first cousin. The film doesn't exploit this in any obvious way, but I think it does use a certain built-in potential for confusion, not as to who is who but as to whose allegiances lie where. Danny's relative who fronts for the mob turns out to be a kind of nobleman. But then so does the ambitious government special prosecutor who enlists Danny in the first place and might be expected to drop him when he has served his purpose. Family ties, bonds of friendship, even official pledges of protection—the point is that all those dark Mediterranean types who go around embracing one another often feel the affection.

I don't want to make *Prince of the City* seem too happy. It is mysterious, relentlessly violent, even brutal, and its central character spends much of this very long film tearing himself to pieces. As that character, Treat Williams gives the performance of his young career. The whole immense supporting cast is also wonderful in the tough realistic mode in which American character actors excel.

Lumet excels with it also. It seems to me that whenever his screenplay calls for style—*The Wiz, Murder on the Orient Express*, etc.—he falls into dull exaggeration. But when the screenplay calls for stark realism, he finds a style, usually with a strong melodramatic component. *Prince of the City* is a very classy movie, wonderfully rich and accurate in its social observation but never limited by its accuracy. From time to time it looks like great drama. From time to time, I suspect that's what it is.—*Roger Greenspun*

Treat Williams in Prince of the City: *private confessions.*

WORDS

BACKSTAGE BLOOD

Why murder your accountant when you can knock off a gorgeous movie star? Why blackmail your brother-in-law when you can put the screws on a famous rock star? For that matter, why commit mayhem under prosaic circumstances at all when you can do it in style on a movie set, in a television studio, or in the glamorous precincts of the Hollywood Hills?

So goes the enduring philosophy of many a writer of mystery and suspense. No matter how intricate the plot or devious the detection, thrillers and private-eye yarns always seem more exciting in an exotic setting. In the 1930s exotic meant the drawing rooms of high society; in the 1950s it was the political back rooms of foreign nations.

Nowadays mystery writers are invading the arts-and-entertainment turf, burrowing backstage for both setting and inspiration. Among current and upcoming mystery fiction, a healthy stack of them feature show-business characters, from has-been nightclub singers to rock superstars, caught in a variety of murderous situations—from a little record pirating to a national plot to overthrow the government.

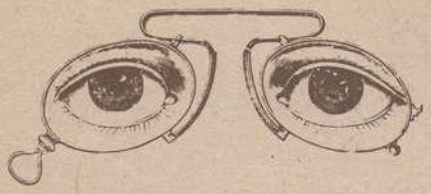
Easily the best of the bunch is the new Simon Brett mystery, ***The Dead Side of the Mike*** (Scribner's), featuring his irresistible amateur sleuth, Charles Paris. A middle-aged character actor who has to hustle hard for theater and film roles to keep him in drink, the wryly satirical Paris has enlivened all of the British writer's five earlier mysteries. Wonderfully at home in the company of seedy agents, ruthless producers, and flamboyant stars, Paris moves easily from avant-garde theater (*So Much Blood*) to the community-theater group (*An Amateur Corpse*) to music-hall vaudeville (*A Comedian Dies*), usually looking for work but always finding murder.

In *The Dead Side of the Mike*, Paris finally gets a decent-paying job with BBC radio, which gives Brett a chance to heap his witty scorn on that venerable airwaves empire. In addition to its clever plot, which involves the apparent suicide of a little bimbo in production, the mystery offers the further delights of Brett's nasty insights into the Byzantine politics and jargon-spouting honchos in Britain's national radio industry.

On the home front, Robert B. Parker doesn't know American television, but he's such a good writer that his diehard fans shouldn't mind a whole lot. In ***A Savage Place*** (Delacorte), Spenser has left Boston for Hollywood, on assignment to protect a sexy reporter who is investigating corruption and racketeering in a movie company. Our knight-errant from the East Coast is properly dismayed by California's brand of immorality. The sensitive lug particularly charms us by bringing a suitcase full of neckties to L.A.—so he won't lose touch with his roots.

As usual, the blood flows and bodies get mangled with great artistry as Spenser conducts his investigations with his fists. But Parker's masterful style deserts him when it comes to going behind the scenes of the television industry. Cavalierly dismissing any need for verisimilitude, he shows us very little of the nuts-and-bolts reality of TV news production and research, and what he does show is mighty unconvincing. Still, that Spenser guy is A-OK, and his character grows and deepens with every book.

The movie industry also seems a bit Oz-like in Pamela Chais's new mystery, ***Final Cut*** (Simon &



Pat Bassett/Diana Herbert Markes/Dorothy Prentiss MacDonald

Murder at the movies: Stuart Kaminsky, Pamela Chais, and John D. MacDonald.

Schuster), but at least Chais has made a decent stab at an authentic Hollywood and its distinctive character types, and she's come up with a sweet gimmick for her sleuth. Detective Bud Bacola, who detects for the Beverly Hills police force, was once a child star, traumatized by the villainous agent whose murder he is assigned to investigate. The double drama of the mystery demands that the cop confront the secrets in his own past in order to solve the mystery at hand. Although she writes with crisp economy, Chais structures her story awkwardly. Her cast of Hollywood characters, for example, is vividly drawn but is never set in motion. Instead, the reader is forced to tag along behind her detective as he goes from door to door—just like a docile member on a bus tour of the stars' homes.

Stuart Kaminsky is back on the studio back lot with ***High Midnight*** (St. Martin's), another in his funny cycle of the Toby Peters nostalgia mysteries. For those who missed such invigorating predecessors as *Bullet for a Star* or *Murder on the Yellow Brick Road*, Kaminsky's style of affectionate burlesque involves a clever mixture of period detail (real events and real people from 1940s Hollywood) and traditional detective-fiction plotting. Gary Cooper and Ernest Hemingway make amusing cameo appearances in this new caper, which has a paper-thin plot about some Mob goons and desperate movie producers trying to strong-arm Coop into making a Western for them. Pity Kaminsky doesn't put more muscle into his plots, because his period material is great fun (what with characters tooling around in '39 Packards and chowing down Spam at 37 cents a can) and tough old Toby is an endearing relic of the hard-boiled private dick.

John D. MacDonald's exciting new crime caper lands the indomitable Travis McGee at a disaster-movie location out in the Iowa cornfields. To quote from the primary source, ***Free Fall in Crimson*** (Harper & Row) is "a story that has everything: dramatic deaths of celebrities, a pornography ring, a murderous riot, innocence corrupted." Yeah. And besides all that, it's got Travis McGee ("Cool and hot. Hard and soft. Rattling around in his life, bouncing off the walls."), still the best humanist-rebel hero of modern detective fiction. In *Free Fall* he goes up in a hot-air balloon and adds yet another dimension to his character, drawn here as always in MacDonald's effortless, look-Mano-hands style that makes all his imitators look like candidates for cardiac arrest.

What Nigel Knew (Clarkson N. Potter) is a must-read for film buffs who sometimes wish they could strangle certain mean and arrogant critics. That's exactly what happens in this amusingly vitriolic mystery-satire written by "Evan Field," a pseudonym for two veteran New York writers on film. From its clever cover art by Edward Gorey to its funny (but sensible) conclusion, *What Nigel Knew* is a breezy bit of bitchery that leaves no limb of the film industry unflogged. The satire is often labored, because the authors mistakenly opt for burlesque over wit, like those humorless people who always go overboard when they finally decide to tell a joke. But they make good use of their inside knowledge of the trade, and

Nigel as last seen by Gorey.

their vitriolic character sketches should inspire much guessing about their real-life models. (Wonder if Rex Reed will sue.)

In ***Blue Murder*** (Arbor House), Walter Wager's private eye is a glamorous, ex–CIA agent named Alison B. Gordon who drinks Remy Martin, smokes Soutines, drives a Porsche, and wears John Kloss bras. The brand dropping is supposed to come naturally, we guess, because the luscious Alison is a denizen of Beverly Hills and other Wager novels set in those gilded climes *(Blue Leader, Blue Moon)*. But, I tell you, the affectations of Alison and her playmates could set your teeth on fire. Although the story starts smartly, with the sophisticated lady investigating the missing brother of a Hollywood superstar, and takes an interesting detour into the counterfeit-record industry, it veers off all too soon into a laughably incredible suspense adventure involving a right-wing conspiracy to topple the government. Wager can turn a decent phrase on occasion (like describing a movie company executive as having "the cunning of an Apache war chief"), but this modest facility perishes under the fruity prose he smears on the detestable Alison and the clunky style he adopts for his silly adventure caper.

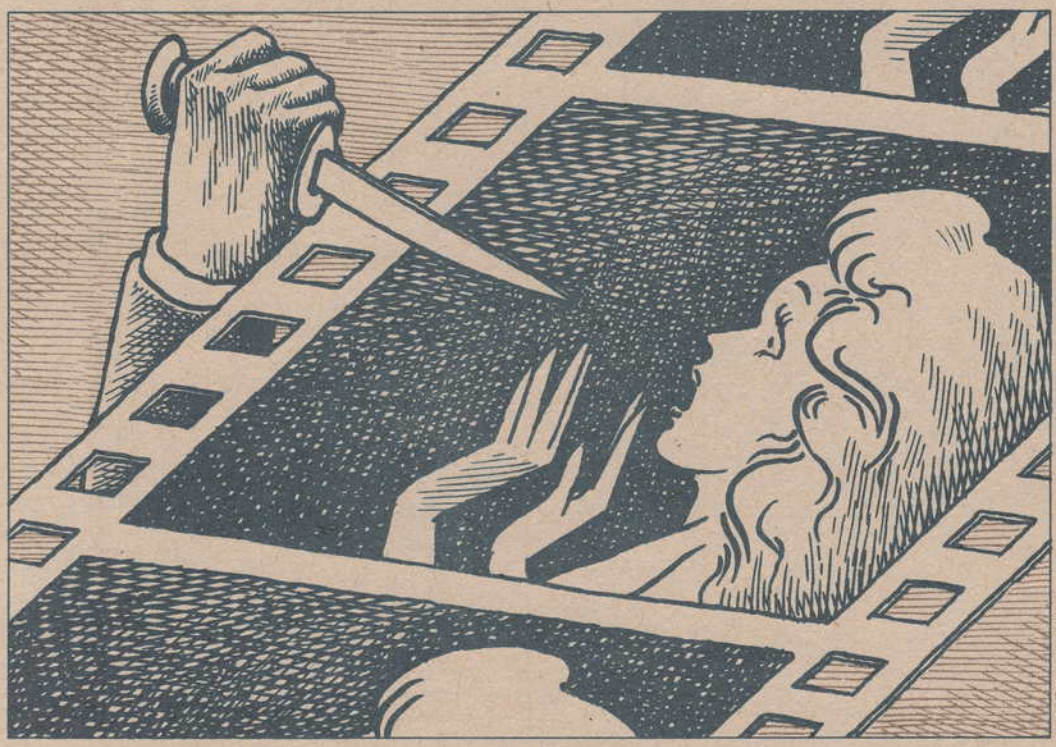
Style, however, is the main attraction of Geoffrey Miller's ***The Black Glove*** (Viking), an impressive first book that introduces a most original detective named Terry Traven to the glutted California private-eye market. Traven is a vestige of the 1960s, an upholder of the Sam Spade/Philip Marlowe tradition of hard-boiled decency, and a believer in the detective as "the decent man in a hopelessly corrupt world."

On a weird case that takes him into the drugged and violent territory of California's New Wave music underworld, Traven encounters a number of bizarre characters whose brutal egotism refute all his '60s principles and values. He's an admirably offbeat hero, and he trots through his fast-paced adventures in fine style. But before Chandler and Hammett fans can start clutching Miller to their bosoms, this promising writer must first learn to discipline his dazzling gifts. His California weirdos become so colorful that they degenerate into confusing and forgettable caricatures, while his plot gets so tricky that it swallows its own tail. This isn't a quibble but an alarm. Miller is too damned good to burn out in his own brilliance.

Kenneth Jupp's ***Echo*** (Little, Brown) also gets its body rhythms from the California music world—but no world ever viewed by human eyes. Its off-the-wall plot, in-

volving the sadistic murder of a rock superstar and the brutal rape of a California heiress, defies all stretches of the imagination in the unwinding. Its rarefied environment of millionaires and musicians at murderous play seems like the Marquis de Sade's own version of Disneyland. Curiously, for all this atmospheric overkill, the amateur-detective hero is a pale and passive blob.

There's a touch of real integrity that shines through the awkward writing and renegade plotting of Tony Cohan's ***Canary*** (Doubleday). The suspicious death of a rock superstar touches off a lone-



Jean Francois Allaux

wolf investigation into record-industry corruption that seems genuinely to affront the author's sense of justice. His journalist-sleuth sees himself as a "media outlaw," fighting villains who have "a deadly vision of music as soporific, a numbing instrument of social control." Cohan is one of those unfortunate stylists whose tin ear directs him to refer to a person's face as a "visage." Characters are always "discerning," and nobody tears anything up when they can "rend" it. Still, the man has a good story to tell about an industry he obviously knows firsthand, and his spirited outrage over the spoilers and soilers who have trashed the creative integrity of the music business gives his book a refreshingly decent tone.

A couple of mysteries set backstage in the legit theater also turn out dullish. British novelist Anne Worboys's new opus, ***Run, Sara, Run*** (Scribner's), has a modern theatrical setting (London's West End) and a modern heroine (a celebrated actress), but its sappy little heart clearly palpitates for the nineteenth century.

Lulla Rosenfeld's ***Death and the I Ching*** (Clarkson N. Potter) tries with amateurish earnestness to play fair by the conventions of the mystery genre and the realities of backstage life in the theater. The characters are all professional artists (actors, designers, agents—like that) whose after-theater festivities are disrupted by a garishly executed murder. The formula has style, but alas, the author writes with her fists.

The only theatrical murder mystery that really deserves a serious curtain call is ***The Players' Boy Is Dead*** (Harper & Row), a truly nifty first novel by Leonard Tourney, a Shakespearean scholar at the University of Tulsa. Set in a period that is thoroughly understood and splendidly evoked, this unusual novel focuses on the gory killing of a young man who travels with an itinerant Elizabethan theatrical troupe, playing the female roles. The regional and historical detail transcends mere atmosphere, offering a rich impression of English social codes (and kinky sexual customs) that gives the story backbone. Tourney writes so sympathetically, even lyrically, of sixteenth-century England and its people that we can only marvel and wait eagerly for his next book.

Meanwhile, Harper & Row reminds us that backstage murder mysteries have a long and noble tradition. Their Perennial Library paperback series of vintage mysteries is nicely spiced with such favorite goodies as Lange Lewis's ***The Birthday Murder*** (1945), a Hollywood-setting classic involving murder among screenwriters—a likely group of candidates; and Matthew Head's ***Murder at the Flea Club*** (1955), a literate murder tale set in the demimonde society of Parisian nightclubs. Check it out.—*Marilyn Stasio*

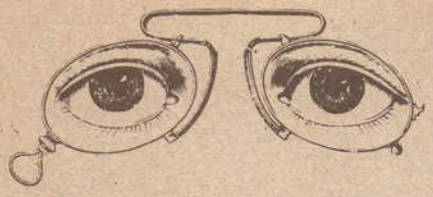
SOUNDS

ON HER OWN

Less than a week after John Lennon's death, ***Yoko Ono*** was back in the recording studio.

On the night of Lennon's death, she had been working with the team responsible for the couple's best-selling *Double Fantasy* album on a song she called "Walking on Thin Ice," and at the end of the evening, when it was completed, John had been ecstatic. He insisted that it should be released immediately "because it's so fuckin' *great.*" Jack Douglas, who coproduced *Double Fantasy* and "Walking on Thin Ice" with Yoko and John, remembers him leaving the studio that night "with the biggest grin on his face, telling everybody 'She's got something better than *my* stuff!' " Ono returned to the studio as soon as she did because Lennon had wanted the single out right away and there was still some work to be done.

At first, little was accomplished. "It was like therapy," Douglas recalls. "We went from trying to talk to each other about what had happened to going hysterical; we had a funeral in the studio." But before long the single was in the stores, and soon after that Ono was at work on a solo album. During the next few months she shuttled from her bedroom in the Lennons' apartment at the Dakota to the recording studio and back again; and while she did not work with Douglas and the engineers who had been part of the *Double Fantasy* team, she used the same stu-



dio and musicians. In June she emerged with *Season of Glass*. Most of the songs had been written before Lennon was murdered, but she had radically revised them, and several were new. "The room's so empty without you," she sang in "I Don't Know Why," "The world's so empty without you."

For more than a decade, Yoko Ono had been making records that almost nobody took seriously. She described herself as "a hate object of the world" on the back of *Feeling the Space*, the 1973 LP that was her last before the couple's five-year vacation from music-making, adding, "It was sort of fashionable to put me down." But it was fashionable to put her down long before she met John Lennon. Even among the avant-garde musicians, visual artists, and mixed-media performers who were her friends and collaborators in the early and middle sixties, she was controversial. While her fellow artists talked concepts or investigated electronics and other hardware, Ono took direct action with her voice and her body. The singing style she developed was as free-flowing and as abrasive as the most radical avant-garde jazz, as one can hear on her first album, *Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band*, released in 1970.

"Why," the song that begins her *Plastic Ono Band*, sounds like 1981 industrial noise. Ono wails the song's one-word title, breaking it into fragments with percussive glottal stops while Lennon plays guitar in corrosive, lethal bursts. Bassist Klaus Voorman and drummer Ringo Starr charge ahead, predicting the up-tempo momentum of today's dance-rock with uncanny accuracy. The rest of the album shows the vocal technique Ono developed as an avant-garde performance artist to be in full flower. If it is inconsistent, it's principally because of her accompanists, who get into trouble when they try to play free-form improvisations. "AOS," which begins side two, finds Ono in more congenial company—Ornette Coleman is on trumpet, and the rhythm section is also made up of freestyle jazzmen.

If Ono had wanted to keep on making vanguard art, she probably would have made more recordings with jazz players. But she wanted to communicate with a larger audience, as Lennon had with the Beatles, and her next album, *Approximately Infinite Universe* (1972), was rock. The band, Elephant's Memory, was heavy-handed, and Ono occasionally failed to set or maintain an appropriate tone, as people will when they are learning a new language. But the album's four sides included some first-rate songs, and Ono's fragile, frequently girlish soprano was a far cry from the sandpaper rasp heard on *Plastic Ono Band*.

David McGough/Retna, Ltd.

Yoko Ono: the Mother of New Wave Vocalists.

On *Feeling the Space*, Ono worked with a pop-rock band that consisted mostly of studio professionals. The music was most impressive when Lennon, disguised as "John O'Cean," played assertive guitar leads behind Ono's feminist manifestos. But several songs effectively mined the vein of nightmarish terror that has been a recurring theme on all her records, and her singing and the melodies she was writing were more appealing than ever in such a polished setting. Unfortunately, the Apple label, which the Beatles had started and Lennon and Ono had been obliged to record for, was falling apart. And anyway, the chilly reception accorded Ono's first two albums seems to have indicated to Apple's parent company, Capitol Records, that she was not worth promoting. Her *Plastic Ono Band* and *Approximately Infinite Universe* are still relatively easy to find, but *Feeling the Space* became an instant collector's item.

When Lennon and Ono emerged from hibernation in 1980, John's music was still finely crafted mainstream rock. Superficially, Ono's contributions to *Double Fantasy* sounded like her work on *Feeling the Space*, but a closer listening revealed that she had grown enormously. On her earlier albums, her avant-garde vocal gymnastics and more conventional rock singing had been poles apart. Now she was integrating these extremes into a coherent personal style. Her songs "Kiss Kiss Kiss" and "I'm Moving On" grafted some avant-garde techniques onto rock song structures and featured eerie, futuristic guitar breaks by former David Bowie sideman Earl Slick. They weren't as commercial as Lennon's "(Just Like) Starting Over," but they sounded more contemporary. New-wave rock artists like the B-52's and Lene Lovich had been popularizing extreme singing styles that were heavily influenced by *Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band* and the more adventurous tracks on her other albums. Suddenly Ono had a rock-'n'-roll context: she was the Mother of New Wave Vocalists.

Ono's music reached a peak on "Walking on Thin Ice," which was a direct response to the acceptance of her *Double Fantasy* songs in new-wave rock discos. "Thin Ice" gave her more room to improvise than any of the songs on the album did, and she turned it into a tour de force with her intense, almost obsessive performance. The driven quality of her work goaded Lennon into one of his finest guitar solos on record, a monumentally simple improvisation that achieves its impact through repetition, force, and liberal use of the guitar's tremolo bar. Above all, the record exudes the unmistakable excitement of discovery. Lennon and Ono had found that they had at least as much in common with rock's avant-garde as with its ossified mainstream. They *felt* contemporary; they *belonged* in rock's forefront and in the record shops and on the streets.

Because *Season of Glass* used the same band as *Double Fantasy* and "Walking on Thin Ice," the sound of the three records was consistent. But *Season of Glass* has a somber maturity that sets it apart from Ono's earlier recordings. It is a sometimes oblique but always telling report from a shattered life, and it is a useful acknowledgement of an almost universal grief. Musically it represents the flowering of Ono's pop sensibility, ten years after she turned her back on primal screaming for what was to her a more difficult task: the making of first-rate pop records. But right now her musical accomplishments are not so important as the album's emotional tone, and that tone rings true.—*Robert Palmer*

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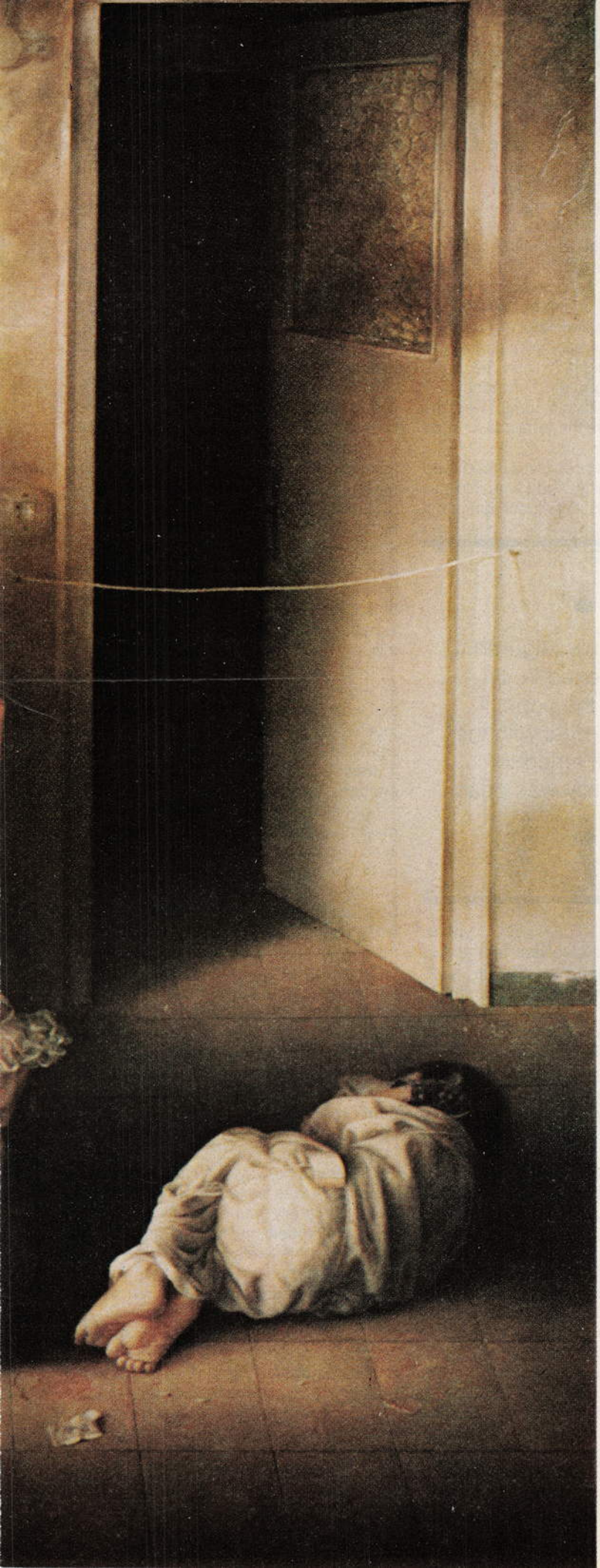


God knows what time it was the other night when my wife poked me in the ribs. "I heard a crash inside," she whispered, as I groggily came awake. "Somebody is in the house."

I wasn't fully awake yet, but I was out of that bed in a flash, the gun in my hand. I ran all through the house and then out the door, ready to kill the first thing that came up in front of me. Thank heaven it wasn't some kid; I would have blown him away.

My wife came after me, staring at me as I ran around the house like a madman with a gun. She was worried, not only about what I might do with a gun in that half-awake stupor but also because she knew what I knew: we're not really worried about burglars breaking into the house.

No, what we worry about—what we deathly fear—is that the noise we heard was caused by Mafia killers out to collect the $100,000 contract for my death.

There's no doubt they would like to kill me. I've broken *omertà*, the Mafia code of silence, by testifying against them. At least 33 have been indicted because of me, and the mob has put out the word that I must die. Anyone who carries out the deed gets $100,000. That's what it's worth to the Mafia to shut me up forever, to kill the guy described by police as one of the most important witnesses against the Mafia ever to live to tell about it.

If you can call what I do living. I'm hiding out someplace in the United States, under an assumed name, as are my wife and children. Officially, I'm under the Federal Witness Protection Program, supposedly a setup under which I can live out the rest of my days with a new identity provided me by the federal government. I say "supposedly," because from where I sit, the program stinks. I've barely managed to stay alive, the alias they've given me is hardly worth the paper it's printed on, and things are so bad I sometimes wonder if it

Getting involved with the Mafia was a large mistake, but trusting the federal government was deadly.

TWICE BETRAYED

BY TONY ANGELO
WITH ERNEST VOLKMAN

PAINTING BY CRISTOBAL TORAL

was worth it for me to do my good duty as a citizen and testify against the mob.

I don't think a day goes by when I don't wonder if I made the mistake of my life. I have plenty of time to think, since it's very difficult for me to hold a job. My insides are a mess. I live in constant terror—and so does my wife. As a matter of fact, I've been talking to her about a divorce. Not because I don't love her anymore, but because I tell myself that I can't put her and the kids through this any further. No matter what she ends up with after I divorce her, it's got to be a hell of a lot better than this terrible life she's had with me these past few years. She's stuck it through this far, but I can't let her suffer any more of this.

Like all men, I wonder about those events in my life that at the time seemed small and insignificant, but much later on, you realize how really significant they were. And you wonder: what if I hadn't done this or that or the other thing? Maybe things would have been very different.

Like the time I met Joey. Which is where all this began.

At the time I met Joey, several years ago, I was a young guy from Brooklyn, just out of the army. My friend and I painted houses for a living. We had our own business and planned on expanding into construction. But to expand, we needed capital, and the banks didn't want to know us: too young, not enough credit references, business not big enough yet, and so on. Being streetwise, or what I thought was streetwise, I figured the way to solve that problem was to get the money from a loan shark. That was Joey.

He played the part just right: nice car, good suit of clothes, real cool. I told him I wanted $2,000. He told me how it would work: $100 a week until $4,500 was paid. That just shows you how I wasn't nearly as streetwise as I thought I was—even with Mafia loan sharks, that's not a very good deal.

"You want the money?" Joey said. "Okay, these are the rules and the regulations." He told me how I would repay and very quietly then told me what would happen if I didn't pay. "You miss the first payment, it doubles, okay? Each time you don't pay, it doubles. And if you don't come across, you could very easily break a leg or have an arm broken or something like that."

He never said the word *Mafia* or *Mob*, but it was clear to me where he was from. He seemed personable, but he looked as if he could take care of any problem, especially if somebody decided not to pay him back.

Still, I wasn't worried. I now had the money I could advance to suppliers so I could get the business going, and I was sure I would make a nice profit so I could pay off the loan with no sweat. I didn't tell my partner the source of my new wealth (he wouldn't have gone for something like that) and actually made about eight payments. Then things started to go wrong.

First, the recession hit, and my business went bad. That meant I was strapped for money, and I wound up borrowing from my father and my mother-in-law to keep making the loan payments; I didn't want any trouble with Joey. But you can only tap into your family for so much, and finally I had to stop paying. Then I made another mistake: I tried to hide from Joey.

He found me a few days later in a local bar. "Hey, this is a lot easier on you than usual," he said. "This is the first time I've had to search for you. You've been pretty much on time. So it's a lot easier on you, at this point, if I don't have to go look for you if you've got a problem. Tell me you got a problem. Maybe we can work something out; maybe we can't." Then he said: "Look, we're going to get our money."

I believed him, but I told Joey, "Hey, my business went down the tubes; how can I pay?"

Pretty soon I found out. I was introduced to a man named Tony, and I was told this was the guy who would help me out of my problem. "Listen," Tony said, "you're now going to get involved in the big leagues; no more Little League stuff. You're going to get involved in big family business."

No matter how I figured it, I was boxed in. If I went to the cops, if I refused to deal with the Mafia, if I tried to run—my family was dead.

Then he asked me about the problems I had with Joey. I told him, and he asked, "What steps have you taken to take care of your responsibility with him?" That word *responsibility* I was to hear many times in the next few years, and I found out it's one of the Mafia's favorite words. Sometimes they'll say *obligation,* but most often, it's your *responsibility* to do this or that, almost always in connection with money.

I didn't like the way the conversation was drifting, but I still faced a major problem: how was I going to pay back a Mafia loan shark when I didn't have the money? I decided to play along and see if there was some way I could get the monkey off my back. That turned out to be another very serious mistake.

It was only later that I figured out what I should have known all along: Joey and Tony were in cahoots, and they had me in some sort of squeeze play. I got the idea when Tony began to suggest some little jobs I could handle to "do the right thing" about my "responsibility." What kind of jobs? I'd get a telephone call saying they had a shipment of wigs that had been hijacked; could I see about trying to peddle them among people I knew? Or could I help out on a big heist or hijacking they were planning?

The way I played the game was to say, "No, I'll pass," when such a suggestion was brought up. Now, under Mafia rules, you could do that, as long as you didn't do it too often. I figured that Tony and Joey were squeezing me when I noticed that every time I was asked to "help out" and I passed, the pressure from Joey about the loan would automatically increase.

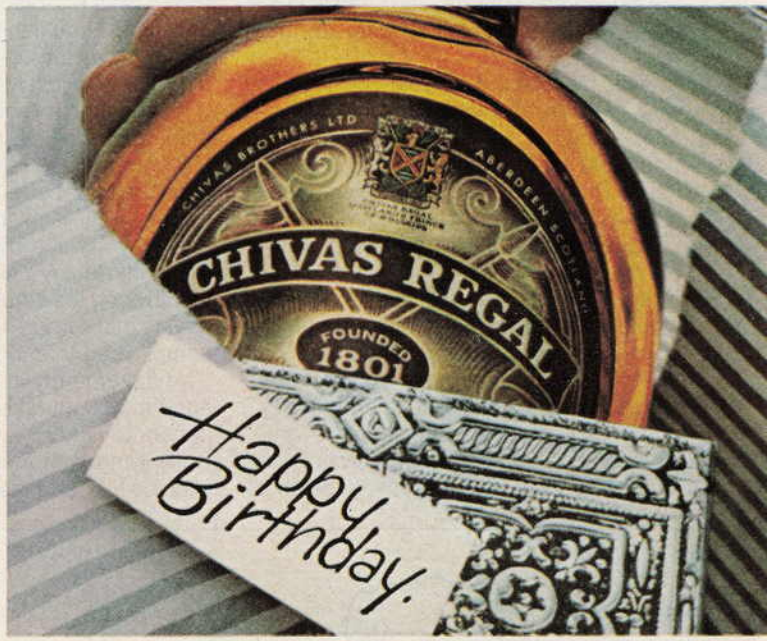
I did do a few jobs for Joey, mostly picking up payments from other people to the loan sharks. I guess I was supposed to be a strong-arm guy on these pickups, but thank God I never had to use any muscle. Most of the people who owed money were pretty scared, anyway, and nobody had to hit them in the head to remind them they could easily wind up dead if they didn't pay. Generally, they were gamblers or businessmen who had gotten in over their heads for one reason or another.

I spent the better part of a year doing this but then suddenly decided to stop cold. I had gotten married, and I had had enough of the Mafia. In a way, of course, that was pretty naive of me; I didn't know much about the Mafia at that point, but what little I knew should have told me that it wasn't going to be that easy. Sure enough, it wasn't.

I got a phone call telling me to be at a meeting—or else. So I went and was told in no uncertain terms that one of the bosses in "the family"—as this Mafia organization, like all of them, was called—had been arrested. When that happens, everybody in the family is supposed to start making as much money as possible in as short a time as possible to help the boss fight his legal problems. That was the subject of the meeting. "There's a robbery going down, and you're in it," I was told. When I must have looked a little less than enthusiastic, one of the guys told me he'd personally pistol-whip me. When even that didn't seem to work, one of them said, "It could be very dangerous for your family if you're not with us on this."

There was no way out. No matter how I figured it, I was boxed in. If I went to the cops, my family was dead. If I refused to get in on the deal, my family was dead. If I tried to run, my family was dead. So, hoping nothing bad would happen, I went along. That turned out to be my next big mistake.

According to the deal, these guys knew somebody at a department store who had access to all the cash. They were supposed to stage a fake holdup, with the inside guy tied up. My job was simple: I was to sit in a car; when the job had been done, the three other guys involved in the job would drive past me, hand me the bag of money, and I was to drive to the apartment



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of one of the family bosses and give him the money.

While I sat there, sweating bullets, the first thing I discovered was that something had gone wrong with the inside man at the store and the robbery couldn't take place. But these guys weren't about to give up, and the next thing I knew, they simply walked into a bank next door and held it up. They threw the money in my car, and I took off like a bat out of hell. I dropped off the money to the boss, who gave me $700 of it for my services. That money went to the loan shark.

At this point I made an irrational decision: I decided to take my wife and kids and run off to California. The idea was crazy, but I had to get away, I thought, just to think all this out. I had done this little job, the first crime of my life, and I had to figure some way of getting out of doing any more jobs.

I was there about a week. One night my wife, the kids, and I came back to the hotel after a day of sightseeing. I opened the door, and somebody hit me from behind. I fell into the room, where a whole bunch of guys with guns were standing. They were FBI agents, and I was in a whole lot of trouble.

Now, while I was worried about what would happen to me, I believed at that point what Joey, Tony, and the others had told me: you get in trouble and you don't have to sweat it. Just be a "stand-up guy" and keep your mouth shut, and the family takes care of you. But nobody was taking care of me. Nobody was getting me an attorney, nobody was putting up bail money, and, most important, nobody was taking care of my wife and family.

The FBI seemed to sense that maybe I knew something of interest to them, because they took their own sweet time (20 days) to get me from California to New York to face trial. At one point they put me up in the Kansas City jail, which has to be one of the worst in the country. The night I got there, all I could smell was smoke. There had been a riot there that day, and one particular cell block, all of whose inmates were black, had burned every mattress in the place. One look at all those angry black faces just staring at me as I came into the cell block, and I figured this was it.

"Say, boy, what you doing in here, man?" this big black guy asked me. The only thing I could think of, in an attempt to bluff my way through, was to say, "Killing niggers." He just looked at me for a second, and then he said, "You stay with me, man. You're all right."

It was a close call, and I made up my mind I was not about to spend the rest of my life in jail. Right there I decided that the only way I would be able to break finally with "the family" was to cooperate with the guys on the other side. As I was to discover, that turned out to be much more complicated than I had thought.

At the time my life was a mess. I managed to get out on bail, but I was facing a prison sentence, and my wife and child were living with in-laws. I started talking with the FBI, and they seemed to be interested in what I told them about the particular family that was using me. At one point, while I was out on bail, they attached a tape recorder to my body under my coat just before I was to have a meeting with Billy, one of the family bosses.

The scenario was that I would go to Billy, complain about my legal troubles, and refuse to pay anything more on the money I owed the mob. The hope was that at this point Billy would talk about the loan and then threaten me, all while FBI agents were listening in from nearby.

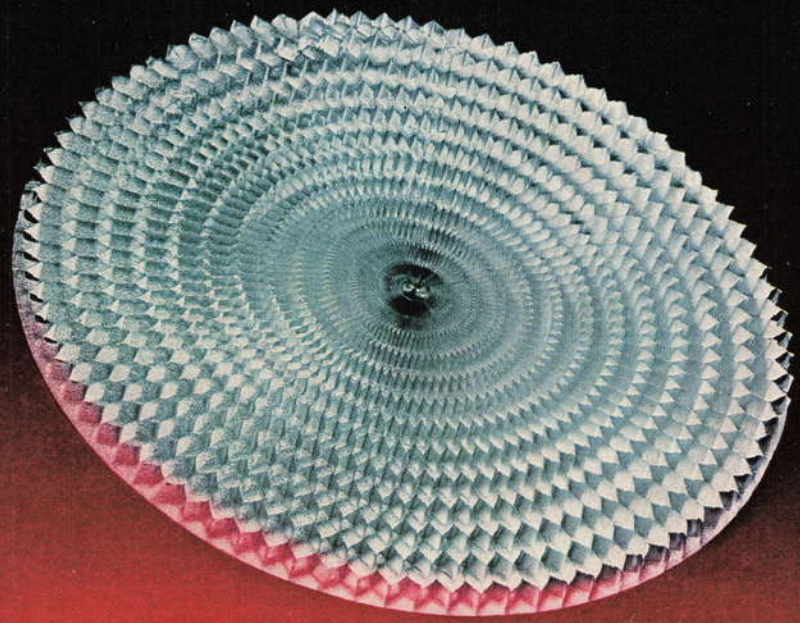
But Billy was an experienced and streetwise Mafia hood, and no way was he going to get suckered that easy. Halfway into our conversation, he suddenly reached over and started checking me for wires. I thought he had found them, which meant I was a dead man; so I suddenly ran out of the room, jumped in my car, and took off. All the while I was screaming into the microphones, "Hey, man, I'm taking off; I think this guy found my wire!" Nobody heard me, however, because it turned out that the wires were short-circuited. So while I was running for my life, the FBI agents were driving around, trying to figure out what had happened to me and why they weren't picking up any sound.

The bottom line was that nothing came of this, and I wound up getting sentenced to three years in jail. At the time I thought it was a disaster, but it's funny how things work out sometimes. In one way the jail time was the best thing that ever happened to me. I had all that time to think about my life to that point, get some education (I had never graduated from high school), and generally decide what I wanted to do when all this was behind me. What I hoped was that I would never again have anything to do with "the family" or any of those people. However, again fate intervened, in a way I never would have figured.

Actually, it was sort of funny the way it happened. In jail I noticed that my fellow inmates included some big mafiosi, especially Sonny Franzese and Johnny Dioguardi, whom everybody called Johnny Dio. Normally, I'd stay away from people like that, but I discovered that the Mafia inmates regarded me as a fellow family member, a real stand-up guy. Strange, but I found out that Billy, the guy I tried to set up for the FBI, apparently vouched for me. In the Mafia world that works like this: during my conversation with Billy, he told me, "If you see Sonny there [in jail], give him a message for me: send my regards." I wasn't totally up on Mafia etiquette, and what I didn't realize was that these were golden words. The moment I spoke them to Franzese, that established me as one of the golden circle. Translated, that little phrase from Billy really meant, "I say this guy's okay, Sonny, and he's a stand-up guy. Take care of him in prison."

And was I taken care of. Nobody messed with me; I was given my own locker and cigarettes. Nothing was said; it was

"It's an annoying and disgusting habit, and I wish I could break him of it, but, unfortunately, it turns me on!"



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just done automatically. In fact, I was put into a section with all Italian guys, most of them Mafia, and I ate what they ate, which was Italian food cooked just the way they wanted it.

Being Mafia—or, in my case, assumed Mafia—has its advantages in prison. People steer clear of you, since most Mafia have reputations. And when they see you hanging around people like Franzese or Dioguardi or Aniello Dellacroce (one of the big Mafia bosses), everybody figures here's some guy not to be messed with. To the Mafia guys, I was "stand-up," by which they meant I had not said anything to the police or in court about the loan shark or the fact that the bank robbery was a Mafia operation. Somehow, they didn't seem to know about my talks with the FBI, nor had the incident with Billy gotten around. Apparently, since Billy had not been arrested or indicted, he must have ultimately figured I really wasn't wired, and so I was okay.

It was a real education watching the Mafia operate in prison, carrying on pretty much as they do on the outside. I'd watch the big bosses sit there while the lower echelons would come up, whispering in their ears. You heard talk about this or that deal, this or that going on, a connection here, a connection there. They talked mostly about family business. "Give my regards to ——," somebody would say, another of those coded introductions. Another guy would say, "How's —— doing?" and Another would say, "Did you get a piece of that?" Nothing much was said directly.

Meanwhile, business was going on as before. They seemed to have no problem running things, because lower-ranking guys in the families would list themselves as cousins or some such and get their marching orders during visiting hours. It looked easy, but the more I saw, the more I was determined I would never again be a part of it. The more education I got, the more I disliked those people. Something deep down began to tell me that the only way I was going to get my life straightened out was never to have anything to do with these people ever again.

I mentioned earlier that little things happen in your life that you don't think about at the time, but later you realize how tremendously significant they were. That was true about my first meeting with Joey, the Mafia loan shark: a small incident, which didn't seem so important at the time. Just before I went to prison, another incident took place. I met a guy named Robert Amato, a detective with the Suffolk County Police in New York. He was an organized-crime specialist, and after he had seen how the FBI screwed up my case, he began to take an interest in me. In fact, as things turned out, he was to have a tremendous impact on my life.

When I came out of prison, it was Amato who helped me get work and then spent time telling me how I had to start all over again and stay away from the family. Like any ex-convict, I had a rough time after coming out of prison, but every time I felt I would backslide, Amato was there, helping me to keep straight. Of course, Amato knew that I faced temptation. Here I was, an ex-convict, struggling to make a few bucks (I was working in a bakery at the time), and all the while there was easy money lying out there. All I had to do was to trade in on my new reputation as a "stand-up guy" and my Mafia contacts from the prison days, and that would have gone a long way in the family. As things turned out, I didn't find the Mafia; they found me.

For quite a while, "the family" didn't bother with me. But then, after I had been working my butt off for a while, I got to the point where I opened my own bakery. Things were really looking up. And then one day, who should come walking through the door but Joey himself, with a few hoods. "You're a stand-up guy now," Joey said to me. "You did your time, you got nobody in trouble, nobody went to jail." Then he outlined a whole series of deals he could work with me and the bakery. "Hey, we can work some union deals, we got this big catering place now, and you can get all the bakery business. We got connections all over the place. You work with us, we work with you, and everybody is going to make a ton of money."

> I decided that the only way I would be able to break finally with the Mafia was to cooperate with the guys on the other side.

When I started fending him off, Joey said, "Hey, you're with us; you got family obligations."

Up yours with family obligations, I felt like telling him, but I played for time. Again I was in a bad squeeze, and I wasn't sure what to do. To the average guy, I know this sounds a little insane: how come I just didn't tell Joey and his hoods to go to hell?

Because that's not the way it works. You can't tell the family, "Look, I've paid my debt; so go away and leave me alone." You do that, and before you know it, someone's going to kick you in the ass or break your legs. Besides, at that time, I was again in money trouble. The bakery was successful, but my wife had just had another child, who was born with a severe birth defect. Medical bills were eating me alive.

Most people don't realize it, but for a man in my position at that time, doing business with the Mafia can be extremely profitable. When you're with the family, you don't have any union problems. You deal with their suppliers, and you get the best deal. If you need something on the cuff, guys connected with the family will do you a favor. If I want to do business with, say, the XYZ Doughnut Company and I'm making doughnuts, I don't have to go to them and sell myself. No, what happens is that somebody calls XYZ Doughnut Company and says, "Hey, we got a guy who's with us; you buy his doughnuts, or you'll have trouble you won't forget." You'd be surprised how much business in this country works like that.

In return for all this, of course, the family wants something, namely, a piece of your business, the size of the slice depending on the greed of the particular family. If you don't play ball, there's plenty of trouble, even if they don't break your legs or kill your family. You suddenly discover one morning that the truck drivers won't work for you any longer, you've got union problems around the clock, and what finally happens is that you're not making any money.

So I wound up cooperating, allowing them to take a little piece of the business and putting two hoods on the payroll so they could show their parole officers they were working. I have to say business was beyond belief: bagel places were calling me up from all over the place, and I had enough doughnut orders to feed half the country, or so it appeared. (At one point the mob-connected places were ordering 5,000 doughnuts a day.)

In effect, I was trying to have it both ways, keeping the family satisfied with a little piece of the action while I tried to figure a way out. There were all sorts of pressures, such as the day a hood walked into the place and asked me where he could stash the body of some guy he had murdered. For a minute I thought he had the idea I would grind the body up in my big mixing machine and send it out in the next batch of doughnuts, but it turned out he thought I knew somebody in the construction business who might arrange the disposal of the body in the next load of cement.

The hardest part for me was the playacting, pretending I really liked this scum, with their sick jokes and their little sadistic pleasures. One day, I went with Joey, the loan shark, to a guy's house. Now, the guy had missed his payments; so Joey was there to put the fear of God into him. Without saying a word, Joey kicked this guy in the face and then made him scramble all over the floor. Then he told the guy to give him every cent in the house. The guy was frightened to death; he handed over every dollar in his wallet and busted open his kid's piggy bank and gave Joey the pennies. All the while his wife and kids were watching. It got so bad Joey made the guy go out to his car and feel around the seats

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for any loose change. And when all that was finished, Joey then handed a $50 bill to the guy's wife and told her to make sure there was food on the table.

Or the day Tony found out that some guy had said something nasty about him. I was with him when he went to that guy's house for dinner. Right in the middle of dinner, Tony suddenly took a catsup bottle and smashed it over the guy's head, in front of the man's family. The Mafia code works like this: since I was with Tony, I had to jump in immediately and start punching this poor guy in the head. I had no grudge against this guy, but the code required that I make this gesture; otherwise, Tony would have been suspicious of me.

There was always suspicion everywhere in the Mafia, combined with terrible viciousness carried out against anyone—whether in the family or not—who had done even the smallest slight. (Once I saw a mafioso thrown down the stairs of a hotel and badly injured because he had yelled at his wife, who just happened to be the daughter of a prominent Mafia leader.)

I told nothing of this to my wife, nor did I tell anything about it to Amato. The mob began to take bigger and bigger pieces of my bakery, and before long I realized that they were nibbling me to death.

"Yeah, we know your daughter is sick," Joey said to me, "but you still got obligations." Finally, when they came after my father, threatening him, I realized what I should have known all along: these people had to be stopped. Certainly, I couldn't go on the way I was. I was arguing constantly with my father, who couldn't figure out where all the money was going, and my relationship with my wife was falling apart. I think the one incident that finally made me decide I would have to destroy these people was the day one of the hoods was standing there in my father's store, fixing his fingernails with a knife while he was telling me how much of a percentage I had to kick in. (And if that wasn't bad enough, he then asked me how much was in the cash register right there and then so he could take his "percentage.")

My next step was to talk to Amato and propose an idea that had been stewing in my mind a while: I would become an undercover spy within the Mafia, giving information to the police. I was well aware of the risks, which Amato explained to me. Simply, they were that the minute the Mafia even got a whiff I was working for the police, I was a dead man. Amato didn't exactly try to talk me out of it but explained other options I had, such as running away (which I didn't think much of, since I knew there's no such thing as running away from the Mafia).

"I've had it up to here," I told Amato. "I don't want anybody taking a piece of me no more."

I never asked for any money from the police to do this. The way it worked out, the plan was actually pretty simple: the police wired me up with recorders. I would "rejoin" the family and go to Mafia meetings and other such encounters, with the recorders picking up every word. Nearby, police in radio cars would listen as the conversations were broadcast. Everything was tape-recorded, both to protect me (the minute somebody told me I was going for a ride, the police would be able to move in) and to ensure that everything I was telling them was true.

And so I began leading a triple life. I was a local businessman, a police undercover agent, and a member of the Mafia. Looking back on it, I don't know how I found all the time. I had to run my business, meet with Amato and other detectives, and also spend a lot of time with people in the mob.

After several weeks of this triple life, my insides felt as if they were burning up. I was always on edge about everything, and I was constantly trying to concentrate, making sure I didn't make any little slip that would give me away. I had no illusions about what would happen if I ever made a mistake: these were New York mafiosi, some of the most vicious, cold-blooded people I had ever met in my life. At least half of the ones I knew had built their reputations in the mob as killers, and the word was that nobody became a power in the mob without at least a couple of killings to "prove himself."

> The big Mafia bosses operate in prison pretty much as they do on the outside. They seem to have no problem running things.

There were many things that could have given me away, such as wearing my suit coat, even though it was almost 90 degrees. Then there was the time I was at a Mafia meeting shortly after I'd had a back operation. I was completely wired, but I felt some pain from the operation; so I kept shifting my position in the chair. Finally, a guy named Carlo, one of the more nasty Mafia types, looked at me and said, "What you got, a bug up your ass?"

I froze for just a second but quickly realized that among these guys what counts is to be ballsy and bluff your way through. Otherwise, they start to look at you funny. So I said, "Yeah, that's right, motherfucker. I got a microphone up my ass. You want me to drop my pants so you can take a look?" Everybody laughed, and that was the end of that.

It was the same problem with the coat, which I wore to conceal some of the wires and recorders. At one point we were sitting in a room during the summer, and it must have been 90 degrees inside. "Why don't you take off your coat?" Joey asked me. "It's really hot in here." When a question like that was asked, I never knew whether it was innocent or if somebody suspected something. The important thing was never to hesitate on the answer. In that case I said, "Because with all the pills and medication that I've been taking, I'm freezing to death over here and I don't want to catch a cold; my resistance is low."

I never knew if they believed it, but the fact is they never grabbed me and started feeling for wires. Anyway, the way I rationalized it, even if they did try to kill me, the police would hear them and probably wind up killing the guys who killed me; so it was all worth it.

The meetings and conversations I had with the mafiosi during this period were about what they called "family business," meaning the assorted ways they would scheme to make money. Somebody would say, "Hey, we got a guy that wants to do this; who could we locate that's got a connection here to help him?" Or they would discuss a robbery, deciding who was going to take care of it, how the proceeds were to be divided. There wasn't a crime in the book that didn't come under discussion: extortion, protection rackets, loansharking, kidnapping, murder, hijackings, and political corruption. (In fact, I got quite a shock one day when a man known as a pillar of the community showed up at a family meeting; it turned out he was in fact a Mafia leader.)

For the most part, I dealt with established mafiosi, ranging from 30 to 60 years old. They were "made guys," cunning, devious, and completely ruthless. Often they would discuss how they could rip off another Mafia family and get away with it by using imported talent from another state. This was tricky, but if you could rip off another family's policy bank, for example, you could easily make $100,000. So you would use, say, an Irish gang from Boston to pull off the job, and in that way it wasn't traceable to your family. But if it was traced to your family, that might involve a big sit-down with the ruling commission of the Mafia. They might say that your family had to give back the money, or they might rule that somebody had to get a severe beating. Whatever the ruling was, that was the law.

Several months had gone by, and up to this point I had not told my wife what I was doing. But I could see it was beginning to get to her, what with all the late hours and running around. In her mind, either I had become a Mafia crook again or I had taken up with a couple of broads. So I told her what I was doing, and she stood behind me 100 percent. In one way that eased her mind, but in another way it put her under even more pressure. Every time I was away, she had no way of knowing if I was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka
The spirit of the Czar

Life has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

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Janet Marie has been told that the world is round, but she intends to see for herself. So far, she's hitched across the U.S. from coast to coast, sailed the Atlantic, and explored Great Britain. Presently, she's rivaling Big Ben as a London tourist attraction. Her next stop is Pisa, where she intends to "straighten out" the leaning tower. Seems Janet is short on cash but long on gumption. "I depend on the kindness of strangers," smiles our modern-day Blanche du Bois.

WHEELS OF FORTUNE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

Only *this* Blanche is young (19) and gorgeous and looks great in any light, as you can see. The sun turns her hazel eyes copper and her auburn hair flaming gold: appropriate currency for a girl whose face (and 38-24-36-inch figure) is clearly her fortune. Here, perched atop the Cadillac she drove last year when working as a millionaire's chauffeur, our peripatetic Pet displays parts of her uniform, carefully disassembled to reveal the most fetching parts of Janet proper.

Cadill

"I depend on the kindness of strangers," smiles our modern-day Blanche du Bois...

"It was a good job, as jobs go," she shrugs. But our voluptuous vagabond's happier hitting the road than punching a time clock. Naturally, most doors open to Janet before she knocks. "I've met so many nice, friendly men on this trip," she marvels. "They spend the day showing me the sights, and I spend the night telling them how enjoyable it was..."

Hair by Sami at Le Beau Monde, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Makeup by Tina. Bed linen from Undercover, Santa Monica, Calif.. Location courtesy the Margolis Mansion.

Janet's bound and determined to get what she wants from life. Including a man who's smart and funny. And rich enough to treasure her well. Working for a millionaire gave Janet a taste of the good life, she readily admits. Doesn't like to cook meals so much as order them–in four-star restaurants. Naturally, our fully equipped young Pet wants to have the option of working someday, but only when she's all played out...

'I pursue life with reckless abandon, whether I'm driving a Cadillac or thumbing a ride...'

"Men spend the day showing me the sights, and I spend the night telling them how enjoyable it was..."

Meanwhile, there are plenty of constructive uses that can be found for Janet, whose smooth, white skin rivals the very finest porcelain. "I'm the perfect traveling companion," she points out. "I go at life with a thoroughly happy, reckless abandon, whether I'm driving a Cadillac or thumbing a ride by the side of the road." Either way, it's clear that Janet's more than just another fleeting roadside attraction.

WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, CAPTAIN!
31

THE PENTHOUSE 20 WORST

COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS OF 1981-82

The cheerleaders
for our Football Hall of Shame
block more passes
than their defensive backs

BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN

It's time to lower the boom again on America's most miserable college football teams, but before we get to this year's list of losers, there's something I want to get straight between us. It's come to my attention that many of my faithful readers occasionally wager on college football games. Frankly, I'm shocked, for as you well know, unless you live in Nevada, betting on college games is illegal. Never mind that newspapers print college-point spreads on a daily basis, and it cuts no ice with me that Ma Bell now services bettors by supplying the latest scores when they call (for 50¢ plus tax) her "Dial-It National Sports" number, 1-900-976-1313.

Betting is an outrage.

It's also not very bright, especially if you're a rank amateur. Danny Sheridan, the matchless football maven of Mobile, Ala., agrees with me. "It's always surprising to hear about people betting money on college teams they know almost nothing about," says Sheridan, a leading candidate to replace Jimmy the Greek on CBS-TV's "The NFL Today." "Another mistake beginning bettors make is that they invariably back favorites, and that's because most people don't like to bet on losers. The point spread is adjusted to reflect that fact, and

ILLUSTRATION BY
RALPH STEADMAN

that is why people who bet on favorites invariably wind up as losers."

In addition to costing you money, betting on college football games can give you a sour disposition and can also poison the way you feel about your alma mater. Nashville's Jerry McCoin, publisher of the Athlon preseason guides to college football, says, "Alumni who bet on college football games complain loudest when their schools have a losing season. Instead of going to games to enjoy themselves, they act as if they're watching a stock market ticker."

I hope that's not true of fans who follow the Worst 20. It's one thing to bet on an underdog, but quite another to bet on the pigskin pushovers *I* write about. Northwestern, for instance, has a historic rivalry with Ohio State, but last year no bookmaker in America offered a point spread big enough to cover the 63-0 shellacking suffered by the Wildcats, this year's number-one college cream puffs. Other Worst 20 performers shared similar embarrassments far too numerous to mention, although I'll cite a few for your edification. The University of Texas at El Paso dropped a heartbreaker to Brigham Young, 83-7; Colorado was edged by Oklahoma, 82-41; Memphis State was plain wiped out by Mississippi, 61-7; and even once proud California got blown out (by U.S.C.), 60-7.

My point is simple: if you're sucker enough to plunk down money on any of the bunglers you read about here, you have only yourself to blame. In any case, I want to thank you all for the sterling and thoughtful letters I received last fall, many of which were written in crayon. I especially want to thank my fans at *Sports Illustrated*, who no doubt were responsible for that publication's starting its own "Bottom 20" three months into the 1980 college season.

On to this year's score of soft touches:

(1) NORTHWESTERN

In the Midwest, Northwestern football is fast becoming the butt of more jokes than Chicago politics. Have you heard the one about the traffic sign spotted en route to the school's campus at Evanston, Ill.? It really happened: beneath a marker for "Highway 294" some long-suffering Wildcat fan scribbled in "Northwestern 0." The Wildcats were 0-11 in 1980 and during one game were penalized for having a dozen men on the field. The next day a sportswriter noted, "Northwestern *should* be permitted to play with 12 men on the field." Even that wouldn't help this year. New head coach Dennis Green bravely predicts that his team will surprise several opponents, which is *de rigueur* for any incoming coach—but at Northwestern it's usually followed by *de rigueur* mortis. (Rick Venturi also spoke boldly when he took over in 1978, but under his stewardship Northwestern managed to win just once in three years.)

In any event, Green plans a wide-open offense and says, "I want the opposition to make sure they must defend against the pass on every down before they even consider looking at our running game." What's to look at? Last year's Wildcats rushed for less than 1,000 yards, and they won't do any better this time around. Senior quarterback Mike Kerrigan was a 51 percent passer in 1980, but he may have trouble matching last year's stats now that all–Big Ten wide receiver Todd Sheets has graduated. On defense the Wildcats will again play like pussies. Northwestern gave up 444 points last season, and only a series of forfeits will prevent a similar showing this fall. Northwestern's real problem is that the school insists on treating football players like it treats the rest of the student body, which is really dumb when you play in the Big Ten. Why *not* waive some entrance requirements for a small cadre of violent teenagers and itinerant junior-college jocks? Until Northwestern does so, its football program will remain what it's been: a pure lost cause.

Northwestern gave up 444 points last season, and only a series of forfeits will prevent a similar showing this fall.

(2) COLORADO

When Chuck Fairbanks arrived in Boulder after the 1978 college season, he was greeted with the kind of fervor Colorado's student body usually reserves for John Denver, ski wax, and paper products bearing the Zig Zag label. After spending three years in guiding the New England Patriots to a 31-13 record (he'd spent the preceding six years coaching Oklahoma University's mercenaries to a 52-15-1 mark), Fairbanks seemed certain to lead once powerful Colorado back to pigskin prominence. Unfortunately, it hasn't quite worked out that way. He took over a team that was 6-5 in 1978, and in the blink of an eye the Buffaloes fell to 3-8 in 1979 and a woeful 1-10 last year.

Colorado's offense is subpar for a school competing in the Big Eight Conference, but the team's major deficiency is its hapless defense. In 1980 the Buffaloes gave up more than 41 points a game, and the big question in most of their contests was how merciful the opposition would be. After building a 56-0 lead at halftime, U.C.L.A. flooded the field with fourth-stringers and managed not to score any more, but Oklahoma's bench warmers were far more talented and couldn't avoid rolling up 82 points. Fairbanks has corralled several promising freshmen to shore up his defensive platoon, but they won't mature in time to avert another season of embarrassments. To make matters worse, Fairbanks has bummed out nearly all his fans by running a football program so expensive that the school recently was forced to drop baseball, wrestling, swimming, diving, and men's and women's gymnastics. Two predictions: Colorado won't win more than two games this season, and Chuck Fairbanks won't be back next year.

(3) VANDERBILT

Danny Sheridan, Mobile's peerless pigskin prognosticator, this year picks Vanderbilt as the worst team in the South. Sheridan's report: "During the last five years, Vanderbilt has managed to lose all 29 of its games against fellow Southeastern Conference schools, a record that won't be hard for the Commodores to break. By the end of the season, Vanderbilt will no doubt extend its SEC losing streak from 29 to 35 straight games. Every other school in the SEC long ago voted Vanderbilt the opponent they most love to face, for a game against the Commodores is an automatic W. The Commodores, it might be noted, don't particularly mind the automatic L's they've accumulated against SEC foes, for by now they think that losing is their lot in life. They may be right about that. Vanderbilt has won only 9 of its last 55 games. Says head coach George MacIntyre, 'We'll be a better team in 1981 than we were in 1980.' He might be right, but how will anyone be able to tell? Vandy will again be slaughtered by all of its SEC foes, but on the brighter side, the Commodores might just up and beat the likes of U.T. at Chattanooga, Memphis State, and Tulane. The Commodores' offense, led by quarterback Van Heflin, isn't really an embarrassment, but the same can't be said of its veteran defense, which last season gave up more than 400 yards and 32 points a game. If you must bet on the Commodores, please use Confederate money."

(4) OREGON STATE

When Joe Avezzano arrived at Corvallis last year, he took over a terrible football team, which ended the 1979 season with a 2-9 record. After he installed a new offense and instilled a measure of pride at O.S.U., the Beavers went out and astonished everyone in 1980 by finishing 0-11. That was attributable to a number of factors, the most important being that Oregon State is still light-years away from being competitive in the tough PAC–Ten Conference. This fall the Beavers are a near cinch to break into the win column, but that's only because they play their opening game against Fresno State, which is to PAC–Ten football what David Letterman is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

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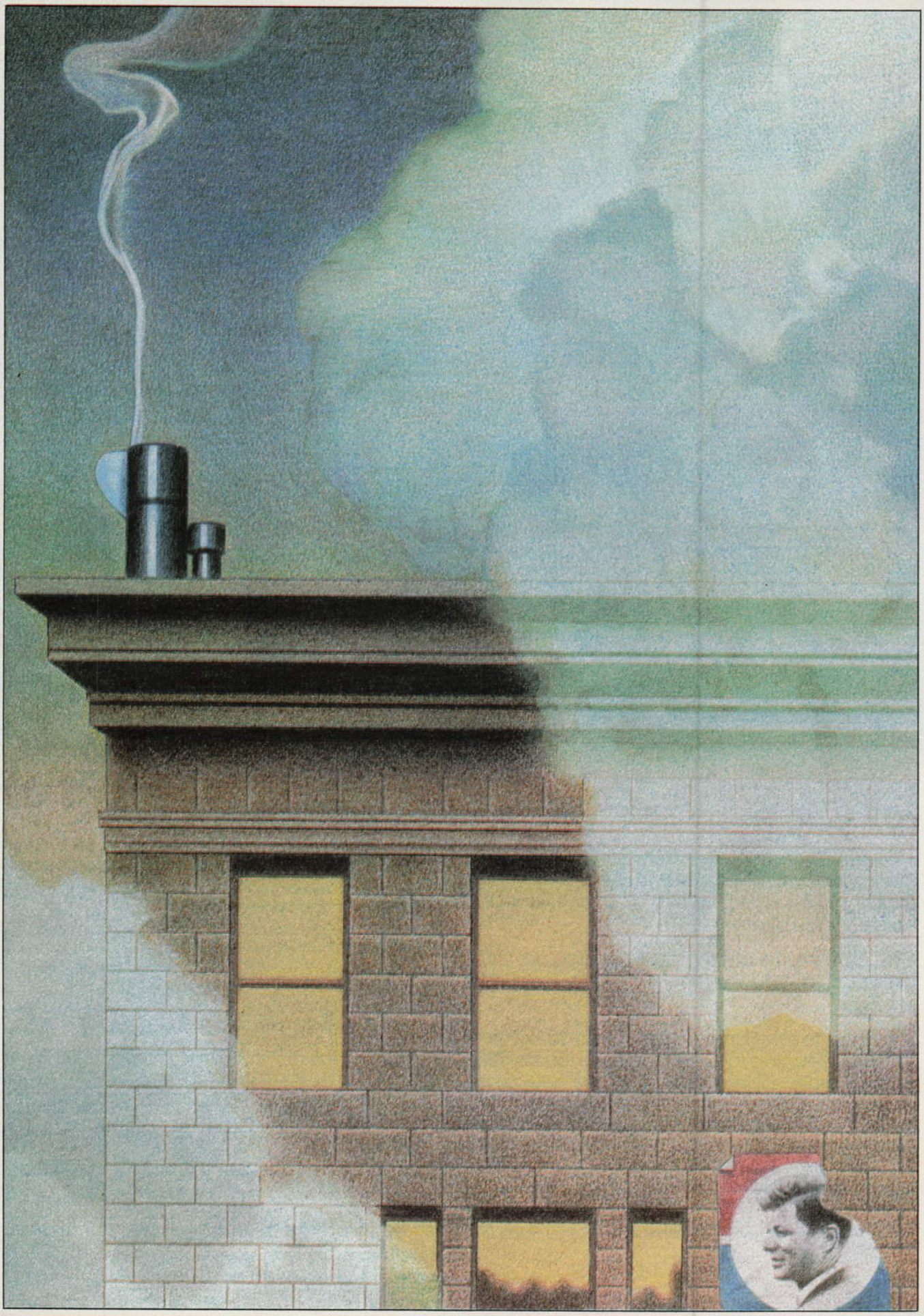

Although the Warren Commission characterized Lee Harvey Oswald as a lone gunman who was a supporter of Castro, new evidence provides definite links between Oswald and anti-Castro fanatics as well as his mysterious connections to the CIA, the Mafia, and to his own killer—Jack Ruby.

THE MYSTERY OF 544 CAMP STREET

BY WARREN HINCKLE AND WILLIAM W. TURNER

I now fully realize that only the powers of the Presidency will reveal the secrets of my brother's death.—Robert Kennedy, June 3, 1968, two days before he was shot

W. Guy Banister, a salty, snappish man with wavy gray hair, was the boss of the Chicago FBI office until his retirement in 1955. He was not the typical FBI clone. He wore a .357 Magnum revolver under his coat, said unmentionable things about headquarters ("The bureau and the field have been living in adultery for years"), and religiously defied J. Edgar Hoover's two-martini limit. When he retired, he became a New Orleans police official. He was sacked for shooting off his gun in a bar, and then he opened a private-detective agency called Guy Banister & Associates at 544 Camp Street.

A onetime Banister associate described the business in a manner not easily categorized in the Yellow Pages: "Guy participated in every important anti-Communist South and Central American revolution which came along, acting as a key liaison man for the U.S. government–sponsored anti-Communist activities in Latin America."

During the CIA–sponsored Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba in 1961, which ended in a humiliating defeat for the invaders, Banister collaborated with the New Orleans delegate to the Cuban Revolutionary Council, Sergio Arcacha Smith, an immaculate man who had a pencil mustache and who had served in the Batista diplomatic corps. (The CRC was the main anti-Castro front organization.) Arcacha's office was located conveniently across the hall from Banister's in the 544 Camp Street building and was known as the Cuban Grand Central Station. Arcacha created the Crusade to Free Cuba in order to solicit donations in the Anglo community. With Banister as an incorporator, Arcacha also formed the Friends of Democratic Cuba, which had outwardly similar goals. Ronnie Caire, Arcacha's public-relations coordinator at the time, has revealed that the Friends doubled as "an undercover operation in conjunction with the CIA and FBI which involved the shipment and transportation of individuals and supplies in and out of Cuba."

Jerry Milton Brooks, a former Minuteman, who was a political researcher for Banister during this period, says that the ex-FBI man became Louisiana coordinator for the virulently right-wing Minutemen. Banister was also instrumental in the Anti-Communist League of the Caribbean, a pet project of Nicaragua's General Somoza, and was part of a global network of hard-liners. Banister's associate, attorney Maurice B. Gatlin, Sr., of New

Excerpted from *The Fish Is Red*, by Warren Hinckle and William W. Turner, to be published by Harper & Row.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

Orleans, was counsel to the ACL of the Caribbean and was a member of the steering committee of the umbrella World ACL. The ACL affiliates engaged in propaganda and lobbying and collaborated with the intelligence branches of their respective governments.

Banister had a network of young informants on the Tulane and Louisiana State campuses. He collected information on the Left from every imaginable right-wing source, amassing what he proudly hailed as the largest file system of "anti-Communist intelligence" in the South. Jerry Brooks regularly carried these data over to the New Orleans FBI office, which incorporated them into its files.

Jerry Brooks said that Maurice Gatlin, who regarded him as a protégé, often bragged about his dual life. "I have pretty good connections," Gatlin asserted. "Stick with me—I'll give you a license to kill."

During the summer of 1963 a clean-cut ex-marine named Lee Harvey Oswald began passing out pro-Castro literature on the streets of downtown New Orleans. One batch of pamphlets was rubber-stamped with the return address "FPCC, 544 Camp St., New Orleans, La." It was the address of a small, weather-beaten building at the corner of Camp and Lafayette streets. On the second floor was the vacated office of the Cuban Revolutionary Council—Arcacha had departed for Texas the year before following a rhubarb over missing funds. Also on the second floor was Guy Banister & Associates. The security-minded Banister used a side-entrance address of 531 Lafayette Street.

For Oswald to receive left-wing mail at the right-wing Camp Street building would have been tantamount to Madalyn Murray O'Hair's having an office at the Vatican. The missing link between Oswald and the paramilitary right wing was David William Ferrie, the sometime CIA operative. Ferrie was a moth to the light bulb of anti-Communist causes. In 1950 he offered his services to the U.S. Air Force, saying, "There is nothing that I would enjoy better than blowing the hell out of every damn Russian, Communist, Red, or what-have-you." An Eastern Airlines pilot, Ferrie became commander of the Falcon Squadron of the Civil Air Patrol. In 1956 a high-school student named Lee Harvey Oswald came briefly under his wing; there is a formal photograph of Oswald in Ferrie's unit, looking somber in his CAP uniform and cap.

Ferrie got into the anti-Castro action early. He flew fire bomb raids in 1959 in the pay of former Cuban Congressman Eladio ("Yito") del Valle, who had piled up a small fortune smuggling cigarettes and contraband in partnership with Santos Trafficante, the well-known Mafia figure. Ferrie was psychologically devastated by the Bay of Pigs. In a speech before the Military Order of World Wars, he ranted on so bitterly about Kennedy's "double cross" of the invasion that members of the audience walked out.

But he had friends. Not long after the Bay of Pigs, Arcacha Smith wrote to Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, Eastern's chairman, praising Ferrie's work for the CRC in purging dissidents. Arcacha urged Rickenbacker to grant the pilot an extended leave with pay "so that the work at hand can be completed." This became unnecessary when Eastern fired Ferrie for being a homosexual. Guy Banister flew to Miami to put in a good word for him at the dismissal hearing.

Banister then took Ferrie into his firm. Ferrie's talents were catholic—medical dilettante, Greek scholar, sidewalk lawyer. One of Ferrie's clients was Carlos Marcello, the New Orleans Mafia chieftain. Marcello in 1961 had been deported to Guatemala by the Immigration and Naturalization Service. He slipped back into the United States in February 1962. The Little Man, as the short Marcello was called, was due to go on trial in December 1963, and Ferrie was assisting in the defense.

Ferrie was a hairless man who wore an ill-fitting red wig and pasted-on eyebrows. He religiously attended to his anti-Castro

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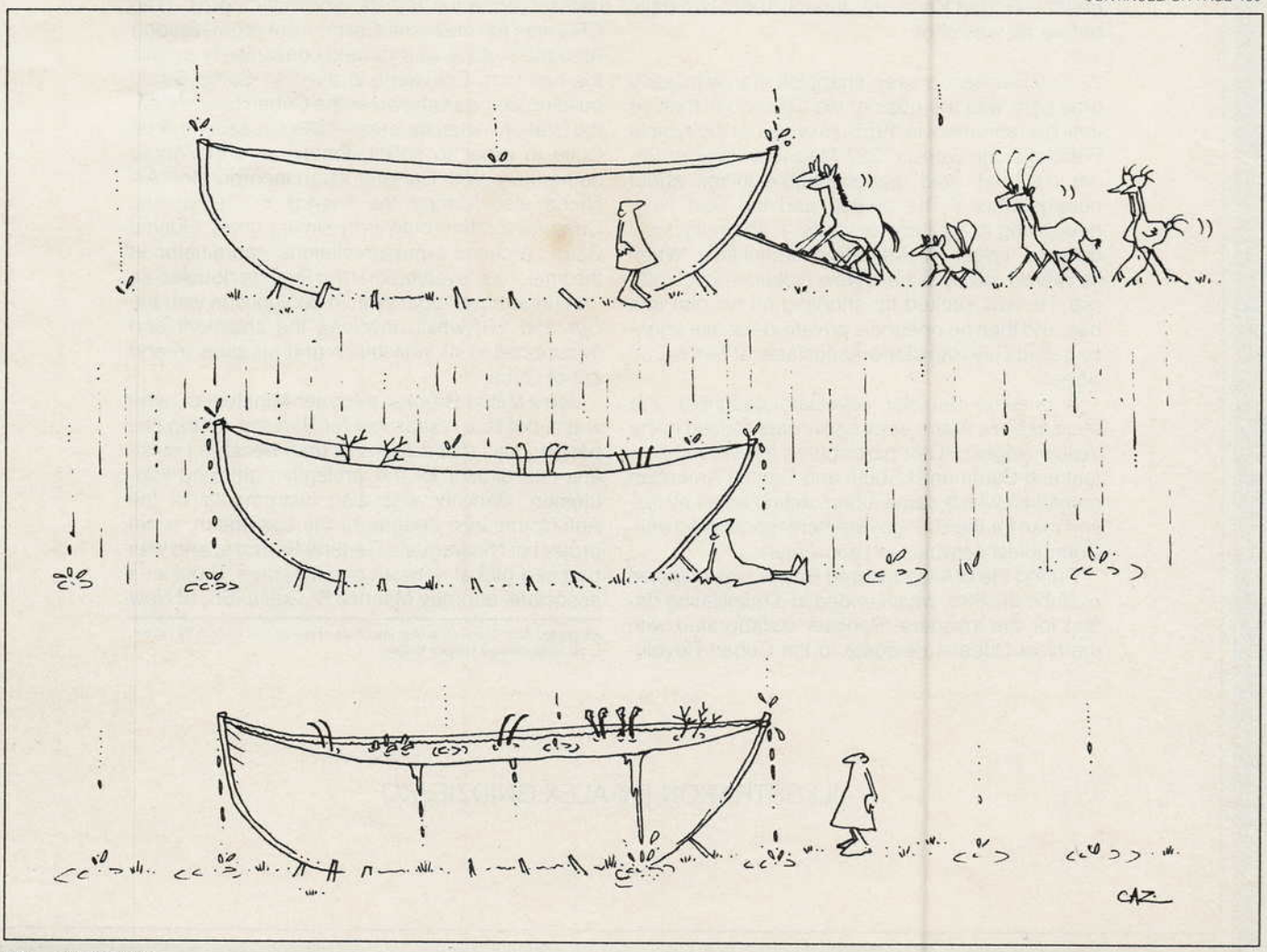
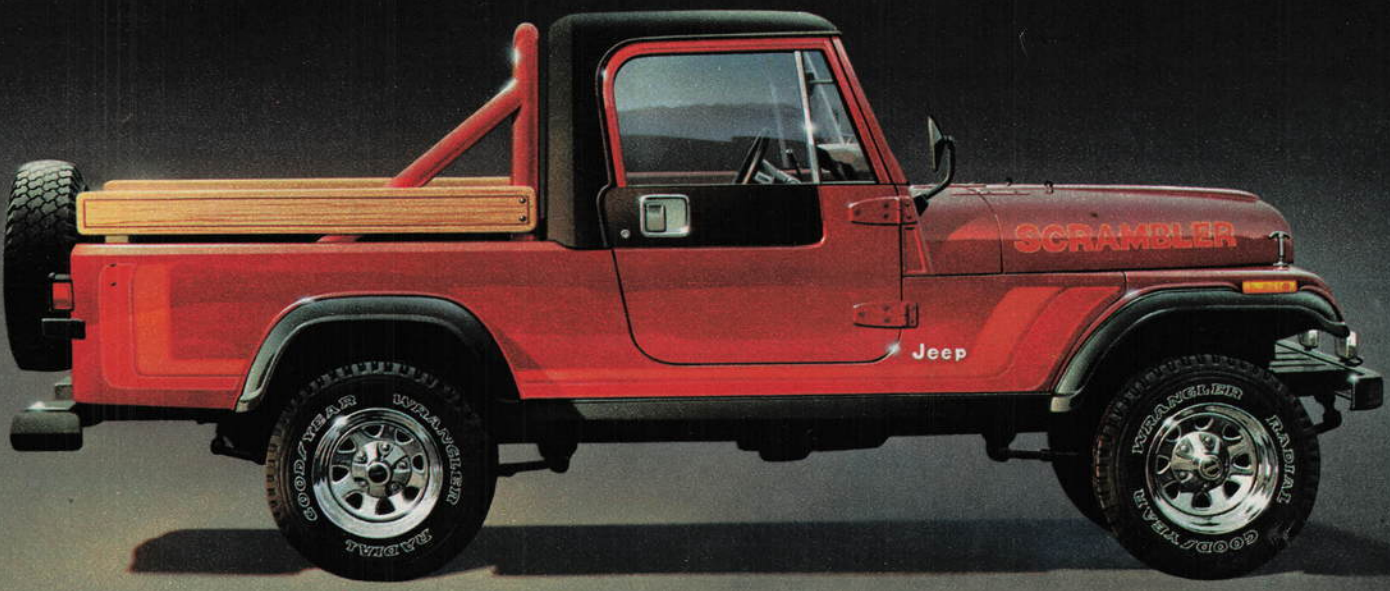
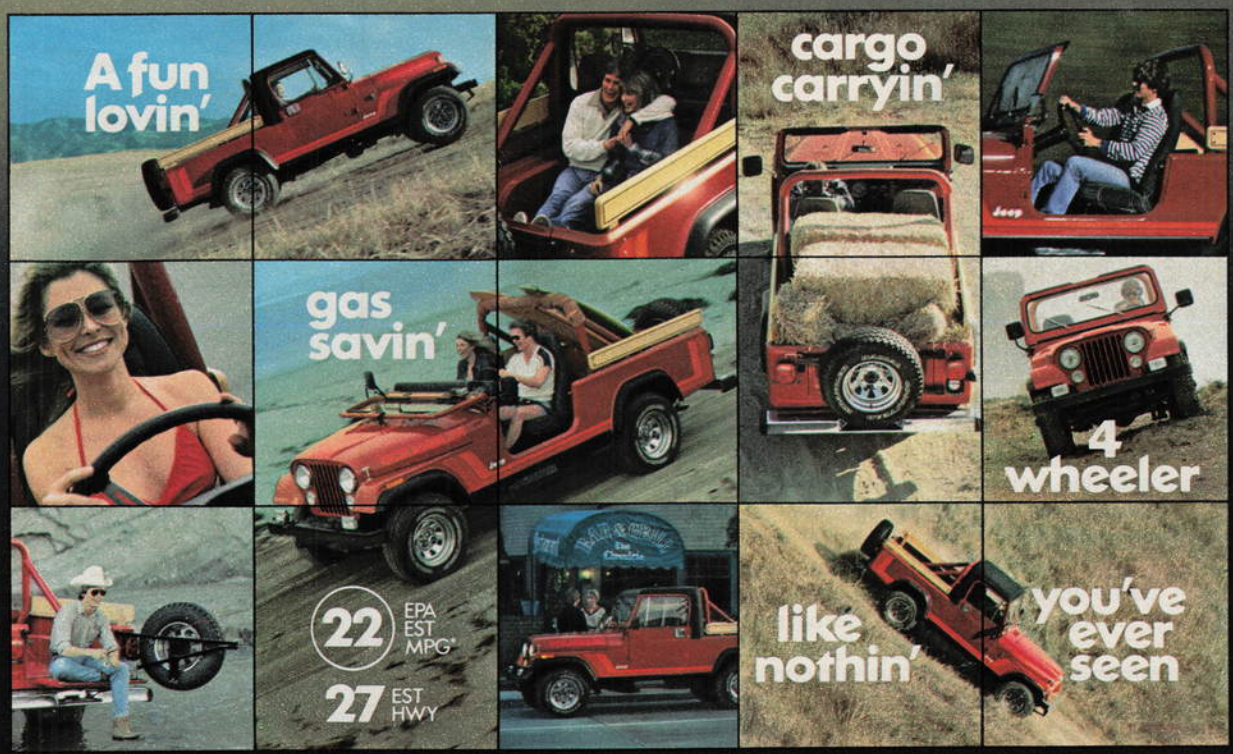


New Jeep Scrambler





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SEXUAL MALPRACTICE

FICTION BY DAVID GRAMBS

Malibu was as peaceful as Fatty Arbuckle's moldering toupee the night that incontinent scandal arced its cruel yellow stream on Battner's Hollywood career, and Battner was also pelvicly engaged. As he bucked his rawhide loins against Busy Signal's bony pubis, he felt her urging knees locking painfully over his ears. Quickly he wrenched his head free. She was beginning those buzzlike cries.

"*Ahng-ahng-ahng-ahng-ahng-ahng-ahng-ahng. . .* "

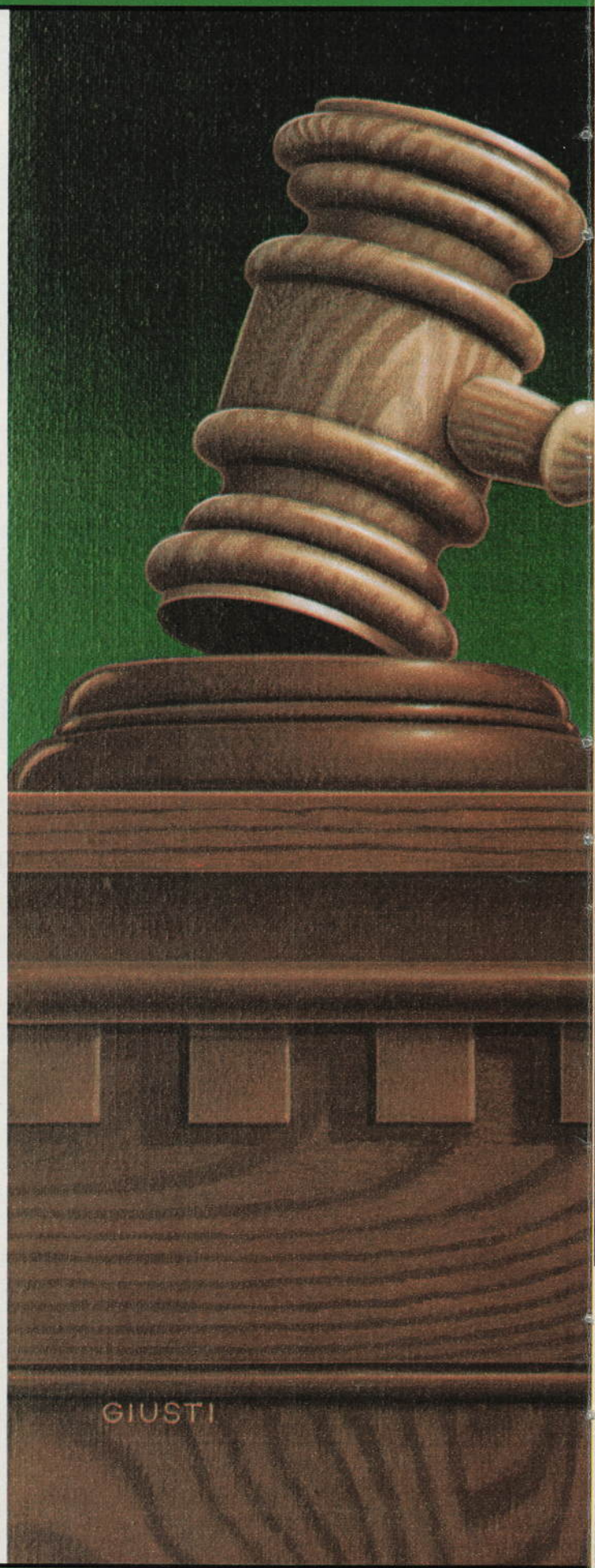
Serena Cohen, a red-blooded script girl waiting for the right man to sweep her off her knees, always vocalized her orgasms with gargly, rhythmic little death rattles, which was why Battner and his stuntman pal Turk Wisda called her Busy Signal. Busy also dabbled in organic vegetables as sexual aids.

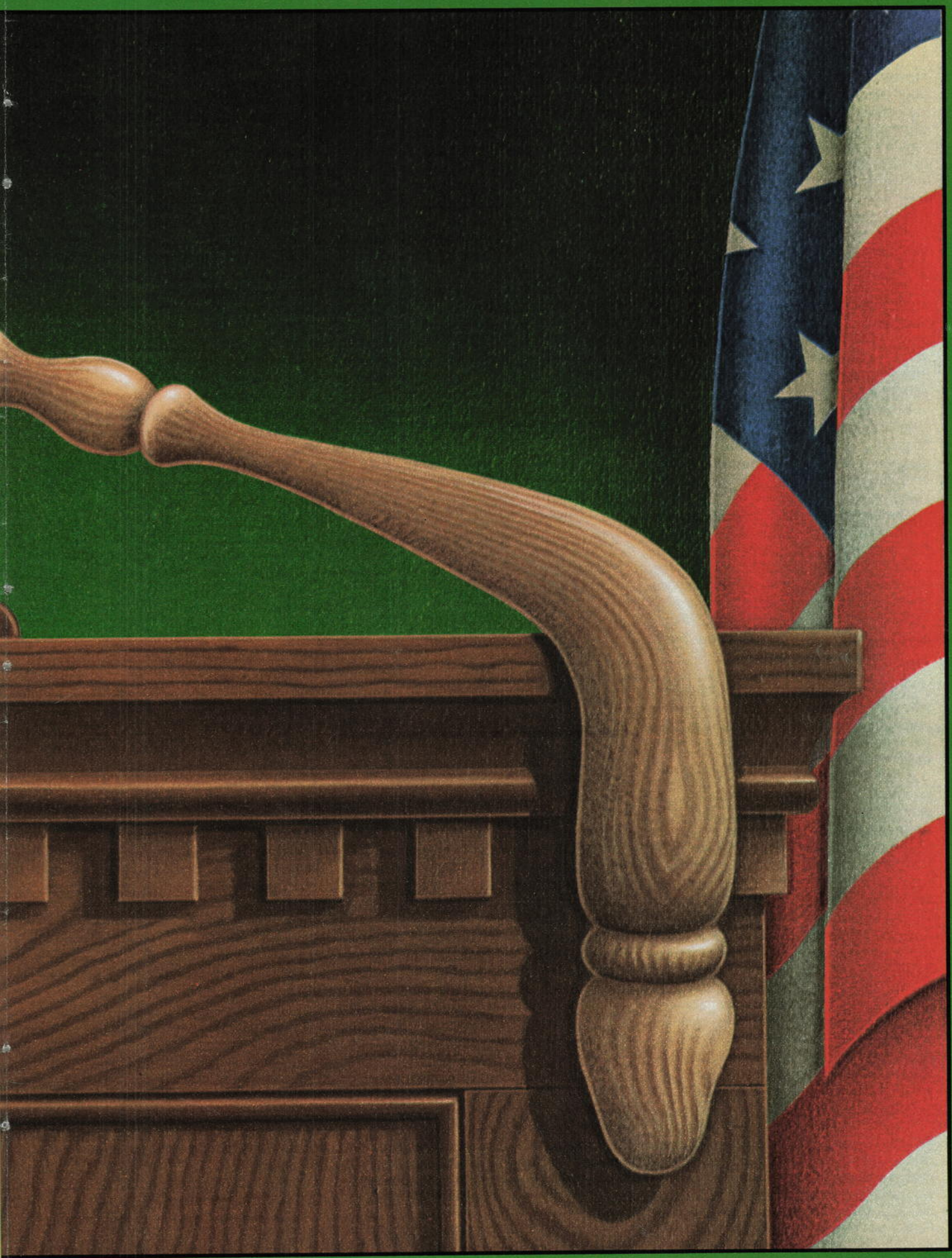
"*Ahng-ahng-ahng-ahng-say-something-romantic-and-interpersonal-to-me-ahng-ahng-ahng. . .* " she managed.

"You diggin' my superschlong, baby? Is it talkin' to ya?"

The jangle of the telephone shook the vegetable bowl next to the lust-ravaged leopard daybed. Battner picked it up, at the same time gripping Busy Signal's slippery buttock and nudging in a small carrot,

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GIUSTI





like a pilot fish, next to his somewhat hammerheaded member. He was chilled to hear the crisp voice of Lydia Ogilvie, his loathed wife.

"I thought I'd find you at Wisda's. Trading beery stories of female conquest with your depraved stuntman friend?"

"How'd you get this number?" Battner grunted, channel-tuning Busy Signal's left nipple with his callused thumb. Why didn't he just hang up?

"Never mind. And don't hang up—unless you want the sweet news straight from P. Macon Belloch."

"Belloch?" Battner kept feeding hard strokes into Busy, who was humming deeper and louder. He was getting softer.

"My new attorney. He's—do you have another phone off the hook? We had a little chat at his offices. As you'll learn bright and early tomorrow, I'm no longer suing you for a trifle like mental cruelty. What is that continuous beeping—a burglar alarm?"

"You hired that bullshit lawyer and celebrity brownnose? Bully for you." He was shriveling inside Busy Signal, who had stopped beeping. Desperately he tried imagining her vagina was Lydia's red-veined eyeball.

"He's no sleaze, Mr. Hollywood Heartthrob. And you're about to become the first chauvinist pig in America taken to court for sexual malpractice. Ta-ta." Without missing a beat she had hung up. The dial tone droned like bestial applause as his limp organ fell out of Serena Cohen's hot muff. Her signal was no longer busy.

"What is it, Cool Rod?"

"Don't call me that."

"I'm sorry, honey. I was fantasizing I was your costar in *Nailspitter*—you know, that scene where you seduce that Save the Whales girl on the offshore oil rig? I swear I heard bells ringing."

Stock "Cool Rod" Battner heard cash registers ringing, his cash registers, on which his greedy wife had had her onanistic forefinger poised since their screaming separation. He had married her when he first came out to the Coast as a mere stuntman. Now he was Petro Artists' number-one masculine star. Star of *Nailspitter, Winesburg Confidential, Gunfight at Stromboli Corral, Deadpan Gold, Sun Squinter,* and above all *Filthy Hank* and its three sequels, *The Filthy Dozen, Filth Waster,* and *The Great, the Not So Great, and the Filth.* Stock Battner was admired by men and loved by women for his lean-and-mean look, cruel nostril mole, and especially his sexy yellow snaggletooth. Only the studio and seventy or eighty women knew about his halitosis and undescended testicle.

Admittedly, his movies were less popular with women of the Midol Majority, notably the scene in *Sun Squinter* in which he persuaded an obese Italian congresswoman to gargle with Mazola and orally oil his .357 magnum. Or was it the climax of *Filthy Hank*, when he caused a meter maid an embarrassing public orgasm by squinting intensely at her?

Lydia—Vassar, with a cutting tongue and dull eyes—knew about his rampant infidelities, of course. Battner vaguely recalled they had had a sex life together. Was it for two weeks or three? Then she had meticulously read *The Hite Report* and stopped having orgasms. "It's your semen," she had announced. "I'm allergic to it." Was his virility really slipping?

The next morning, on the set of *Bolt Action Man,* Battner called his lawyer, Ned Glick. "Glick, what's sexual malpractice?"

"Let's see. A gynecologist with palsy? Stock, baby, is this one of those Iranian lightbulb jokes?"

At lunch break Battner had just chomped into a steak-and-onion sandwich when a gray envelope from the law office of P. Macon Belloch arrived. He took one glance at the enclosed gibberish and dialed Belloch's number. He had seen Belloch on television. He looked like

> Our case against you is for rigid and unwavering impotence, cruel ignorance of the female anatomy, and orgasmic perjury in the privates sector.

a sunlamp Liberace with sunglasses and sideburns. He also sounded eerily like Howard Cosell. Right off Belloch addressed him by his hated real name.

"Melvin Wingleman, let me say it's an egregious plethora of pleasure, and Stock, if I may call you by that eponym, I only regret that we have to meet communicationswise in this unfortunate legal—"

"What's this all about, Belloch?"

"Well, in a dichotomous nutshell, Stock . . ." Battner swore he was hearing "Monday Night Football." ". . . and hence, Stock, we are making an unprecedented test case—spousal sexual malpractice. And effectuating a legal action against you for two million dollars on grounds of genital cruelty."

"Genital what?" Battner rasped.

"As we see it, it was your forcible and precipitate coital demands, your overweening priapism, your malice aforeskin, that effectuated poor Lydia's anguishing seminal allergy and sexual seclusion—'vulval harassment and unlawful occupancy,' as I believe I phrased it. It's all right there in the papers."

"You know where I'd like to wipe your papers, you glitz brownnose?"

"We'd be inexorably agreeable of course, Stock, to settling this costly marital altercation out of court," Belloch proceeded. "Personally, it would distress me to see your cinematic career, unquestionably inspiring to the game youth of this land, suffer not the thrill of media victory but rather the agony of defeat. Lydia would like your Bel Air house, of course . . ."

Lydia had always wanted the keys to the cluttered house of his late, rich brother Lance since she believed one hundred eighty thousand dollars to be hidden there amidst hundreds of Lance's antique sleighs. Lance's mysterious last words, as he died in the legs of his trusted chauffeur Horst, were reportedly ". . . flexible rosebud." There was no one hundred eighty thousand dollars. Battner had once slipped Lance five hundred dollars to hint about hidden money just to drive his greedy, viperous wife nuts.

After canceling the rest of the day's shooting, Battner got a studio limo with a bar and drank his way downtown to Ned Glick's office.

"I'm afraid Belloch's for real," Glick said, frowning. "Fancy him coming up with an angle like 'penile threat and vehicular spermicide'—he used to be a pro in collision insurance, you know. What the hell did you do to the lady, Stock baby?"

"Find out she was a dead lay who comes only to stiff money," Battner snapped. "Will it wash, this malpractice bullshit? What about my fucking career?"

"Exactly, Stock baby. He's basing his case on this pro-housewife Proposition Ninety-one nonsense just passed, something about women's inalienable domestic rights. Not to worry."

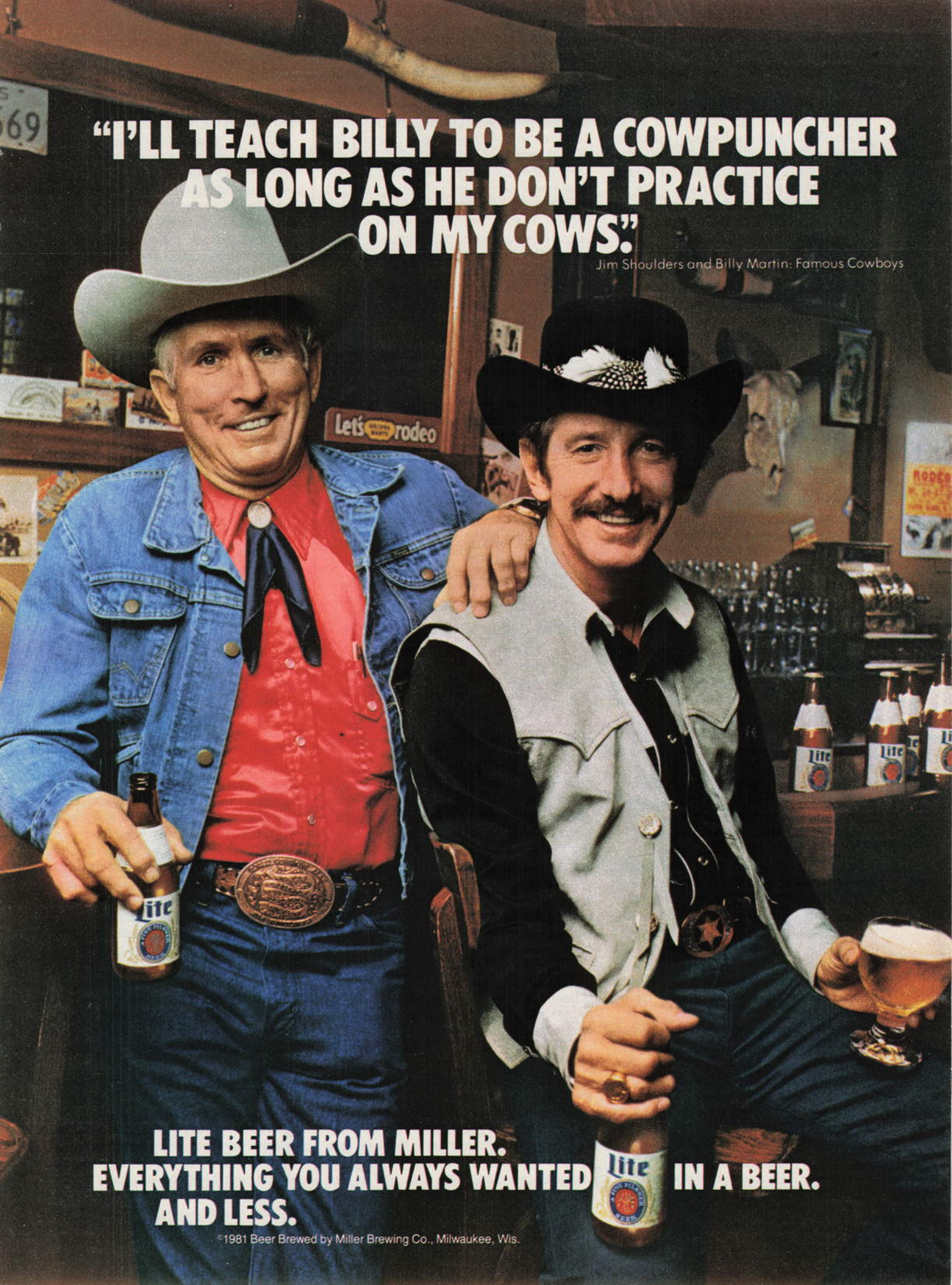
"*Not to worry?*" Corey Robinson, Battner's nervous agent, interjected squeakily. "Cool Rod Battner, Petro's biggest macho star, being sued for two mil for blitzkrieg foreplay—for boffing his wife frigid—and you say not to worry? We've got to head this off, keep a lid on any publicity. If we don't, Rod, you won't be Stock Battner. You'll be Stock Footage."

At his tennis club Battner received support from Buffy Ashforth, the suave old British character actor now making big television bucks for his lovable foibles as a mellowed nursing-home arsonist and token white in a black sitcom, "Baby, Yo' Cross Is Burnin'!"

"I say, old bean, can't let this bloody awful woman business get you down," Ashforth consoled him. "They're cunts all." Driving over, Battner had been pelted at a stop light with pin-stuck "Mr. Piggy" dolls by three women belonging to BWAUNAH, Buttered Wives Against Unnatural Acts and Hemorrhoids. Ashforth set down his gin and held out a fat vial of red tablets. "You need a special tonic, old man. Here, one of these a day."

"I hate pills. What are they?"

"A little item called macro-ginseng," Ashforth said with a wink and a pat. "Hair of the pussy, what? Gives hardening of the


"I'LL TEACH BILLY TO BE A COWPUNCHER AS LONG AS HE DON'T PRACTICE ON MY COWS."
Jim Shoulders and Billy Martin: Famous Cowboys
Let's rodeo
Lite
LITE BEER FROM MILLER.
EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED IN A BEER.
AND LESS.
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right arteries. Cheers, old bean. I say, why don't you pop over to my place one of these days? I cook a mean veal scallopini."

Glick's phone call came the next day. "Lydia's played mean footsie, but we've got an offer: Belloch will keep it out of the papers and you out of court for clumsy-fucking if you'll cough up five thou a week for her—plus your brother's old Bel Air house outright. Whaddya say, Stock baby? The studio's on my back . . . "

When Battner relented the next day, it wasn't because of Glick's advice or even the midnight call from Petro's worried studio head. It was because of two more unbearable calls from P. Macon Belloch, over whose muscular tonsils he wanted to pour boiling Kaopectate. On the plus side, certain rumors were now warming Hollywood powder rooms. Was it true Stock Battner's organ was a registered weapon, that his frigid wife had needed cleavage stiches after just a little tit-fucking?

And at a wild celebratory party that night at his agent's Beverly Hills house, he met Candy Peregrine, a tone-deaf unemployed roadhouse singer. Her scabbed knees knew intimately the carpeting of producers' offices from Studio City to Maywood, where—as the wags had it—she "blew everything out of proportion." Battner couldn't stand her voice, but she went autistic with lust when he flashed his snaggletooth. She seemed to have no communicable intelligence quotient. Battner realized this when, hearing him mention Vassar, she rushed back from the medicine cabinet with a sopping tongue kiss and a jar of petroleum jelly. He immediately asked her to move in with him at Marina Del Rey.

"She's insatiable, wet as a snake's soapdish," he remarked to Turk Wisda days later as they drifted off Catalina in the stern of the *Sea Wolf*. He washed down two of Buffy's ginseng pills with a swig of beer. "If only she didn't sing."

"How's your wife—Spider Woman?"

"Having rough sledding, I hope."

From the Hollywood grapevine Battner was pleased to hear that Lydia had been sleepless in her combing and trashing of the Bel Air house for Lance's nonexistent one-hundred-eighty-thousand-dollar cache. She had already fired two security guards and acquired a venereal rash from wood weevils while fingering knotty-pine closets for a "flexible rosebud" hiding place.

But within the week not one but two lovemaking sessions with Candy ended prematurely. Battner's erections wilted just as she began her primal moans. At first, she kissed away his gruff apologies. "That's all right. Sweetie, why don't I try singing to it?" She patted his torpid organ and, duking it like a wilting hand mike, closed her eyes and intoned, softly and almost on key, "Git along, little doggie . . . "

Night after night his cock approached her burning sex only to expire like a fevered puppy. Worse, he was losing interest, even when he smothered her lips to keep her from singing. The one time he stayed hard and she was coming, his discreet snores threw her off. Nightly, her jaw muscles labored desperately around his sluggish member. They began quarreling. "You're too bored with me to give me any clitoral foreplay arousal, aren't you?" she said one evening after her failed candlelight dinner with roses, soft music, and her rendition of "Feelings" in a crotchless catwoman suit. "You're not even orogenitally willing to caress my Venus hill anymore. And I know something about that, from Shere Hite."

"You know the studio wants me to be careful of my snaggletooth," Battner retorted. "It's insured—and what's this Cherry Hot horseflop?"

"The book came in the mail. I don't know who sent it, but it's an eye-opener, let me tell you."

Desperate to try another woman, Battner one hectic day tried to fit into Busy Signal on his lunch hour, with the same embarrassing results. At the Polo Lounge and the club he winced at the usual jokes about his purported cocksmanship from his chauvinist peers, none the wiser about his anguish. Except for Buffy Ashforth, who smiled knowingly and repeatedly invited him home for veal scallopini. Battner wanted Candy off his back, or hers. But what about her brainless mouth, the Hollywood grapevine, his reputation? Could he outpsych her?

We have medical confirmation that Candy's fruitless oral ministrations to you in recent weeks have done serious damage to her vocal cords.

"What do you mean, you came?" Candy said, bolting up that night after he had groaned like a rhino, screamed out her name, and collapsed epileptically. "You weren't even hard. Look at it."

"Oh, baby, baby . . . it was great, so *great* . . . "

"Great, was it? What about me, Mr. Softee?"

When she moved out within the week, he had lost eight pounds from the strain of faking orgasms. Why hadn't he been able to fake her into having one? Then, with shooting on *Straddling Tall* almost finished, he got an urgent call from Ned Glick. "You sitting down, Stock baby? Candy Peregrine's hired Belloch and is suing you for—why don't you sit down?"

"For what?"

" 'Male entering and braking, clitoral negligence, and breach of orgasm.' Stock, uh, I didn't realize you and the lady were having such, uh, difficulties."

Belloch's voice, when Battner called him in fury, was majestically sympathetic. "In layman's terms, Stock, our not unpugilistic case against you is for gross male failure to address the healthy sexual needs of an unfortunate young lady. More specifically, Stock, for rigid and unwavering impotence, cruel and unusual ignorance of the female anatomy, and convulsive dramatizing and orgasmic perjury in the privates sector."

"Aren't you forgetting, Dung Tongue, that I'm not her fucking husband?"

"Understandably you're distressed, Stock," Belloch said. "And as she—I refer to Miss Peregrine—has communicated to me nuncupatively, it's true you're neither her husband or, regrettably, that type of husband."

"Has anybody ever told you, Belloch, that you sound like you've got two tampons up your nose and Johnny Wadd up your ass?"

"Your recent common-law relationship, however, gives us a formidable palimonial case. One detailing the pain and anguish and fear and loathing and resultant jeopardy to Miss Peregrine's burgeoning singing career."

"Singing career!"

"We have medical confirmation, Stock, that Candy's fruitless oral ministrations to you in recent weeks have done serious damage to her vocal cords."

News of the nation's first sexual malpractice suit hit the movie colony like a Laurel Canyon brushfire. "Cool Rod Hits Bed Rocks—Dud Stud?" tittered *Variety*, which then struck a lower blow with "Batt Too Soft on Candy, No Pip in Kip." Almost overnight the Midol Majority organized "Hell, No, We Won't Blow!" fund-raising rallies for Candy, who was said to be mounting a Las Vegas nightclub act under a new agent. At the studio's frosty urging, Battner spent a miserable weekend in disguise at Sensuron, an exclusive Carmel sex-therapy clinic featuring something called Tantrum Yoga and utilizing bumper-car hot tubs on tracks and a headphone filthy-language lab. He returned to learn the studio had shelved *Straddling Tall*.

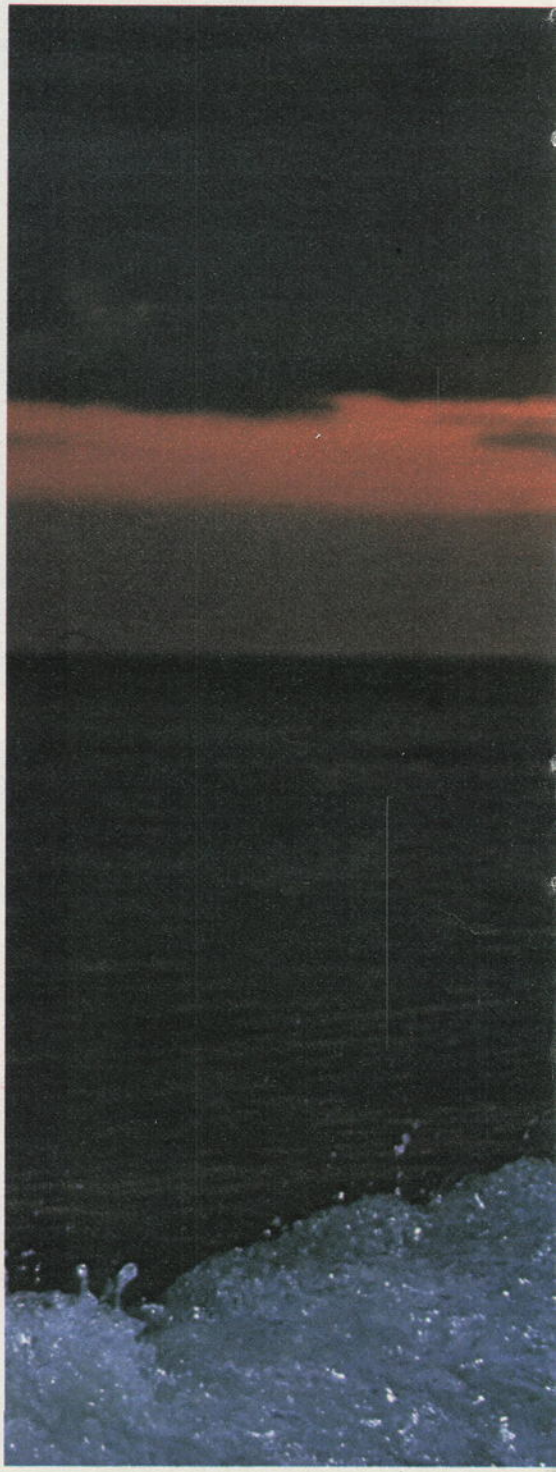
"Dig that eye patch," Turk Wisda said as they fished a week before the trial. "But, pal, we're miles from land out here. You could take the Groucho nose and pigtails off."

"Wisda, what the fuck am I gonna do? Belloch's goin' for my balls—he knows he don't have to worry about my cock. In my nightmares he keeps whispering 'No hard feelings?' and then nudging Frank Gifford. All my movies are being picketed by goddamn Midol Majority libbers, I'm goin' broke payin' lawyers and doctors, and at that sex clinic some high-school girl actually gave me a remedial beat-off lesson.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

CONNIE

"When the love making finally began, the fireworks went off in rapid–and multiple–succession."



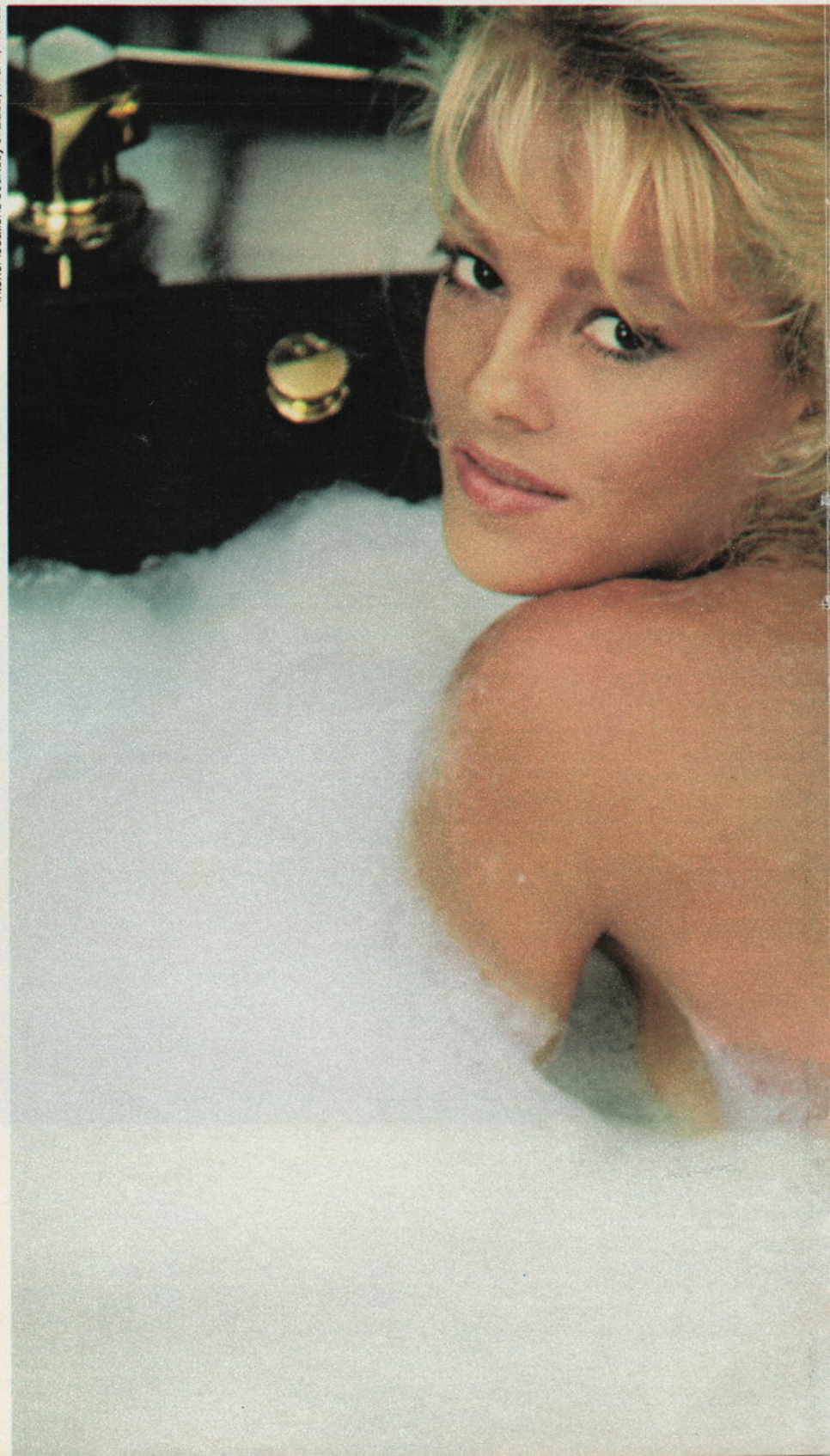
HOT CHILD IN THE CITY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL

Pet of the Month Connie Lynn Hadden came from a town so small that a five-minute walk took you past the city limits. As did everything else about her. At a frisky, flirtatious 18, our Pet was ahead of her time—and also her place. Leaving the square life in Albany, Georgia, behind, well-rounded Connie moved to sunny Miami, burned her brassiere and bought her first revealing bikini. If she does deign to wear a skirt now, it's usually see-through—as you can see.

In an overnight sea-change, Connie clearly recalls, this little town flirt became a big-city bombshell. Our half-Dutch treat is also half untamed Cherokee–and the Indian blood appears to prevail.

Interior locations courtesy of Babs, Miami, Florida



Despite her well-turned 35-22-35-inch charms and almond-eyed beauty, our Pet never thought of modeling. Then one balmy night a "close companion" snapped some shots with his Polaroid. (James Garner, eat your heart out!) He sent the results to *Penthouse*, where Connie's basic talents were immediately understood and appreciated.

Following her resplendent debut in these pages, Connie claims a host of ambitions. Having worked three years for Estée Lauder as a marketing rep, she now wants to landscape gardens for fun and profit.

Her own nubile hills and
dales, we'd think, should prove
ample inspiration.
As for our Pet's spare time?
The usual girl things,
she smiles. Like sunbathing,
blowing bubbles, and
looking into handy mirrors...

With time on her pretty hands, she admits, she's prone to impetuous acts—like the time she made love in the back of a yellow Rolls-Royce parked in a shopping center in the midday sun. We work up a sweat just listening.

Ironically, though, the one man who's won Connie's heart took long and lingering looks before he leaped. When the love-making finally began, though, the fireworks went off in rapid–and multiple–succession (if we know what she means).

Wrestling nude with a strong
young lover in bed, she admits, is her
favorite way to work out.
To keep in shape for these marvelous
main events, though, she
swims and does gymnastics. What she
wants most in men is a strong
physique and a healthy imagination.
Taking our Pet at her
word, our imagination runs riot!

MISS CONNIE LYNN HADDEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

FOOTBALL

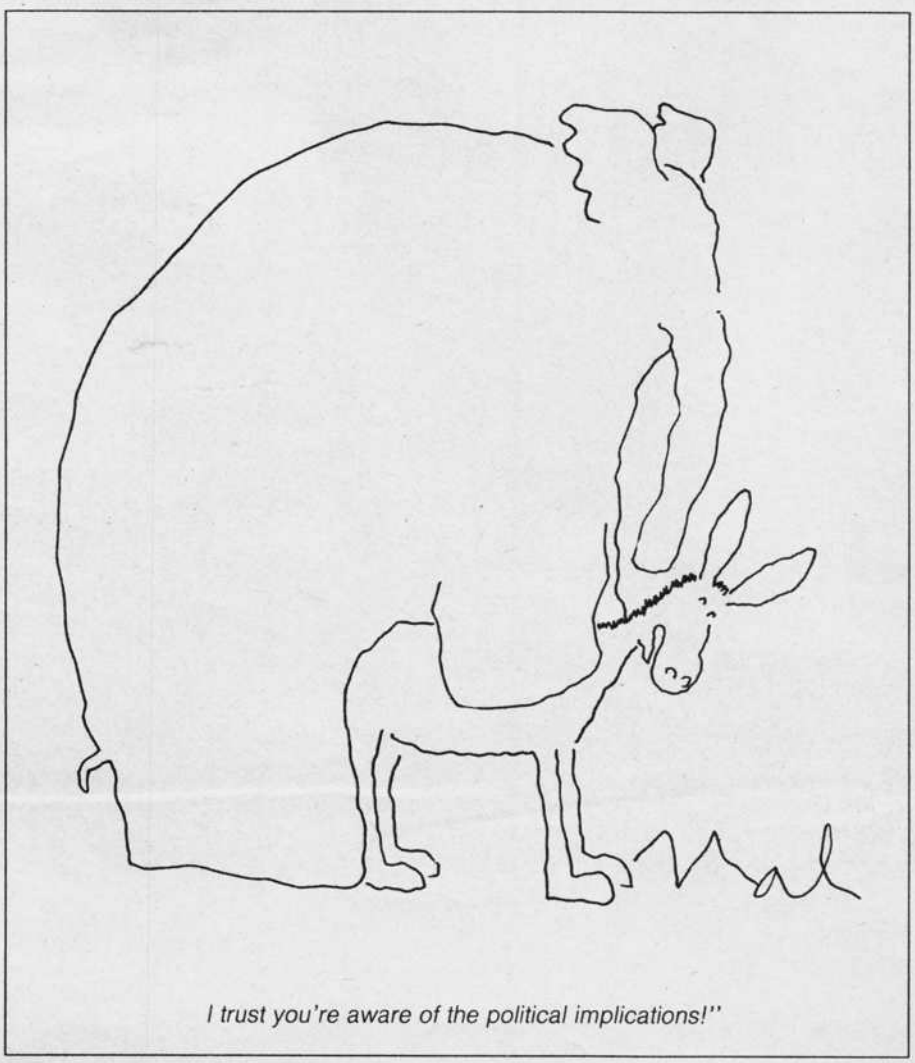
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

to Johnny Carson. After that O.S.U. fans are in for a lot of bad news. The Beavers' offense has been severely diminished with the graduation of Tony Robinson, their leading ground-gainer of the last two years, but O.S.U.'s rushing attack won't go totally into the hopper. Avezzano has brought in five large offensive linemen, one of whom weighs 260 pounds and the rest more than that. If these gentlemen can tiptoe out of the path of Beaver backs Randy Holmes and Darryl Minor, Oregon State will be able to move the ball on the ground after all. It will have to, or else opponents will spend most of their time trying to maim O.S.U. quarterback Ed Singler, a gifted signal-caller who completed 59 percent of his passes in 1980. On defense the Beavers will start a majority of fresh faces, which isn't a bad idea when one remembers that O.S.U.'s opponents averaged more than 35 points last season. Still, rookies can be counted on to act like rookies—and in the PAC–Ten, that spells defeat in a big way.

(5) U.T.E.P.

The University of Texas at El Paso ought to follow Villanova's lead. After compiling a 6-5 record in 1980, Villanova gave up football for financial reasons. U.T.E.P. also should give up football, but for humanitarian reasons. There is, after all, a limit to how much abuse a school's students, faculty, administration—and, mostly, its football players—can absorb. In 1980 the Miners were 1-11, and except for the 1979 season (when they won two games), they have been 1-11 every year since 1974. Don't look for the Miners to improve in the immediate future. Last fall U.T.E.P. had the worst offense and defense in the weak Western Athletic Conference, and this year's team looks even more maladroit. Brad McEachern, the team's top quarterback candidate, has been sidelined by an injury, and at this writing it appears that passing duties will devolve upon Tony George, an erstwhile defensive back.

Aside from running back Delbert Thompson, the Miners don't really *have* an offense, but then they don't have a defense, either. In its last four games of 1980, U.T.E.P. gave up 200 points, including 83 to Brigham Young and 57 to Wyoming. Coach Bill Michael fired all of his key assistants at the close of the 1980 campaign, but the wrong heads may have rolled: Michael's four-year record at U.T.E.P. is 5-41. Attendance at the Miners' home games caved in by 50 percent last year, and if the same number of people stay away this year (and it's possible), U.T.E.P. will have the singular honor of playing its home games in front of absolutely no one. That seems perfectly appropriate.



I trust you're aware of the political implications!"

(6) T.C.U.

Texas Christian University has won only a dozen football games in the past eight years, and any improvement over last season's 1-10 record will be due entirely to a slightly softer schedule. Coach F. A. Dry has spent a good deal of time, effort, and money trying to remedy his team's two giant shortcomings, and he says, "We'll have a stronger running game, and we'll be stronger, bigger, and better defensively." Let's hope so. In 1980, T.C.U. averaged a paltry 68 yards a game on the ground, and unless incoming J C transfer Zane Drake and freshman speedball Ken Davis can break into the starting backfield, the Horned Frogs' running stats will remain anemic. T.C.U. certainly won't get any rushing yardage out of quarterback Steve Stamp, who throws like an Olympian but runs like an amphibian. A 51.4 percent passer, Stamp—who'll never be mistaken for Fran Tarkenton—somehow contrived to run for minus 92 yards last year. Dry's biggest headache is his defensive unit, the worst in the Southwest Conference. Last year the Horned Frogs gave up 431 yards and 26.8 points a game. Figure T.C.U. to be a little less generous this fall but not enough to make much of a difference in its win-loss record. This is a truly lousy team in a very tough conference.

(7) MEMPHIS STATE

After falling to a 2-9 record last year, Memphis State sacked head coach Richard Williamson and hired Rex Dockery away from Texas Tech, which had just endured back-to-back losing seasons under his leadership. Both Memphis State and Dockery figure to be up to their usual standards in 1981. With only five seniors on the team, the Tigers are short on maturity and long on malfeasance. Last season junior quarterback Darrell Martin completed only 39 percent of his passes and was intercepted 16 times. Expect him to cut down on the interceptions, but that's only because Dockery is one of those old-line coaches who eschews the pass in favor of boring handoffs into the middle of the line. (At Texas Tech, Dockery's offense put more people to sleep than Nytol could even dream of.) The Tigers have a hard-nosed runner in junior Richard Williams, but without a versatile passing attack to help him out, Williams will face defenses stacked against him. Memphis State's own defense, meanwhile, will be tromped on by opponents. The Tigers yielded more than three touchdowns per outing in 1980, and since then seven defensive starters have used up their eligibility. If Dockery can keep the Tigers from getting their tails shot off this year, he'll be a miracle worker. Unfortunately, he's not.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

AS A RULE, THE BEST GIN COMES FROM ENGLAND.

BUT TO EVERY RULE, THERE'S AN EXCEPTION.

FLEISCHMANN'S
AMERICA'S EXCEPTIONAL
GIN SINCE 1870

Distilled from grain. 80 Proof.
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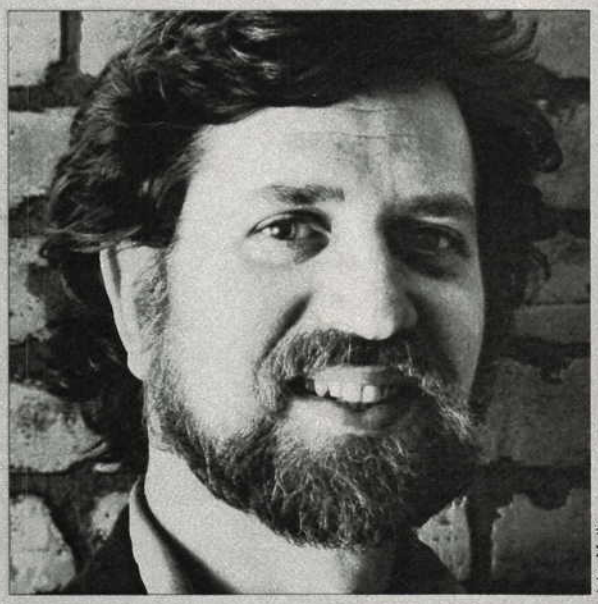
ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



John Muth

BY SEYMOUR WISHMAN

The author, a member of the New York and New Jersey bars, has been a criminal lawyer for 16 years. He was formerly deputy assistant to President Carter in the White House Office of Public Liaison. His latest book, *Confessions of a Criminal Lawyer*, has just been published by Times Books.

THE FAILURE OF THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM

Many people are properly outraged when a vicious criminal—though clearly guilty—is allowed to escape punishment. The public's fury usually focuses on a "liberal" judge or on an unscrupulous shyster of a lawyer or on a ridiculous technical loophole in the law. But the fury is usually misdirected.

When a brutal felon slips through the criminal process without winding up in prison, more often than not, the fault in the system is the incompetence or lawlessness of cops or prosecutors or judges. Every time there is an acquittal because of an illegal search or an improperly taken confession, some cop either didn't know what he was doing or arrogantly thought that he could break the law himself. When a prosecutor gets caught concealing important information from a defense counsel or disclosing prejudicial information to a jury, that prosecutor has personally handed the defendant the key to the jailhouse. Every time an appellate court reverses a conviction on the grounds that a trial judge misapplied the law or favored the prosecutor during the proceedings, that defendant becomes *un*convicted because a trial judge had been incompetent.

Most journalists, out of incompetence of their own, rarely point to the appropriate characters when trying to assign blame for a miscarriage of justice, and by their not properly identifying the people at fault, the public's anger is not channeled into ways of improving the system. Most judges are not "soft" on criminals; they are often the most eager to punish the guilty. Rather than being brilliant, most criminal defense lawyers win their cases in spite of what they do, and the legal "technicality" that frustrates the effort to put a monster behind bars is usually a fundamental constitutional right that has been willfully or negligently violated.

Since becoming a lawyer 16 years ago, I have prosecuted and defended hundreds of people accused of serious crimes. Two characteristics have been common to almost all of them: their guilt and their incompetence. If they had been successful as criminals, they wouldn't have needed me either as prosecutor or as defense lawyer. They usually give little consideration to planning, and they give even less thought to escaping.

The case against a client I represented last year is typical. I was confronted with my client's confession: he had admitted that he had sent a pound of hashish from Morocco to a friend in New York. Furthermore, an expert testified that the name that appeared on the package identifying my client as the sender was in his handwriting. Another expert swore that my client's fingerprints had been found on the wrapping inside the package. Given the testimony, it was certain that I would have lost the case if the law-enforcement custodians of the evidence hadn't "lost" or used up the evidence. As far as I can see, most criminals almost go out of their way to cooperate with the ad-

> Most journalists, out of incompetence of their own, rarely point to the appropriate characters when trying to assign blame for a miscarriage of justice.

ministration of criminal justice, doing everything they can to get caught and punished. The problem is they are faced with an array of law-enforcement authorities who are often as incompetent as they are. And most of these criminals are far more dangerous than my hashish-importing client.

An astonishing murder case, recently concluded in New Jersey, dramatizes my point. In the summer of 1967, Plainfield, N.J., exploded in a race riot. Like many other cities on fire at the time, one of the primary causes of Plainfield's explosion was the pent-up hostility of the black community toward the police. As the Plainfield police tried to contain the riot within the black neighborhood, one of the uniformed, armed patrolmen was brutally beaten to death by a group of 20 to 40 blacks. After an extensive investigation, 11 blacks were tried for murder. New Jersey, not yet having abandoned capital punishment, sought the death penalty. George Merritt and another defendant were the only persons convicted. Merritt's first conviction was reversed because at the end of the 42-day trial the judge instructed the jury that a conviction could be based on a conspiracy theory—a conspiracy theory that had never been charged, proved, or defended. In the second trial Merritt was convicted after the prosecutor introduced a damaging written statement from a witness who had not testified and therefore could not be cross-examined by the defendant. The third conviction was thrown out because two years after the third trial it was suddenly discovered that a police report written days after the murder, 12 years earlier, showed that the only eyewitness to testify against Merritt in his three trials had, in part at least, been lying. The point is not that Merritt was necessarily innocent—he may well have participated in the murder—but in three trials the state failed to convict him properly, each time failing because of a different law-enforcement officer's incompetence.

A fundamental purpose of our criminal-justice system is to instill confidence in the factions of a community that might otherwise be tempted to take the law into their own hands. But to have confidence instilled, the public must believe that the state will punish those who commit crimes and that it will acquit those falsely accused. The Merritt case is a sensational example of how the system fails and what happens when it does fail. The blacks and the police, instead of purging their anger toward each other through a court trial, got angrier over the years for what each side saw as an injustice. To the blacks the wrongful convictions that led to Merritt's ten-year imprisonment in one of the country's toughest prisons were evidence of the kind of racism apparent in most aspects of their lives; the police saw a brother officer brutally murdered and a man who was accused of participating in that murder escaping because of loopholes in the law.

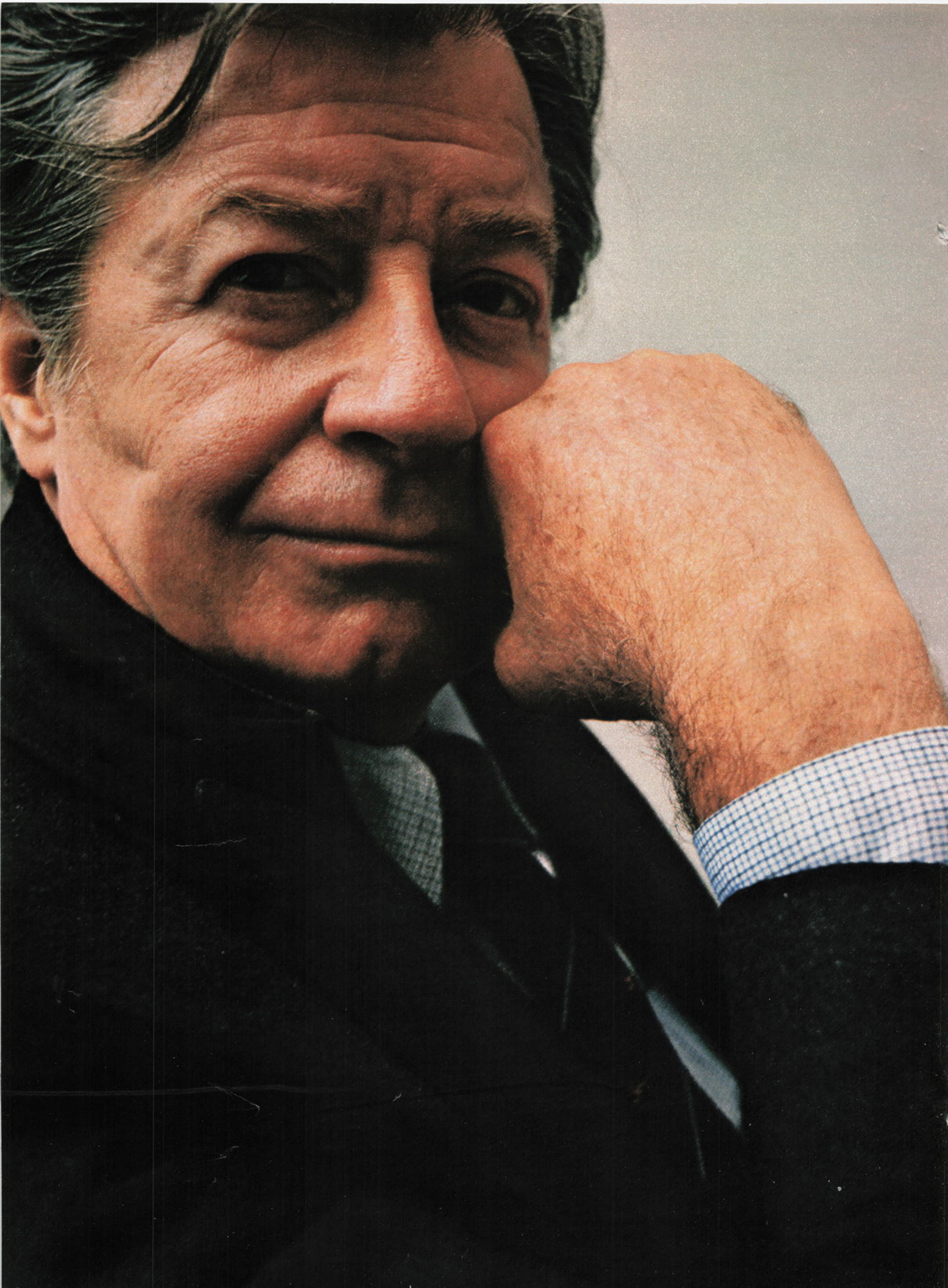
The media explained Merritt's first two reversals as being the result of mere technicalities. The judge's incompetence in the first trial provoked no stories on why or how often judges blow convictions because they don't know what they are doing. The prosecutor's overreaching in the second trial led to no investigation into the quality of representation the state was receiving in its cases against criminals. When the cops' report surfaced after 12 years, journalists made no inquiry to determine how such a concealment or possible cover-up could have happened or how frequently the stupidity or venality of the police is counterproductive to the state's interests. Journalists have not even written about how such judges, prosecutors, or cops manage to get and keep their jobs.

The media miss the underlying story: the justice system has failed to furnish the mechanisms for preventing incompetents from finding their way into the process, accumulating important responsibilities, and surviving in spite of the glaring injustices they perpetrate. Cops are virtually never disciplined for conducting illegal searches or extracting coerced confessions. Prosecutors who lose cases because of not knowing the law or deliberately violating it usually have no one to whom they must account. And no statistics are kept regarding decisions that are regularly reversed because the judges misunderstood or misapplied the law.

In a way it seems unfair that when someone in the administration of criminal justice makes a blunder resulting in freedom for a mugger, rapist, or whatever, the victim of the crime has no right to sue the blundering public official. Similarly, when a defendant's constitutional rights have been violated, that defendant, who may actually be innocent, has no right to sue the offending prosecutor or judge. (In theory, a cop can be sued, but that is usually an expensive, time-consuming, and vain exercise.)

Steps must be taken to attract more qualified people to the law-enforcement professions. Some judges who preside over criminal trials never tried a jury case as a lawyer. Prosecutors are frequently kids just out of law school who are in the process of training; once they have had enough experience to know what they are doing, they often leave for private practice. (That, for instance, is what I did.) Offering more money to those who would prosecute or judge would no doubt help improve the quality of the personnel. And once hired, they should be scrutinized in a systematic way to ensure some quality control.

Although a high percentage of those indicted for serious crimes do wind up in prison, too many notorious cases, like the Merritt case, are mishandled. I believe that a terrible consequence of this "official incompetence" is the misguided public pressure for tougher judges or more restraints on defense lawyers or narrower applications of constitutional rights. We don't need tougher; we need better.



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

JAMES CLAVELL

The author of *Shōgun* and *Noble House* warns: "Nobody looks at history; nobody knows anything about the past. . . . We are under siege economically. And historically, all wars have started for economic reasons."

For nearly 20 years, James Clavell has been writing best-selling novels set in Asia. First there was *King Rat*, the story of his three years as a Japanese prisoner of war. Then came *Tai-Pan*, an epic novel about the founding of the great trading colony of Hong Kong. Then came *Shōgun*, the adventures of an English seaman in medieval Japan. Now he is riding high on the charts with his latest work, *Noble House*, a mountainous volume of 1,200 pages of business intrigues, murder, romance, espionage, family feuds, smuggling, and even a few natural disasters, all in the Hong Kong of the early 1960s.

Clavell calls the four books his "Asian saga," and he promises there is more to come. The next novel, *Nippon*, is to be set in Japan, and then, perhaps, he says, he will deal with modern China. "The idea," Clavell told *Penthouse* interviewer Joseph B. Treaster, "is to tell in fictional terms the history of Anglo-Saxon involvement in Asia from the beginning to the present day."

Some critics have jabbed at Clavell for delivering "sugar-coated history" lessons, but Asian scholars are beginning to recognize that his work is having an enormous impact. More than 8 million copies of *Shōgun* have been sold, and an audience estimated at 130 million watched a 12-hour television presentation of the novel last fall. "In sheer quantity, *Shōgun* has probably conveyed more information about Japan to more people than all the other combined writings of scholars, journalists, and novelists since the Pacific war," according to a group of professors in the Asian studies program at the University of California at Santa Barbara. The university men, who have produced a booklet entitled "Learning from *Shōgun*," say that as many as half of the students enrolling in college courses on Japan these days have read *Shōgun* and that many apparently became interested in the country because of the book.

In a departure from his work on Asia, Clavell last month published a slim volume called *The Children's Story*, an apocryphal tale set in a second-grade classroom. His daughter, then six, had just learned the Pledge of Allegiance. He asked her what it meant. She did not know. Neither did most of the adults Clavell later asked, and he sat down to write the little book. "What is freedom?" he pondered. "And why is it so hard to explain?"

James Clavell, 56 years old, has traveled frequently to the Orient in the last four decades and has become an expert on Asia, with strong views on the region and its relationship to the United States and the rest of the world. He is a naturalized American citizen.

Clavell came to the United States from England in the early 1950s with dreams of becoming a film director. He was well on his way to a successful career in Hollywood before he turned to writing novels. He might never have done so, in fact, had it not been for a screenwriters' strike and the prodding of his wife, April, a former actress and ballerina. He also might never have become such a successful novelist had it not been for a New York editor named Herman Gollob. The manuscript for *King Rat*, which Clavell had written in 12 weeks, was gathering dust on a desk at Little, Brown & Company when Gollob discovered it. He took the book home over a weekend, liked it, and persuaded his superiors to let him work on it.

"Herman showed me, in effect, how to write a novel," Clavell says. "At least, that's how *he* tells it. We spent two and a half months rewriting. When I first saw the manuscript he had edited, it had only one line left on the first page."

After *King Rat*, Clavell returned to films. He had become the complete movie man: writer, director, producer, the commander in chief, and he was having a great time. But he was annoyed, too. He wanted to be thought of as an author. "There were a lot of rude buggers around," he says, "who were saying things like 'Sure, you wrote one book. But can you do it again?' "

So he went to Hong Kong, then came back and wrote *Tai-Pan*.

Almost as *Tai-Pan* was coming off the presses in 1966, *To Sir with Love*, starring Sidney Poitier, was released. *To Sir* was one of a half-dozen films that Clavell wrote, directed, and produced and was probably his greatest achievement in Hollywood. His first screenplay, for *The Fly*, has become something of a classic in science fiction. Another of his screenplays was *The Great Escape*, a film that featured Steve McQueen.

Clavell, tall, sturdily built, with sandy gray hair and pale blue eyes, comes from a family line of military men dating back to 1067, and he likes to think of himself as the English equivalent of a samurai. Shortly before he was born on October 10, 1924, his father, Capt. Richard Clavell of His Majesty's Royal Navy, went out to Australia to help establish the Australian navy. His mother went along. James was delivered in Sydney, christened in the upturned bell of the battleship, H.M.S. *Melbourne*, and bid a happy life with a song by

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL SOMOROFF

Dame Nellie Melba.

After nine months the family returned to England. His childhood, Clavell says, was "very disciplined. I was going to be an officer; therefore I called my father 'Sir,' and therefore he did certain things to train me. People say, 'Well, how can you be writer-producer-director?' and I say, 'Well, you see, if I wasn't doing this, I'd stand on the quarterdeck of a ship and I could rule the ship.' I'm not saying that pompously or arrogantly but only because my training was to do that."

As a boy, Clavell attended a private military school. When England went to war, he was 16. He went into the ranks for three months, then became an artillery officer. His unit had been designated to go to the desert of North Africa. Instead it was shipped to steamy Singapore. In March 1942 the British and Australian troops there were overwhelmed by the Japanese. Clavell, then 18, caught in Indonesia, slipped into the jungle, persuaded a village headman to give him shelter, taught himself the Malay language, and lived like a native for six months until the Japanese discovered him. For the next three years he was a prisoner of war, two of the three years in the Changi prison in Singapore, where only 1 out of 15 men survived. These adventures became his semiautobiographical *King Rat*.

Clavell would have gone on with a military life at war's end, but his left leg was smashed in an accident ("One story I like to tell," he says, "is that I had a motorcycle crash"), and he was mustered out of the service on a medical disability. He tried studying at Birmingham University for part of a year, but that only proved frustrating. "I didn't know what the hell to do," he recalls. The woman he was dating at the time—the actress and ballerina who eventually became his wife—took him around to a film studio. "I saw what a director did," Clavell says, "and I thought, 'This is for me.' " It wasn't long, he says, before he recognized that "if I wanted to be involved in films, I should move to Hollywood."

By now, James Clavell is a wealthy man. He lives most of the time in an elegant home, filled with Oriental art, in the Bel Air section of Los Angeles. But he drives a five-year-old TransAm, dresses simply in navy blazers and gray slacks, and often flies economy class. He has an occasional drink, puffs on a cigarette—but does not inhale—perhaps once a week, pilots a rented helicopter to relax. He is not much of a socializer. On a typical Saturday night with his wife, he says, "we probably have eggs and bacon, and we might watch some television or read a book." Most of the time he is writing. It doesn't matter where he is. A glazed look comes over his face, and he is gone.

Penthouse: What would you say are the major differences between Asians and Americans?

Clavell: We are such an impatient people. Asian people understand patience, because they've had to for so many centuries. Unlike Asians, American people and American politicians have no understanding of history or concern with it. Asian people love negotiation, and they are concerned with "face"—their form of manners. They like diplomacy and care about the nuances of diplomacy. Americans are people of all nations that have grouped together with one common language. The key to America really is our language—it's the reason we are a cohesive whole. We can communicate with each other. Americans have taken this country and made it an absolute Boomsville. But you can't implant Americana on China or Japan, because the attitudes toward life are totally different. We couldn't impose our form of government on the Chinese. I believe that their government at the moment suits the majority; otherwise, it wouldn't exist. I truly believe that.

Penthouse: Why has communism been able to sweep across the whole of mainland China?

Clavell: There are only around 16 million Communist party members amongst almost a billion Chinese. The party has the power. You must remember that Chinese people in all their glory are *Chinese first* and Communists, or whatever, second. Many Chinese on the mainland were not satisfied with Chiang Kai-shek's approach. Mao Tse-tung and his armies never looted; they paid for what they wanted, and they never stole crops. If you look at their 4,500 years of history, the Chinese have always been suspicious of police and suspicious of government because, historically, eventually, the government has not been good for them. That is why they concentrate so much on family, their own particular families and their own particular villages. They're not concerned with central government. And although the Communist system is implanted on China now, if the Chinese people as a group did not want it, it would not exist. In other words, they can live under the Communist system provided the system doesn't bother them too much.

Penthouse: But why would the Chinese choose communism?

Clavell: Well, it's not a question of their choosing it. If you look at any "new" dynasty, you'll see that the first ruler sat on the Dragon Throne with blood on his hands. Right? Even so, the Chinese believe that once the emperor loses the mandate of heaven, it is the duty of the people to revolt.

Penthouse: So, according to the Chinese, Chiang Kai-shek lost the mandate of heaven?

Clavell: Yes. He fell from grace because he was beaten. Chinese say you must always get behind the emperor when the emperor gets to the throne. Normally you give him your allegiance. Chairman Mao and his people took full control of the armies of the China mainland, and he proclaimed it the People's Republic of China. He became, in effect, emperor.

The Chinese who went to Taiwan have a different view. They believe that Chiang Kai-shek was the best form of government for China at the time that he ruled. Then the armies led by Mao were victorious. The Chinese people followed the victor. It's like in the American Civil War: Grant was the winner, and Lee was the loser, and that was that. But don't forget: Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung both agreed Taiwan is Chinese territory.

Penthouse: Do you see China expanding its Communist influence?

Clavell: No, absolutely not. Historically, China has never been hegemonistic.

Penthouse: But they invaded Vietnam a short time ago.

Clavell: Well, they will always do that when a barbarian or non-Chinese army approaches their borders. They always have. They always will.

Penthouse: And they took Tibet.

Clavell: Yes, because according to them that's in their sphere of influence. They never go beyond what they consider to be their historic borders. For example, they went into India in 1962, but just to the point that they claimed to be their border; then they withdrew. It's my absolute conviction that Chinese involvement in the Korean War was unnecessary. Historically, the Chinese have always poured over their borders to attack a barbarian when he approached, whether through Vietnam or through Korea.

If China had really wanted to go into Vietnam, it could have done it. In 1962–63 there were 116 million people of military age in China, so now that figure has probably doubled. If China had really wanted to go into Vietnam, it could have opened the borders and said: "Okay, now, please resign or else we're going to trample you to death."

Penthouse: So why did we have the Chinese against us in the Korean War?

Clavell: Because Americans don't look at history. If we looked at history, the history would explain the present and the present would foretell the future. For example: *four times* in history, China has gone over the border across the Yalu River when an alien army has approached its border. So it's pretty axiomatic that if we Americans approach the Yalu River, as we did during the Korean War, then the Chinese will come over the border. MacArthur made the mistake. Supposedly, he was a historian, but he absolutely didn't read Sun-tzu, and he absolutely didn't understand anything about Chinese history. Because after he'd gotten over the Thirty-ninth Parallel, he should have *discreetly*—not in front of television cameras with flags waving—sent a letter to Prime Minister Chou En-lai and said, "Look, please, we have these thugs in the northern part of Korea who are really upsetting us. You know that they are mostly Soviet oriented and spon-

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sored, which we all agree is not good. Do you mind, please, if we get rid of them? Or would you assist us in getting rid of them? We won't go any further. We understand your policy on your borders, and please excuse us for coming here, but these guys are criminals." That would have given everybody a face-saving formula for avoiding war. I'm absolutely certain that Chou En-lai, who was one of the great pragmatists of recent times, would then have found a solution to settle this business.

Penthouse: We would have had a smaller conflict in Korea?

Clavell: We wouldn't have had any conflict with China, because China doesn't want to get into conflicts. It has enough problems. The Chinese people are good citizens. They work hard, and they've got 1 billion people to feed and try to police. And I believe they had never and would never break out of their borders unprovoked.

Penthouse: Where do you think we went wrong in Vietnam?

Clavell: If I could answer that, I would shout it from the rooftops. But I'm a storyteller, right?

All I can say about Vietnam is, read history. Read what's happened in Vietnam for a thousand years: their attitude toward the Chinese, the Chinese attitude toward them. I think certain people chose wrongly—they chose for a confrontation.

Penthouse: You mean the Americans chose for a confrontation.

Clavell: Yes. Somebody decided to have a confrontation and to confront guerrillas in a jungle. The people who chose Vietnam knew nothing about Vietnam. They'd never been to Vietnam. We should ask the Pentagon: "Who actually decided? What generals? Who was chief of staff? Of these people, who had actually been there?"

Christ, it's *different* in a jungle! You sweat, you get prickly heat, you have snakes. I fought in a jungle, and I thought it was awful. I mean, I'd *never* seen a jungle before I was in Sumatra. I remember when we were being overrun, going down a road with the jungle to the side. I went off the road because we were suddenly ambushed and I was frightened to bloody death—Japanese paratroopers were dropping all around me. I went about five yards into the jungle, and then I ducked, because the bullets were flying around. When I got up and walked back to the road, there was no road there. Jungles are unbelievable; you get so disoriented so quickly. If you're a native, you know how to find north, south, east, west, in the jungle. You know that the sun side is dry and the other side is wet. I didn't know that.

Penthouse: You lived in an Indonesian village for six months before your capture by the Japanese?

Clavell: Yes. The officer that led the Japanese patrol that eventually picked me up was a young Japanese who had gone to university in the U.S.; he was educated at U.C.L.A. or U.S.C. I got to know him quite well over a period of three days. He was about my age, and there was a similarity in our backgrounds. He said he was from a samurai family. In a way, my background would be the English equivalent. This prompted him to offer to do me the honor of letting me commit seppuku—suicide. That would have been the honorable way to react to capture, according to Japanese custom. He wanted to lend me his gear—the white kimono and the swords. At length, when I was backed into a corner and said, "Thank you very much, but no thanks," he got very irritable about it. Then he started the old slapping bit, and I was shoved into a proper jail and then eventually put with the rest of the POWs.

Penthouse: Have you seen any of the other survivors from the POW camp? Do you have reunions?

Clavell: No. I don't think anyone from Changi would ever have a reunion.

Penthouse: Nobody wants to remember it?

Clavell: You're opening not a can of beans but a can of vipers. If you dwell too much on those days, you are going to be consumed. There were very, very few survivors. One in fifteen survived.

Penthouse: What did you bring away from your prisoner-of-war experience?

Clavell: I guess I learned what it is I really need in my life. As long as I remember being a prisoner in Changi, I will know that with a bag of rice and a knife, I can feed myself and my family for a sufficient time to allow us to regroup.

In Changi we had no choice but to look at ourselves. Truly. One day or another. I felt I was stripped of all my peeling, like an onion. This got stripped off and that got stripped off through the immoralities of the things that happened there—the starvation, the indignities, and all the death, all of this brought me to a realization of what I was, what I had to live with. All POWs got to this point at some time and then had to decide whether they could live with it or not. If they didn't like what they found under all the layers, they died. A lot of people looked at themselves and didn't like themselves and died. It's very simple. We got to a point where we could almost predict, within a couple of weeks, when somebody was going to die. It was when they couldn't stand any more of it.

Penthouse: How do the Chinese think of themselves in relation to Americans?

Clavell: They think that there is a heaven where the gods live and that below that is the Middle Kingdom, *where all Chinese live*. The Chinese are the only ones who live in the Middle Kingdom. Below the Middle Kingdom is Earth, where everybody else lives—Japanese, English, Americans. So the lowest coolie would look at an American without envy. He might want our cars or clothes or money, but he looks at us and says, "My God, how awful to be one of those!"

Penthouse: So the Chinese think they are superior to Western men?

Clavell: Well, they're *different*. "Superior" is not quite the correct word. They have an attitude, a very particular, strange attitude. They say, "I'm sorry, but we live in the Middle Kingdom and you don't."

"My wife would like to help with this audit any way she can."

Penthouse: What is the difference between the Chinese and Japanese?

Clavell: It's like comparing apples and strawberries. They're both fruit. Chinese are very practical people. They love to drink and eat, and they love the family. They're loners. They like business, and they like making money, and money pleases them; they like to touch it. And their history is constantly with them. They'll talk about a man like Ts'ao Ts'ao, who was a famous general, as though he were just around the corner, when he actually lived two thousand years ago.

The Japanese are a "group" people. They work in groups, they live in groups, they go on holiday in groups. They make group decisions.

Penthouse: Can you give an example of the different ways the Chinese and Japanese think?

Clavell: Okay. There is a Japanese custom called *shinibana*, which is "death flower arranging." Around cherry blossom time, they take a tree that's maybe 30 years old, cut it just above the ground, and plant it in water. If it's cut correctly, over a period of a few weeks you will see the tree give flower. The petals form and then fall, and the first of its green shoots come out—just a little way, because they haven't got the strength to come out all the way since the tree is dead; the plant itself is dead, because you have cut off its life source.

Shinibana trees are very expensive. Perhaps as much as $40,000. They put them in the foyer of the hotels like the Okura and the Imperial. Japanese people will come from miles around, and they'll say, "Ah so, so, so, so," and they will bow to the tree because it's so beautiful to thank it and the *kami*—the spirit of the tree. You see this 30-year-old tree, and you know that it's given up its life for you. In its dying it has given you the privilege of being able to see infinity.

Now, the Chinese could not appreciate that. A lot of people would say, "How stupid!" and "What a waste!" But the Japanese understand the quality of it.

Penthouse: Do you see the Japanese or the Chinese dominating Asia at some time?

Clavell: I don't think so. I think that they can make a détente. You know, there's no love lost between them. Their heritage has been one of conflict. The Japanese invaded China in 1931. A lot of people remember that. The whole Far East and Hong Kong remember the Japanese occupation. The Japanese were not good occupiers.

Penthouse: General Westmoreland said that the Asian people, the Orientals, don't value human life.

Clavell: That's total, absolute nonsense! It's like some people used to say that the Japanese were different because they don't get cold and can sustain themselves in the jungle. But it's a matter of discipline, training. Japanese people would lose face if they said, "Jesus Christ, it's cold." We

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don't give a shit. There is no discipline, unfortunately, or very little. It's not found in the schools, it's not found in the home, it's not on the streets or in the people as it exists, say, in Japan.

Chinese or other Asian people, who live so close together, must be disciplined. Otherwise, everybody kills everybody. So they give "face" to other people. Face is manners, politeness. When a disaster happens, Orientals will keep their emotions inside. A terrible thing will happen, and you'll see them laugh. It's their only way of saying to the gods, "I'm a human being." By putting on face, you don't embarrass somebody else by moaning and groaning.

But it's absolutely not true that they don't value human life. They love their children as much as we do. They know much more suffering than we do, because the mortality rate is so awful there.

Penthouse: Where is the balance of power in the world today?

Clavell: I think in the Far East. China vis-à-vis Russia vis-à-vis Japan vis-à-vis the U.S. And so on. We are in the age of the Pacific.

We have forgotten that we are a Pacific power; we've forgotten that we are a maritime power. Some twit has allowed our navy to fall to pieces while the Soviets are building up their war fleets and merchant fleets. Our merchant navy is not competitive now. The reason is supposed to be that American people get paid too much, their quarters are too lavish, and so on. Now, I believe that people should be paid as much as they can get—that's our American system. At the same time, we need a solution. If you've got highly trained and highly paid crews, there must be a way to be competitive in the market.

In the transportation of bulk grain and raw materials, the Soviet merchant fleet is now very, very competitive because they can provide the ships that others want and pay their seaman whatever they want. The Soviets are becoming very open about their presence in Asia. They've got an aircraft carrier over there now. And the last administration has allowed our naval power to become vulnerable.

People *will not* realize that we have an opponent—Soviet Russia—and that the Soviets have laid down very clearly, in all their manifestos, in every speech that Brezhnev makes, in their Leninist and Stalinist gospels, that they are an expansionist country going all out for their particular point of view. They are our opponents, and they are in direct competition with us.

Penthouse: Is this a life-or-death competition, or is it more a matter of politics?

Clavell: It is life and death. Look at history. That's a big problem in America. Nobody looks at history; nobody knows anything about the past. There was a study done recently, by one of the major magazines, on foreign policy. They asked students some very simple foreign-policy questions. The results were astounding. The students knew nothing! When my youngest child was 12, she was asked in school where Denmark was. She thought it was a province of Canada! Foreign policy is not taught in our schools.

Penthouse: Do you think American businessmen understand foreign policy?

Clavell: No. Let me give you an example. A friend in Taiwan called me one day and said, "I've heard that the Taiwanese government wants to buy two million cases of American six-pack beers. Do you think you could get any?" I was writing *Noble House*, and I was interested in the mechanics of export and import and the stock exchange, so I said, "I don't know, but I'll find out." I was in California, so I tracked down the telephone number of Coors Beer and said to the Coors operator that I'd like their export department. There was a deadly hush. I said, "You know, *exports*. I want to buy some beer." There was another deadly hush, and a secretary came on the phone, and I said, "Are you the export department?" She asked, "Are you a wholesaler?" I said, "No, listen . . ." and I went into my pitch: "I want to buy two million cases of six-pack Coors, and we will pay American dollars, cash. How long would it take to get it to a port—Los Angeles—so that I can ship it out to Taiwan?" She said, "Oh, our beer doesn't travel." I said, "It travels all the way across the United States, so why shouldn't it travel?" "Oh," she said, "We've got more orders than we can fill anyway." *Click!*

That could not happen in Europe, because 2 million cases of six-pack beers represents a lot of money—to Europeans. But Americans don't think they have to get into export, because, supposedly, we have this marvelous, inexhaustible home market. But in the age of the Pacific, the balance of power is slipping out of our hands and is now centered in Asia, where you have China and Japan and Soviet Russia and Hong Kong and all those huge areas of untapped sources of materials.

Americans must begin to look abroad. We have a balance-of-payments problem. It is ludicrous to blame Japanese car manufacturers for it. It just happens that the Japanese manufacturers, learning from us, are selling goods that people want to buy.

Penthouse: You wouldn't advocate restricting their imports into this country?

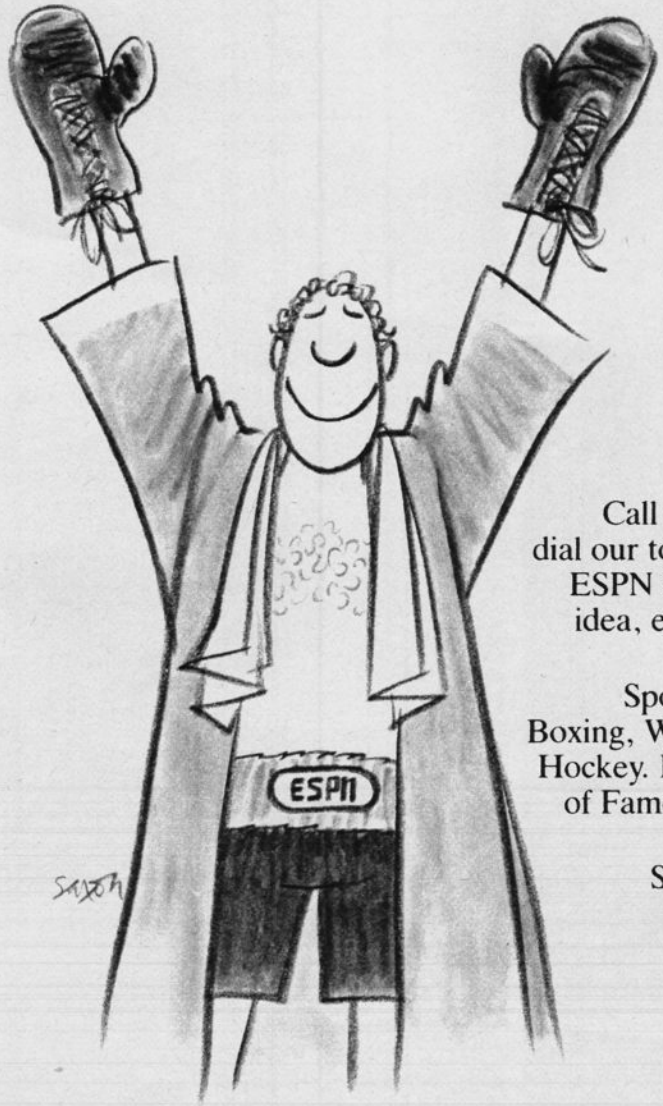
Clavell: Absolutely not. To put a tariff on Japanese cars is undemocratic, and it doesn't get at the source of the problem, which is that buyers prefer the Japanese cars. Nobody forces an American to buy a Japanese car.

Detroit manufacturers should have been able to forecast that American people would want a change, that we are on the edge of a new era. This is why I think President Reagan will be the right man to be president. Perhaps he can help us change into a people that says, once and for all, "Christ, there are *other people* out there. We're going to turn ourselves into an *exporting* country!" If we turned ourselves around so that we looked *inside* our country and still looked *outside* our country, we would swamp the world with our technology, our workers our money,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 187

"We went on a trip to Lourdes, and a miracle happened. My wife disappeared."

Call the Champ



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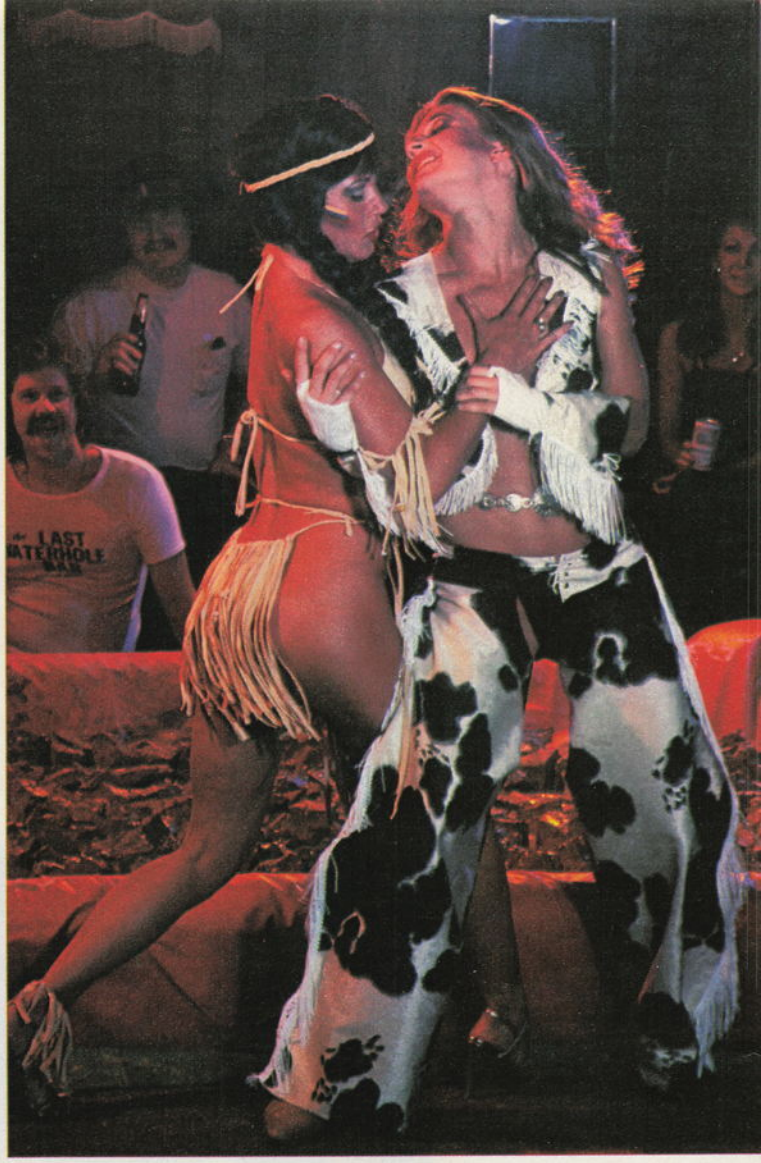
LAST
WATERHOLE
BAR

MUD AND MONEY

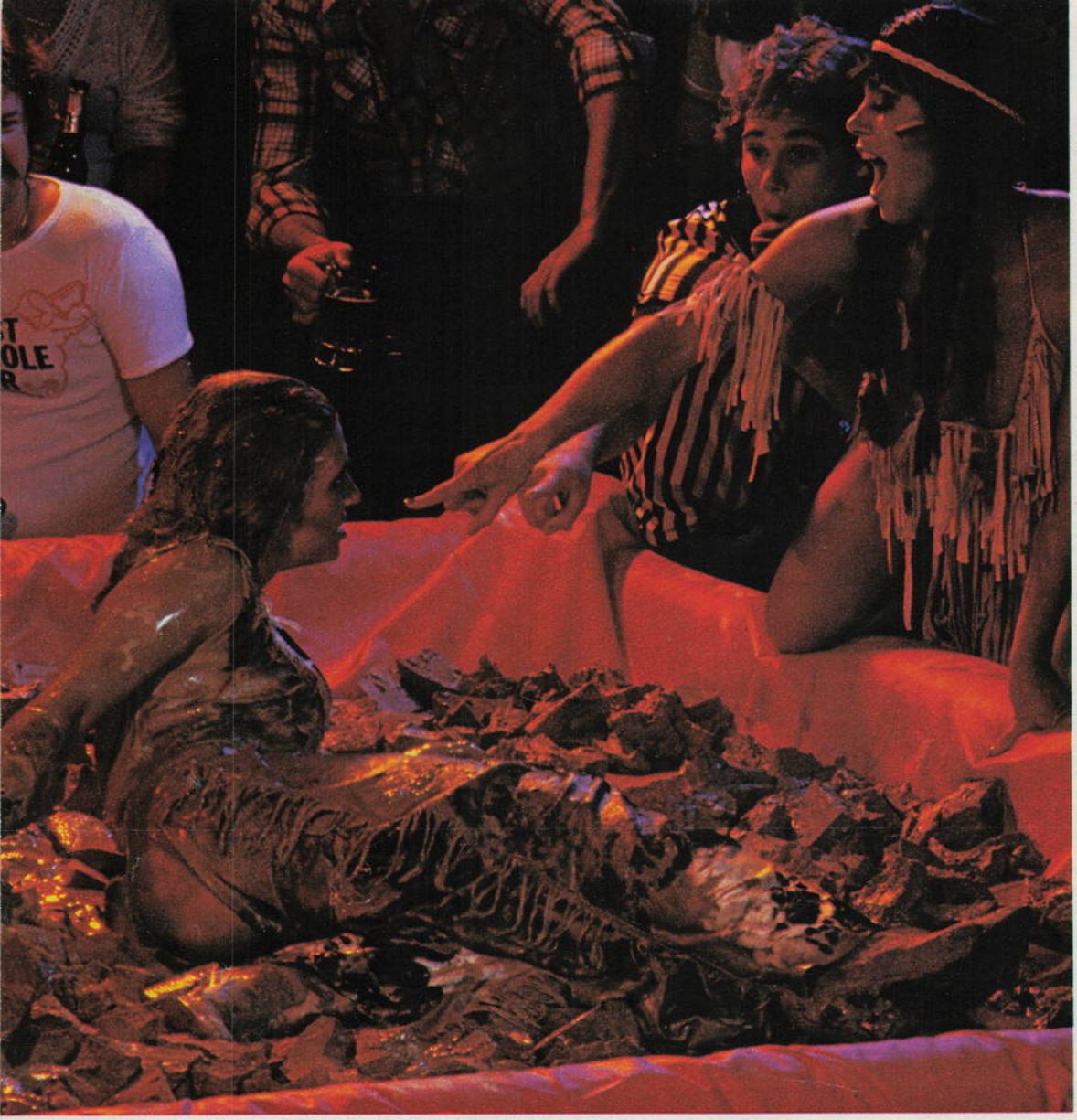
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

It was mud-wrestling night at the neighborhood watering hole; as usual, few women were present. The wild raunchy nitty-gritty grimy grunting grudge battle between two wanton females was no sight for a genuine lady. Sides were chosen, all bets were on—strategically placed on the frisky filly of favor. One trucker laid a cool ten-dollar bill on the sensuous squaw. She wriggled and jiggled with warm bellied pleasure.



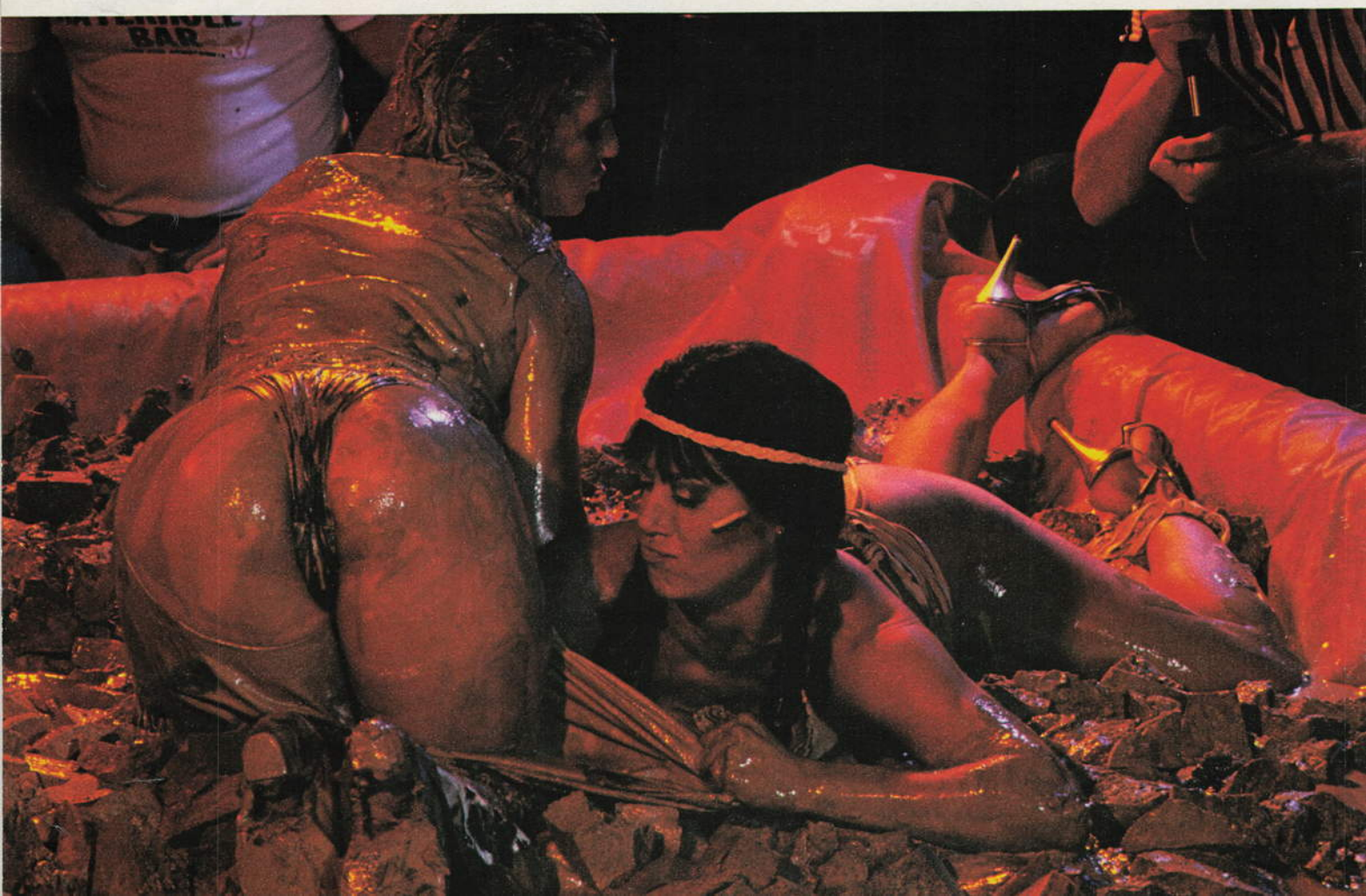
The referee sounded the ceremonial cowbell: the fight was on. Bronco Billie, whose pinto chaps and vest made no attempt to hide her pony tail, tried her best armlock, but the sneaky young squaw pulled a typically dirty Indian trick: by roughly squeezing the cowgirl's swelling breast she caused the girl to lose her balance, fall flat on her back into the man-made mudhole, and spread her long legs invitingly.

Location courtesy of Lone Star Saloon, Malibu, Calif.; costumes by Alison Bond, Hermosa Beach, Calif.



Getting deep down and dirty, the cowgirl retaliated for the untimely tumble by ripping off the squaw's flimsy top and destroying her Indian reservation. Bare-breasted, the mud wrestlers soon found themselves locked in moral combat.

WATERHOLE
BAR

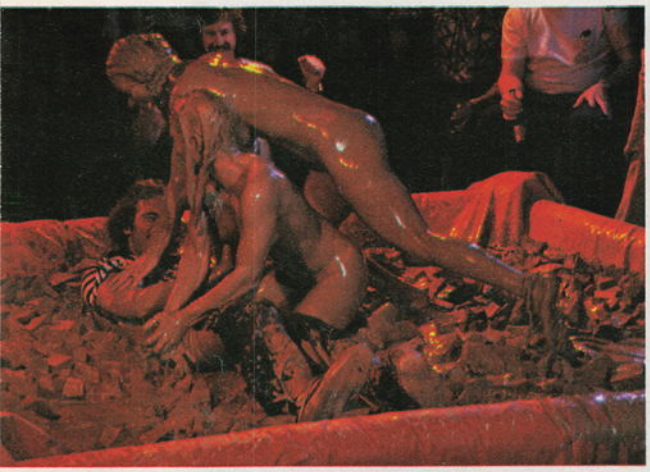

BAR

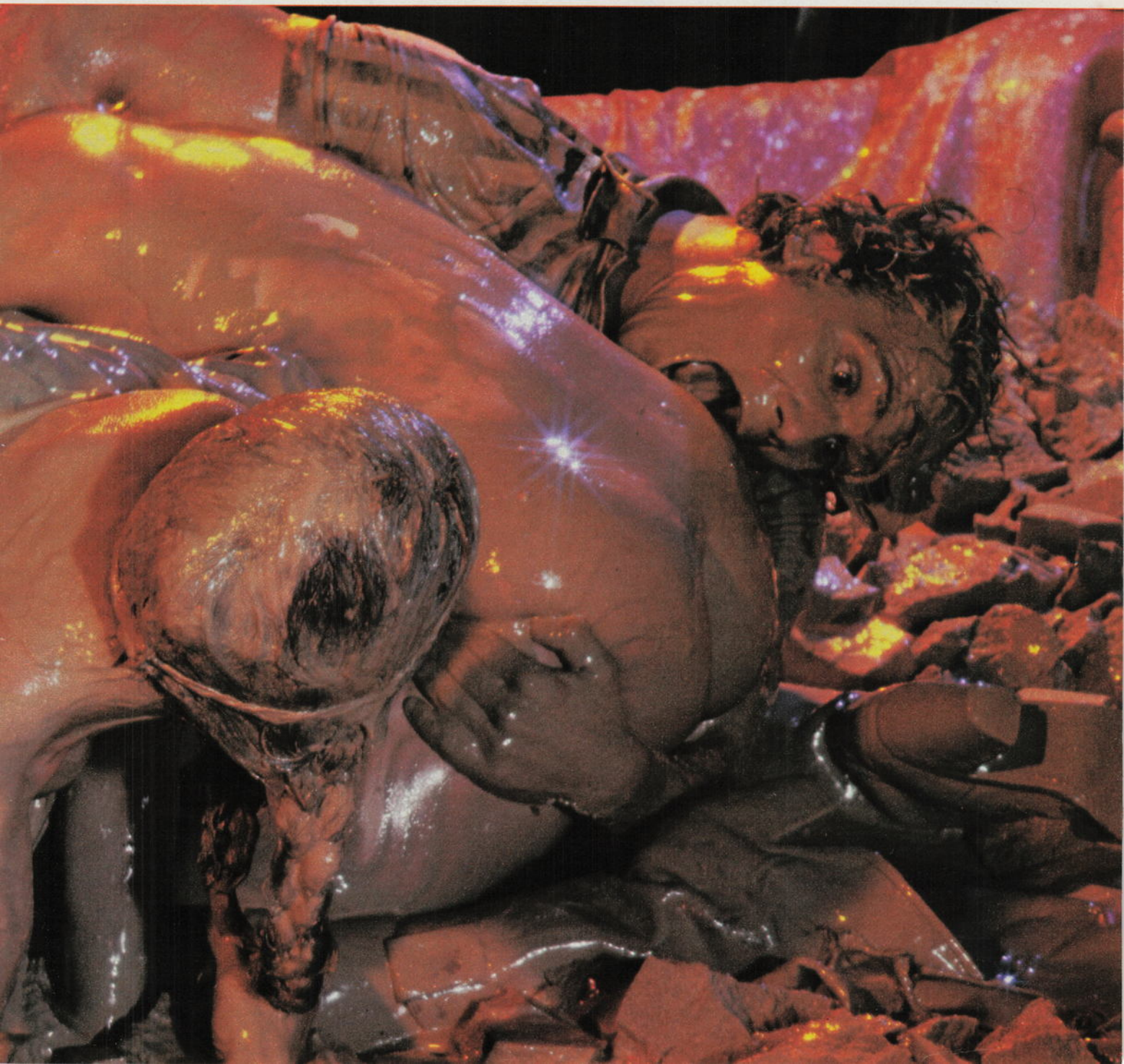
Hard to do much damage, armed only with strong supple thighs and glistening buttocks, but the wranglers did their best, stabbing each other with murderous breast-points, clawing each other with deadly, sludge-impacted nails, struggling to come out on top....Slime and tide wait for no man.

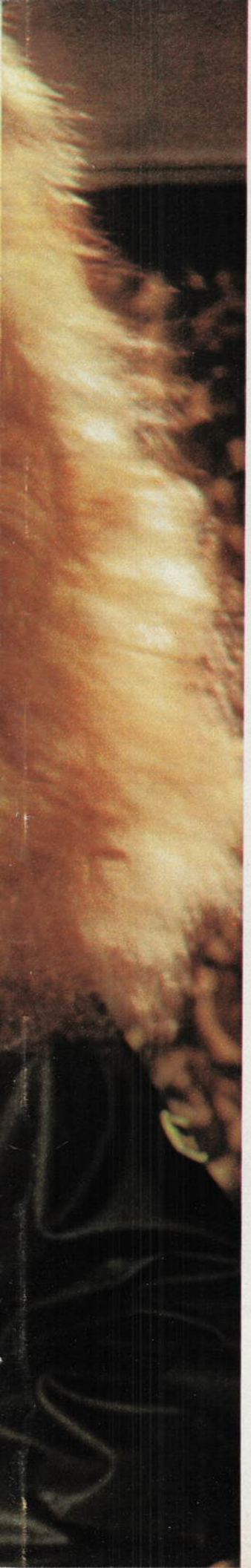
Soaked and slick with mud, gleaming like milk chocolate Easter bunnies, the girls battled on, each seemed a surefire winner; each man seemed mostly concerned that the show go on. Soon the little groans and moans began to lose their ferocity, as if something more than indignation had been aroused...

In a last-ditch effort, the squaw tried to tame the cowgirl by riding her bareback–a straddle-play revealing the muddy but marvelous treasure each possessed. Time to declare a tie and make love instead of war...

But being a matter of fiscal priorities, they had to break the tie. The referee, no longer having a choice, rolled up his sleeves and got down to business: intending to ride them both and let the best woman win.







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Moscow's message was clear:
"Prevent the Americans from achieving contact
with the alien spacecraft.
Use all necessary means available."

VOYAGERS

FICTION BY BEN BOVA

Cavendish was having the nightmare again.

They were standing over him again with their needles and lights. He was very small, and he had been very wicked to resist them. They were giants, and to resist them was not only foolish but wicked. He could see the gold in their teeth when they smiled, and he wanted to run, but his body was frozen, and the needles were sinking into his flesh, and he could feel the burning juices as they all bent closer over him. . .

He sat up in bed, shivering with cold sweat. His head throbbed. The muscles of his neck were so taut he could barely turn his head.

Alone in his single room in the Bachelor Officers' Quarters, Cavendish pulled on his faded old robe, stuck his slippers on his bony feet, and took a towel and a bar of soap from the rack by the room's sink. He flap-flapped down the bare, wooden hallway floor to the washroom.

Prof. Roger Cavendish was just past sixty years old, tall but very spare, thinning white hair, gaunt skull of a face, deep-set eyes shaded by thick, bushy brows.

The tropical weather of Kwajalein seemed to leach all the energy out of his frail body. He feared sleep, but every night he found himself collapsing into his narrow bed earlier. And then came the dreams.

The washroom was empty at this hour of the night. He got into a shower stall and stood under the tap for several minutes. The water was only lukewarm, more frustrating than relaxing.

Back in his room he stared at the rumpled, sweaty bed for long moments, then found himself pulling on an old shirt and a pair of slacks. He felt utterly weary; his eyes wanted to close. But mechanically he donned his only pair of sandals and shambled out of the BOQ like a sleepwalker, into the late-night tropical darkness.

He went directly to the bungalow where the Markovs were housed, as if guided by a radio beam, and walked up the cement steps to the front door. He opened the door without knocking.

Maria Markova sat on the rattan sofa in the front room. She was a short, heavyset woman with blunt fingers and the narrow, suspicious eyes of a peasant set in her doughy face. Beside her rested an open suitcase, its innards filled with electronic knobs and dials. It hummed faintly, and in the shadows of the dimly lit room a single red light glowered like an angry evil eye.

A woman does not rise to the rank of major in the KGB if she cannot control her emotions. Still, Maria felt a thrill of awe, almost fear, when Cavendish stepped into the room and quietly closed the door behind him.

"Dr. Cavendish?" she whispered, as if afraid of waking him.

"Yes." Somewhere deep inside him Cavendish won-

PAINTING BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

dered who this woman was and what she wanted of him.

"Sit down," Maria commanded.

Cavendish took the cushioned chair opposite the sofa and crossed his bony ankles. He folded his hands in his lap and stared blankly ahead.

Maria licked her lips anxiously. It had taken her hours to get the equipment to summon Cavendish. She realized now that she had been afraid to set the power dial high enough.

"You will remember nothing of this meeting tonight," she said and cursed herself for the tremor in her voice.

"Not a thing," Cavendish said calmly.

"The reflexes are still there, even after all these years," she marveled. "I was only a young girl when I first met you, Dr. Cavendish. You don't remember me at all, do you? It was at a place called Berezovo."

His breath quickened. "The . . . hospital. . ."

"Yes, yes. You were a difficult patient then. But you will not be difficult now, will you? You won't force me to . . . to do what they did . . . in the hospital?"

"I won't be difficult."

"You will be very cooperative, won't you?"

"Cooperative."

Maria sighed with relief. "Now then . . . about this American, Stoner."

He remembered. It was as if he were watching a cinema. He saw each scene unreel itself before his eyes, and he reported every word spoken, every detail he saw.

He remembered the night of the storm.

The fierce winter weather of New Hampshire hurt him. The cold sliced through his frail body like a cruel knife, and the pitiless howling wind reminded him of the brutal years they had kept him in Siberia.

It had been just past midnight. The New Hampshire wind was moaning and sighing outside the old house. A look through the dining-room windows showed clouds scudding across the face of the moon. Trees were swaying and clacking their frozen branches out there. The house started to creak like an old wooden ship laboring through heavy seas.

But Stoner paid no attention to the oncoming storm. He was beyond such human fears, in his nearly maniacal concentration on his work. Cavendish watched the younger man jabbing at the computer keyboard with his two forefingers, staring intently at the computer's readout screen. Nothing beyond that screen mattered in the slightest to the intense American.

It made an incongruous scene. Cavendish in his Oxford don's tweed suit and sweater, puffing on his worn, old briar pipe. Stoner, a vigorous young man with the broad-shouldered physique of a football player and the haunted eyes of a fanatic, banging away at the keyboard of a computer terminal that was perched atop an antique mahogany dining-room table.

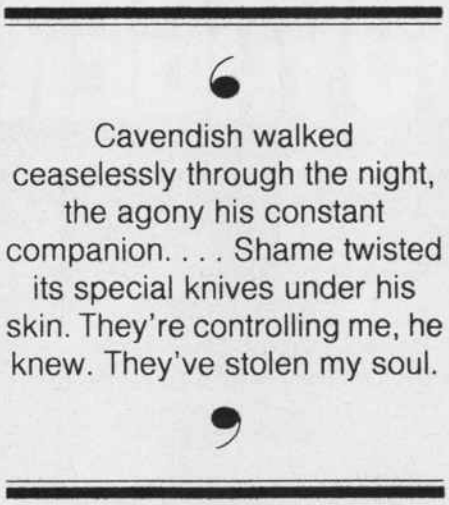
Secrecy. In the name of secrecy the U.S. Navy had installed Stoner in this safe house far up in the New Hampshire woods, and NATO had dragged Cavendish across the Atlantic to join him. As if the Russians didn't know.

"My God," Cavendish said. "To think that the Puritans faced this kind of weather. They must have been totally unprepared for it."

Stoner paid no attention to him. The dining-room table was littered with photographs of the planet Jupiter and piles of computer printouts. Cavendish peered from beneath his bushy brows at the photo next to Stoner's elbow. A pinpoint of light was at its center; Jupiter was a fat, gaudy-striped crescent off to one side.

Tapping the image in the center of the picture, Cavendish asked the American scientist, "You're really quite certain that this thing came from beyond the solar system?"

Stoner looked up at him. "Yes."


Cavendish walked ceaselessly through the night, the agony his constant companion. . . . Shame twisted its special knives under his skin. They're controlling me, he knew. They've stolen my soul.

"Mathematically certain?"

"Check the numbers yourself. It's a tourist, a visitor, from outside this solar system."

"Hmm." Cavendish puffed a cloud of smoke ceilingward.

Stoner got up from his chair, stretched with tendon-popping intensity. His outstretched fingers nearly brushed the ceiling beams of the tight little room.

"It's spiraling out from Jupiter now," he said, "moving away from the planet."

"You're quite sure?"

"That's what the numbers from the computer show. It's taken a close look at Jupiter, and now it's going away."

Cavendish said nothing for a few moments. The pipe smoke hung in the air, fragrant, familiar, comforting. He was almost afraid to ask the next question.

Finally, "Where is it heading?"

Stoner sat down again. His fingers played over the keyboard. "That's what we'd all like to know. The computer's chewing on it now. Seems to be heading out of the solar system entirely. . ."

"Without visiting us."

Stoner nodded. "We're not that important to it, I guess."

"Rather a blow to one's ego, isn't it?" Cavendish murmured.

"What hurts most is that it won't come close enough for us to study it in detail."

"Good. Get rid of it. Godawful nuisance. Something more for the East and West to fight over. Be a blessing if the damned thing would just go away."

"But we'll never find out where it's from, who sent it, what it's all about."

Cavendish shrugged his frail shoulders. "We already know the important part, don't we? We are not alone. It really doesn't matter who made it or where it's from or even why they sent it here. The important fact is that we know now, beyond any shadow of a doubt, that there are other intelligences out there among the stars. We are not unique in the universe."

"That's not enough," Stoner said doggedly. "Not for me."

"I see. So you're going to wait up all night to see if the computer can give you some better news, eh?"

A sheepish, almost boyish smile crossed Stoner's usually grim face. "You're up kind of late yourself, Professor, aren't you?"

Cavendish tensed inwardly. "Yes, quite. You see, sleep is something of a bad show with me. I dream, you know."

"Bad dreams?"

"I was a prisoner of the Imperial Japanese Army for four years—bridge over the River Kwai and all that sort of thing."

Stoner looked impressed. "Must have been rough."

"Oh, that was only the beginning." A heavy gust of wind rattled branches against the roof, and Cavendish glanced up. "The Japanese moved us to Manchuria, you see, just in time to allow the Russians to capture us when they finally stepped into the Pacific war."

"The Russians were on our side then."

"They were on Stalin's side. And Stalin decided that any scientist he could lay his hands on—even a young, starved, sick mathematical physicist—was going to stay in the Soviet Union and work for him, whether he wanted to or not."

"They kept you in Russia?"

"In Siberia, actually. You boys had just set off your bloody atomic bomb, and Stalin was in an absolute sweat to catch up."

"I thought they got their nuclear know-how from spies. . ."

"Nonsense! The only real secret about the atomic bomb was that it worked; you could actually build one, and it would explode satisfactorily. You gave that secret away at Hiroshima. Just as the biggest secret revealed by this alien spacecraft is that it exists—it came from somewhere other than Earth."

"How long did they keep you inside Russia?"

"Years. Until Stalin died and his successors tried to ease tensions a bit. Even then, though, it wasn't easy. They put me through hell and back before they let me go."

For the first time since he had met Ston-

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"Talk about premature ejaculation..."

er, the American seemed genuinely interested in something other than his damned alien spacecraft.

Cavendish went on, "The bloody KGB took it into their heads that I would make a marvelous espionage agent for them once I got back to England. I was treated to all sorts of brain-laundering techniques—and I do mean all sorts. That's why I dread sleeping."

His hands had started to tremble.

"But you didn't break," Stoner said.

"Of course I broke! And I swore to them that I'd be a good Soviet spy for them. It took a lot to convince them, you know. They're very thorough."

Stoner just stared at him, waiting for more.

"Well, once I got home and my head cleared a bit, I went to British Military Intelligence and told them the entire story. They were delighted. MI told me that I could be a double agent, pretending to work for the Reds but actually working for the Crown."

"Christ Almighty."

"Quite. I didn't want to work for any of them, but I've been doing both ever since. The reason I'm here, actually, is that both the KGB and British MI want to keep an eye on you."

"Me?" Stoner looked genuinely shocked.

"Indeed. In this business a man has no friends, you know. Absolutely none. Anyone could turn out to be your enemy. Anyone could turn out to be an assassin."

"Assassin? You mean somebody might try to kill you?"

Cavendish laughed at his naiveté. It was a thin, harsh, humorless sound. "Not me, dear boy. You. I'm merely a cog in the machine. If anyone's going to be assassinated, it will be you."

"You told him that?" Maria demanded.

"Yes," Cavendish admitted emotionlessly.

"What did Stoner say?"

"He laughed. He thought I was being melodramatic. He is a scientist. He doesn't understand these things."

Nodding in the darkness, Maria muttered, "A good thing for you that he doesn't. Stoner is the one who must be stopped. This whole project of the Americans will be crippled without him, and then a Soviet cosmonaut can capture the alien spacecraft. Think of what that will mean! The advanced technology of that spacecraft—ours!"

Cavendish said nothing.

"You were foolish to speak so freely to the American," Maria said harshly.

In the shadows she could not see the expression on his face. But he replied weakly, "It was many weeks ago."

"It's fortunate for you that he did not believe you."

"I want to do well," he said, pleadingly. "I really want to do well. Honestly I do."

Maria felt her stomach wrenching within her. Gruffly, almost angrily, she dismissed Cavendish. He got to his feet slowly and went to the door. In the pale light sifting through the curtained window she saw tears running down his gaunt cheeks.

Behavioral psychology had begun with Pavlov's work on dogs, Maria had been taught. Western psychologists developed this into the principle of positive reinforcement: reward the subject when he does the correct thing; withhold the reward when he fails to do the correct thing. It was a weakling's approach to the problem, requiring enormous amounts of time and patience, for little return.

Maria's superiors had long ago discovered that the reverse principle works better, more surely. Punish the subject for failure, and only when he obeys absolutely do you withhold punishment. It was the same principle that Pavlov had discovered, actually. But by manipulating the punishment instead of the reward, you got better results, more quickly. The long-term effect on the subject was deleterious, of course, but that could not be helped.

Maria fingered the control knobs on her suitcase of electronic gear. The microelectrodes had been implanted in Cavendish's brain many years earlier, but they still worked, and they were so small that they had escaped detection all these years.

Western psychologists would have put the electrodes into the brain's pleasure center, to reward Cavendish for good behavior with a jolt of pure electronic rapture. The surgeons in Moscow knew better. Maria could cause a variety of effects in Cavendish's brain, ranging from sleeplessness to agony.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

"Here is some consumer feedback in the form of a lawsuit!"

OMNI

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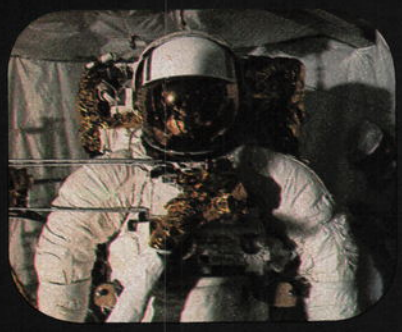
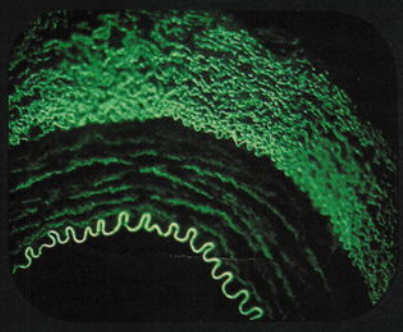
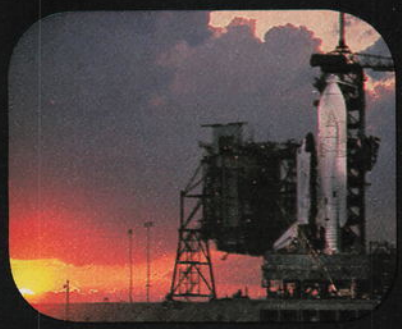
IN
YOUR
LIVING ROOM

STARTING IN SEPTEMBER, OMNI COMES TO TELEVISION







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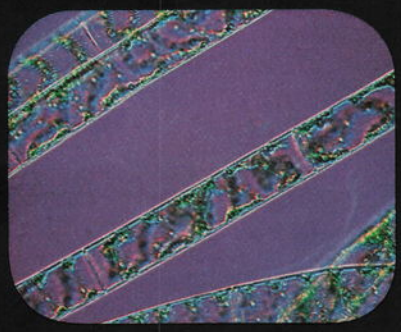

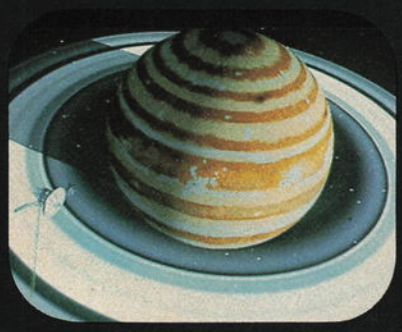

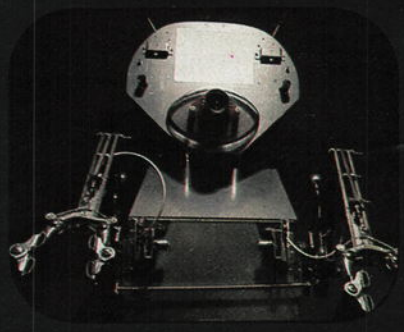

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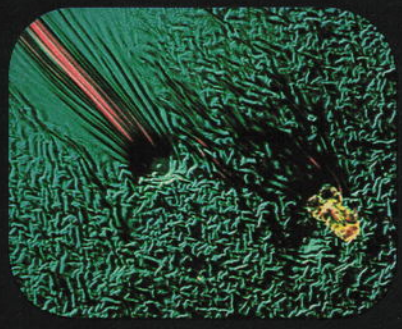

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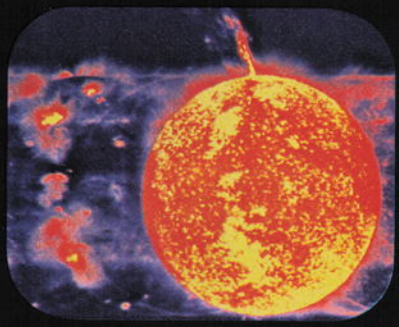
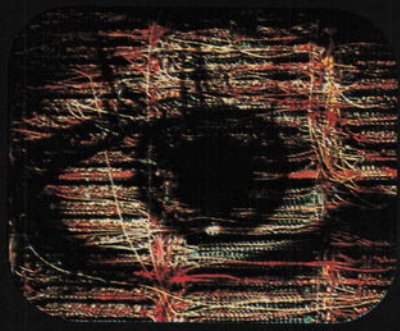

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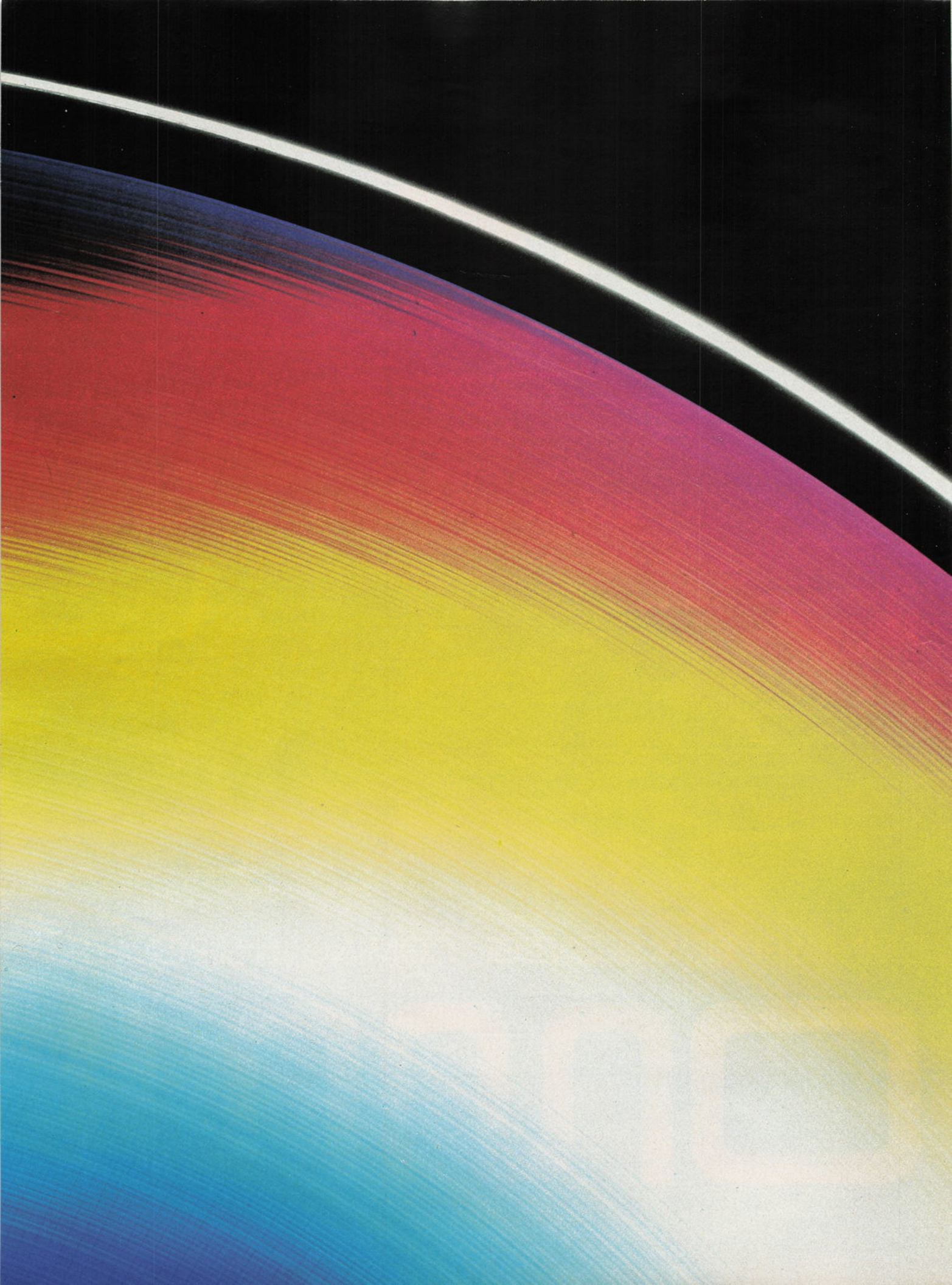

VIDEO REVOLUTION

Videodisc players and videocassette recorders are now available in six different systems. It's just a matter of choosing the one that is right for you.

BY IVAN BERGER
PHOTOGRAPH BY PETE TURNER

The consumer market for new home-entertainment systems is not so confusing as it may appear at first glance to a novice videophile. It's just a question of becoming familiar with the competing models that are now or will soon be available.

Home video systems are currently divided between videocassette recorders and videodisc players. Each serves a different purpose, and it's probably a good idea to look over their advantages or disadvantages in terms of your own viewing habits before you take the first step. With videotape, you can save television broadcasts to play at more convenient times. Most videotape recorders now have timers that can be set to record anywhere from one to eight programs at a preset hour. With a camera, you can make your own movies as well.

The videodisc player, however, does not record but only uses movies and programs that you borrow, rent, or buy. One advantage of a videodisc player is its cost, about one-half to three-quarters the price of a video recorder. Movies on disc are one-half to one-third the cost of the same film on tape. Videodiscs also give a better picture and have far better sound. This is especially important if you own one of the new, large-screen-projection television sets. The disc shape is also more convenient. To get from one end of a recording to the other, a disc system need only scan across the few inches between its inner and its outer grooves, while a tape system has to move along the tape's entire length—a longer process.

There are three totally different videodisc systems on the market. Players built for one type of disc can't play discs made for the others. Since the three competing systems may not all survive, those who buy the losing systems will be out in the cold when the dust settles and a winner is declared.

The first of the three disc systems on the market was the LaserVision player, originally made only by Magnavox but now available as well from U.S. Pioneer (the VP1000, shown here) and in industrial versions from Sony and MCA DiscoVision. It's also the one least like the conventional phonograph. Its silvery 12-inch discs are read by lasers, so there's no physical contact to wear them out. The recording is under the disc's transparent plastic surface.

The player's a lot different, too. The laser reads the bottom of the disc from the inside out. There are also different types of discs. One turns at a constant speed. Another type slows

down as its larger-diameter outer grooves are scanned to make more efficient use of the space on the disc. These CLV (Constant Linear Velocity) discs can play for an hour per side—twice as long as the constant-speed CAV (Constant Angular Velocity) type. CAV discs, though, allow such tricks as perfect still frame, slow motion, fast motion, and direct access to any individual frame.

The CED (Capacitance Electronic Disc) system, introduced by RCA in its Selectavision this spring, is more like conventional phonographs. Its stylus senses variations in electrical capacitance as it rides over microscopic pits in the bottom of the disc's groove.

For protection against dust and scratches, the disc is protected by a rigid plastic sleeve that stays on until the disc is safely in the player, and then it is pulled out, empty. This system has no true still frame, slow motion, or fast motion.

CED lacks LaserVision's special effects. Its sound and picture quality are also a bit lower. The first few players on the market don't have the LaserVision player's stereo sound capability. (LaserVision's stereo channels are so well separated that they can even be used for separate languages.)

What the CED system does have going for it is lower cost (by about $200 per player and $10 per disc) and greater clout. RCA's share of the video marketplace is huge, but the CED mode has also been adopted by Zenith, Elmo, Hitachi, Toshiba, Sears, Sanyo, Ward's, and Radio Shack.

The third system, VHD (Video High Density), should debut about the time you read this. For openers Panasonic, GE, JVC, Quasar, Sharp, and Mitsubishi will be manufacturing them. Technically, the VHD has a lot to offer. Like RCA's system, it requires a similar protective jacket system. VHD supporters say its cost will also be roughly comparable to CED's. Like LaserVision, it has no physical groove walls; instead, its track is defined by tiny rows of recorded guide pulses, so it can offer about the same feast of extra features as

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From Sanyo, the portable VP4800 videocassette recorder featuring the Betascan high-speed search system ($1,045). The Sanyo VTT-481 tuner-timer with seven-day programmability ($350). U.S. Pioneer's VP1000 LaserVision videodisc player ($749); its remote-control unit is $50. Toshiba's V-8000 is a portable videocassette recorder with SuperScan ($1,245). Sony's Betapak SL-2000 is a portable videocassette recorder with a Videola feature for easy editing (price not set yet). The accompanying Sony video camera is the HVC-2200 ($1,300). Sharp's larger videocassette recorder, the VC-2250, has a built-in tuner-timer ($999.95). JVC offers the HR-2200U videocassette recorder portable with 12-mode remote control ($1,100). The JVC VHS cassettes are $26 each. (All prices suggested retail.)

Photographs by Robert Kligge

LaserVision.

The phonograph had three-quarters of a century before home tape arrived as competition, but in video, home tape came first. Today videocassette recorders (VCRs) are about the hottest-selling item in home electronics. The VCR can do almost everything the disc can (though not so cheaply or so well) and can record.

There are two main videocassette formats, VHS and Beta, and the technical differences between them are minor. The chief differences are tape speed, cartridge size, and the path through which the tape is threaded inside the machine. Since VHS tapes are in slightly larger cassettes and run at slightly lower speeds, their maximum playing time is a bit longer (six hours, as opposed to Beta's five). Beta's simpler tape path makes such operations as shifting between play and fast-forward quicker and more convenient.

A VCR gives you the luxury of rearranging the network's schedules to match your own. It also means that, with a video camera, you can make your own programs.

But video is killing the home-movie business (one reason why the video field is attracting such photo companies as Canon, Technicolor, and Elmo). The equipment may cost more (a color video recorder and camera will cost about $1,500 to $2,000, while a sound home-movie camera and projector can cost as little as $500 or so), but tape itself costs far less than film does (about five to six dollars per hour for tape versus three dollars or so per minute for sound film).

You can view the tapes instantly and with greater privacy, if that's a factor. To play your tapes, you don't have to darken the room or set up a screen and projector; just pop the tape into the VCR and turn the television set on.

Video gear is bulkier. Some video cameras, such as JVC's GX-33U and GX-66U, are as small and light as Super-8 movie cameras (though the best ones, like Sony's versatile HVC-2200, are noticeably bigger). However, video cameras require separate recorders, while movie cameras are their own recorders.

Videocassette recorders are getting smaller and lighter, though. Portable VCRs, which long played second fiddle to home table models, are finally getting manufacturers' concerted attention. The lightest by far is the Technicolor VCR 212 ($995), which weighs just seven pounds, including battery. Thanks to a special, compact tape cassette, it's also by far the smallest. Canon sells essentially the same recorder (Model VR-100A) with a camera of its own, and Technicolor has just introduced a 20-pound portable Video Showcase model with the tuner and a 7.7-inch color television screen built in.

Sony and Sanyo are neck and neck for the title of lightest, most compact standard-format VCR. Sanyo's Beta-format VPR4800 recorder ($1,045) weighs just 8¾ pounds (plus batteries). Remote controls for it are built into the 4.4-pound VSC450 camera ($1,195). Without taking your hands off the camera or your eyes from its TV-screen viewfinder, you can record a scene, search back through the tape for its beginning, and review it instantly to see if it needs to be reshot. The accessory VTT481 tuner-timer ($350) can be set a week ahead to tape a program.

Sony's Betapak SL-2000 is even lighter. Like the Sanyo, the Sony has Betascan high-speed visual search, which lets you monitor what's on the tape as you zip through the Sony. A matching TT-2000 tuner-timer lets you record four programs in a two-week unattended period and operate and tune the system by wireless remote control.

Sharp's new VC-2250 runs counter to the portable trend: it's bigger and heavier than the others, because it has a built-in tuner-timer. Its price runs against the trend, too: just $999.95. Sharp's new QC-30 color camera is equally economical at $599.95.

AKAI's VHS-format Activision VPS-7350 portable is still the only home VCR with stereo sound capability. Stereo-sound TV is still a few years off in the United States (Japan already has it), but the AKAI's capabilities can be used to tape television broadcasts with FM-simulcast sound or to record your own programs.

Both Quasar and Panasonic have new portables with optional remote controls that attach to their cameras. Quasar's VP5410TE and Panasonic's PV-4500 also have fast picture search.

JVC's HR-2200U portable has more than its share of features, too. On its 12-mode remote control are buttons and controls for variable slow motion, freeze-frame, frame advance, and more. Among the options available for it are a ten-day tuner-timer and a wide choice of cameras.

Toshiba's V-8500 table-model VCR has a similar remote control plus the option of a wireless remote with the same functions. The big news is a four-head design that truly eliminates noise bars across the screen in slow motion and still-frame modes. Its other features include picture search at 10 and 30 times normal speed. Toshiba's timer can record up to eight separate programs over a two-week stretch. (Too new to be photographed at this writing, it's a dead ringer for the V-8000 shown here.)

Mitsubishi's latest VCR is the HS-310U, a VHS recorder with a 14-function remote control and an 8-event, 14-function timer.

Hitachi's latest introductions have been not VCRs (of which they already have an up-to-date line) but cameras. Its newest is the VKC600, with a six-power zoom lens with macro-focusing for extreme close-ups, and an electronic TV-screen viewfinder.

Hitachi, Matsushita (Panasonic and Quasar's parent company), and Sony have all shown prototypes of single-unit camera-recorder combinations based on such solid-state imagers. The true video equivalents of the movie camera, these will be only slightly larger than today's cameras, with tape and recording circuits built in, but don't expect to buy one for a few years yet.

Lately, companies who've made their names exclusively in hi-fi are entering the video market. AKAI was the first, but now such companies as Sansui, Kenwood, and Fisher are getting involved.

Sansui's new SV-R5000 records two- and six-hour tapes and plays back four-hour tapes as well, with fast visual-search mode in both recording speeds. There's also a wired remote control and a two-week, eight-program timer. Kenwood's KV-901 is quite similar. Fisher's video line promises to be more extensive. By the time you read this, Fisher dealers may be offering a videodisc player (no decision yet on which format), two VHS-format VCRs, a large-screen, rear-projection TV, and one or two 25-inch TV sets.

The biggest names in videotape are those familiar in audio: Sony, Fuji, Maxell, Memorex, TDK, 3M, B.A.S.F., to name some of the most popular ones. R.K.O. and P.D. Magnetics are also producing blank videotape. Fotomat, with 3,800 outlets nationwide, also sells major-brand blank videocassettes as well as videotape movies, which can be ordered over the telephone.

Audiophiles are used to the kind of active participation in home entertainment that's only beginning to reach the video viewer. Today's new videophiles are filling their screens with entertainment that they really want to watch, not merely tuning in to the least intolerable of the offerings momentarily on the air. Television may finally become a medium to stretch the minds of those who want such stretching—and not just, in Frank Lloyd Wright's words, "chewing gum for the eyes." OH

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Please inquire no later than February 1982.

BETRAYED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

coming back or if somebody would catch on to me and I'd be taken for a ride. She also understood the kind of people I was dealing with, but all she told me was that if I felt it was something that had to be done, then she would stand behind me, no matter what.

Of course, there's a law of averages in this tricky game I was playing, a law that says sooner or later I would make a mistake and wind up dead. That was one reason why my spying operation had to end. But there was a more important reason: both the police and myself, it turned out, had badly underestimated the kind of bad stuff these mafiosi were into. There was so much that we could hardly keep up with it all, and the realization began to dawn on all of us that these people would have to be taken off the streets. I became painfully aware of that fact the day some of the family were talking about ripping off a big policy bank. During the discussion it was made clear that ten people would be killed. "We don't want no witnesses," Tony said, and it was obvious that they were prepared to blow a lot of people away.

The police, using the information I had provided, were able to quietly forestall a lot of things, but they realized that things were getting out of hand with these hoodlums. That's when the subject of my testifying was first broached. Now, from the beginning, the assumption was that I would not be testifying. Neither Amato nor another detective with whom I was working closely, Joe Thompson, tried to convince me to testify—I had pretty well decided it was the only way to stop those people—but they did insist that I should consider the Federal Witness Protection Program. (Little did they know what was in store for me!) Their reason was obvious: from the first moment I testified, the Mafia would put a price on my head. It was important that I get a whole new identity and a new location to escape what was certain mob vengeance.

That would involve a big step for my wife and kids; so I sat down with her and explained what would have to be done. I told her that I was committing her to a life of fear and danger and that we would never be able to relax our guard one second. She was already in rough shape from what I was doing: many nights I would come home, and she would be shaking like a leaf. I would sit there with her for hours, trying to calm her down while she cried her eyes out to me. And no wonder: when I'd leave the house, often I'd tell her that I would be out maybe four or five hours at the very most. But nine or ten hours later, I'd get back home while she had sweated out all those hours.

My wife is not a Mafia wife. All the mafiosi I knew had the typical wives those men seemed always to marry—a Mafia wife stays home, makes babies, cooks and cleans, and doesn't ask questions. Her husband goes out, never says where, and pops up again many hours or days later. She never asks where he was, and none of these guys ever picks up a phone and tells his wife, "Sweetheart, I won't be home for a while; I'm tied up in a meeting." It just isn't done.

I suppose I could never make up for all the nightmares I've put my wife through these last few years. I think if I caught my wife in bed with another man tomorrow morning, I'd have to forgive her, because of all she's been through because of me. My own mother has said to me many times, "If I was your wife, I'd kill you! And as your mother, I'd like to kill you for some of the things you put your family through."

Ultimately, my wife and I had a long talk with a deputy inspector with the Federal Witness Protection Program. It was very impressive, and all our questions were answered. My daughter would get special medical help in the area of the country to which we would be relocated, and we'd get new birth certificates, new marriage certificates, a complete change of identity, false employment records, new Social Security records, new army records, job assistance, assistance in finding housing, and subsistence until we got completely resettled. The meeting went on for hours, with every possible question answered. When it was all over, my wife and I decided to join the program.

During the discussion it was made clear that ten people would be killed. "We don't want no witnesses," Tony said.

After that things happened pretty fast. The police swooped down and grabbed as many mafiosi as they could. The phone calls started coming to my house: "Tony, you got to get away. A big bust went down, something's wrong, go hide someplace."

I was out of that house fast, with the wife and kids. The police took us to a motel almost 100 miles away. The four of us were in one little cabin, under 24-hour guard. This went on for days, and it became so much a part of our lives that one of my daughters, seven years old at the time, said to one detective as he came in for a shift change, "Did you check your gun? It's at the door. If you need some more bullets, they're right over there on top of the refrigerator, in the bowl."

Still, it was no joke. My wife and I were not allowed out of that little cabin. One day, in the middle of winter, we got a terrible scare: my other daughter, then three, suddenly disappeared while playing outside. The detectives went crazy and finally found her under a pile of snow; she had walked into the pile and didn't know how to get out.

The scariest times were the days I was scheduled to testify before grand juries. I'll never forget that look on my wife's face each morning when she'd see all those detectives, armed to the teeth, and one of them would hand me a bulletproof vest. She knew, as I did, that nobody puts a bulletproof vest on you unless they expect somebody to take a shot at you. There was no attempt, although there was a bad scare one night. It had been the standard routine: with my head down, I ran among a phalanx of detectives with shotguns from the court building to the cars. As we got into the cars, somebody noticed a guy walking up and down near the building. That got everybody nervous, but then he suddenly disappeared. The next thing anybody knew, this guy suddenly stuck his head into the window of the car. One of the cops almost broke my neck pushing me onto the floor while the other cops surrounded this guy. He turned out to be just some guy who wanted to know the time, but I'm sure he'll never forget that night.

I testified before various grand juries for 30 days. (Later I was told that they got 33 indictments as a result of my testimony, and almost a dozen mafiosi have gone to jail so far. The cases are still ongoing; so I can't discuss them in any detail.) At any rate, when that period was up, a guy from the U.S. Marshal's Department showed up and told me I was now ready to go into the Witness Protection Program. That was fine, but he then handed me a 21-page memorandum and said I had to read through it quickly and sign it. But what I read was completely different from the discussions I had with the deputy inspector several weeks before. Basically, the memorandum said that 60 days after I arrived at my "relocation area," subsistence would be terminated and I'd have to go to work. But I had already been told I faced at least another *two years* of testimony in court on all these Mafia cases; how could I hold a job and testify at the same time?

"Look," said one of the marshals, "if you don't sign it right now, you can't come with us. We'll just take off and leave." I felt I had no choice; so I signed it, and we took off.

We wound up in Connecticut, and right off the bat, things didn't look good. "You get thirty-six dollars a day for meals," said one of the marshalls to us. "You have to stay in your room; just tell us anything you need, and we'll bring it to you."

Well, for starters, how about food? How can you feed a family of four with three restaurant meals for $36 a day? For an-

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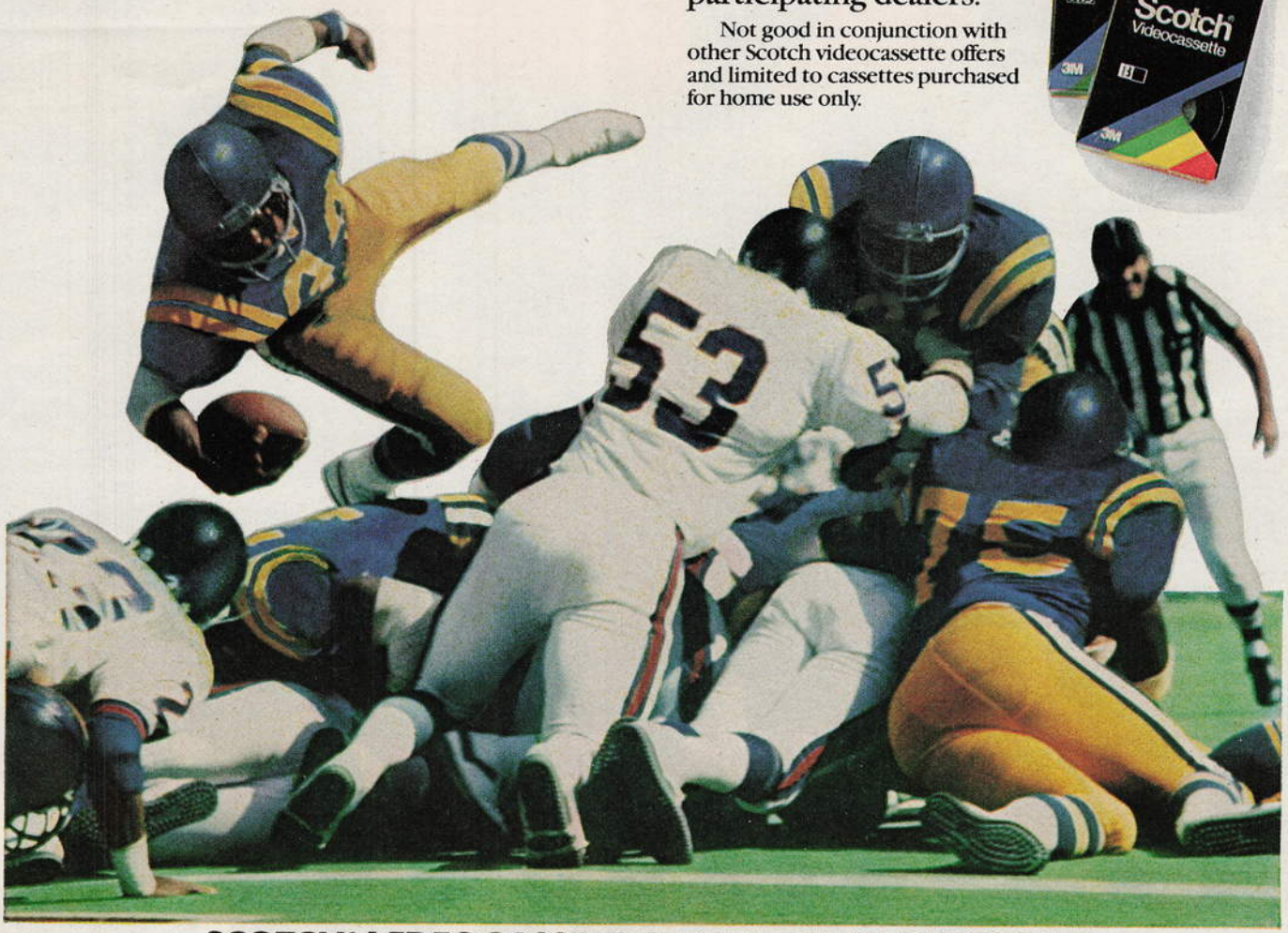

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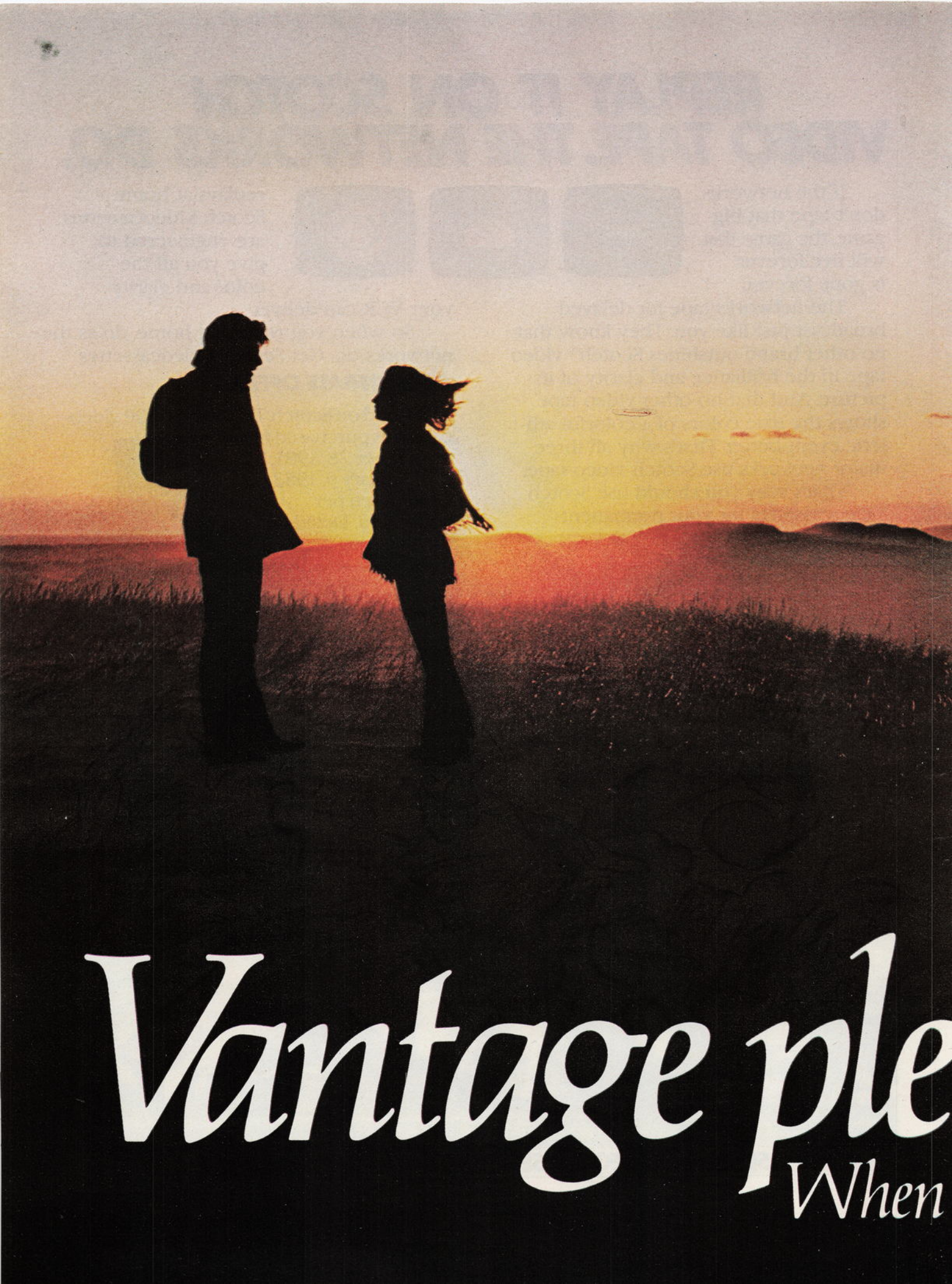
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other there was no idea how long we were supposed to stay in this motel; we were just left there. When I started to get angry and said I wanted an attorney to look at the memorandum I had signed, one of the marshals said to me, "Don't start that shit! We told you you can't tell anybody about this stuff. You can't have a copy of the memorandum; you can look at it any time you want by special request from your marshal."

At this point I had an awful sick feeling in my stomach that maybe this thing was not the right thing to do, but I tried to be cheerful in front of my wife. "Geez, isn't this great?" I told her. "What a beautiful room! And they're giving us money for food. Boy, everything is really good."

We spent 37 days at that motel, never leaving the room except to eat. On the thirty-eighth day, the marshals gave us papers in our new names, including a driver's license and auto registration, told us we would be getting about $1,000 a month in subsistence, and then said goodbye as we drove to our new relocation area. Once there, we reported in to a U.S. marshal I'll call Jim. The first bad news he had for us was that we were supposed to find a house right away. But I had never been in this area before in my life and had no idea of what to look for. Secondly, our furniture had been put into storage, which meant we not only didn't have a house but had no furniture.

That wasn't the worst of it. The program had made no provision, we discovered, for the ordinary hazards of people changing their identities. For example, when I tried to rent a house, the landlord naturally wanted to know where I had lived before and the names of references. It was the same problem with the phone company: they wanted to know our previous number; so I felt like an idiot telling them, in so many words, "Yeah, well, I'm over thirty years old, married with two children, but I've never had a phone in my life." Worse, how about trying to find a job? Any employer wants to know where you're from, where did you work last, what the names of your former supervisors are. What was I supposed to tell him, that I had never worked in my life? I'm sure the first thing any of those people figured was that I was an ex-convict trying to hide a prison past.

Then there was the problem of the kids. They were both young, and it took a lot of talking to convince them that they were now living under other names. We convinced them that in this country, when you move to another state, you have to change your name. Over and above that, we had to drill the names into them, their phony birthplace, and, most important, the new telephone number in case anything happened. We also had to warn them about never talking to strangers.

For quite some time after my relocation, I was still testifying, although some of the experiences I've had while being "guarded" by federal marshals left me a little shaken. Once they brought me to a hotel in New York City. The marshal dropped me there and then said, "I'll see you later, man. I'm going up to the corner and get me a fucking beer; want to come?"

That really shook me, but then I discovered that they had a whole bunch of federal witnesses put up at that fleabag, all of them just walking around without any protection. There were about 20 of them, all guarded by just one marshal who I think didn't even have a gun. Another time they were driving me to court in an old, beat-up car, which broke down. The two federal marshals just sat there. They told me that they didn't have a radio and asked if I had any suggestions. Any suggestions! Yeah, I had one: I told them I was going to call the cops. The cops had a hemorrhage when they heard I was stuck in the middle of some highway with a broken-down car; they literally kidnapped me from the feds.

With my testimony over, it was time to get a job. That's when I really started to hit problems, because the paperwork the government made out for its protected witnesses just didn't work. The big problem was that the new identities took no account of the fact that there was no background created. So, in one of the first jobs I was able to get, managing a restaurant, I immediately hit a snag when I tried to get a liquor license. Naturally, the state discovered pretty quickly that my name was phony, and that was the end of the license—and the job.

> The worst effect is on my kids . . . I don't know any way to explain why somebody would want to kill their father.

Meanwhile, Jim, the marshal, was calling me up all the time, asking questions about where I had gone, whom I had seen, and a whole series of other things. I resented being treated like a criminal and resented it even more when he cut off complaints I made by saying, "I don't want to hear this anymore." I wound up writing a letter of complaint to him, which he fed into the shredding machine. "Duly filed and noted," he said. Then he had the gall to call me up one day and ask if I would testify on the government's behalf before a congressional committee that was investigating reports of big trouble with the witness-protection program. Angry, I told him that I'd testify but only to tell how screwed up the program really was. Later he told me that they had received a subpoena from the committee to testify, but they weren't able to find me until after the hearing was held.

All this was aggravating enough, but the real problem has been holding a job, since sooner or later that lack of a past comes back to haunt you. Not too long ago I had a good job, with several people working for me. But then there was a theft, and I reported it to the local police department. Sure enough, the minute they found out that the guy reporting the theft wasn't who he said he was, I got in trouble. I've lost other jobs because my boss has found out I'm a Mafia witness and doesn't want the danger of a possible hit on me around his office. Still other bosses have bounced me after finding out I'm in the witness-protection program, because they figure that I must have been some sort of major criminal to be in the program.

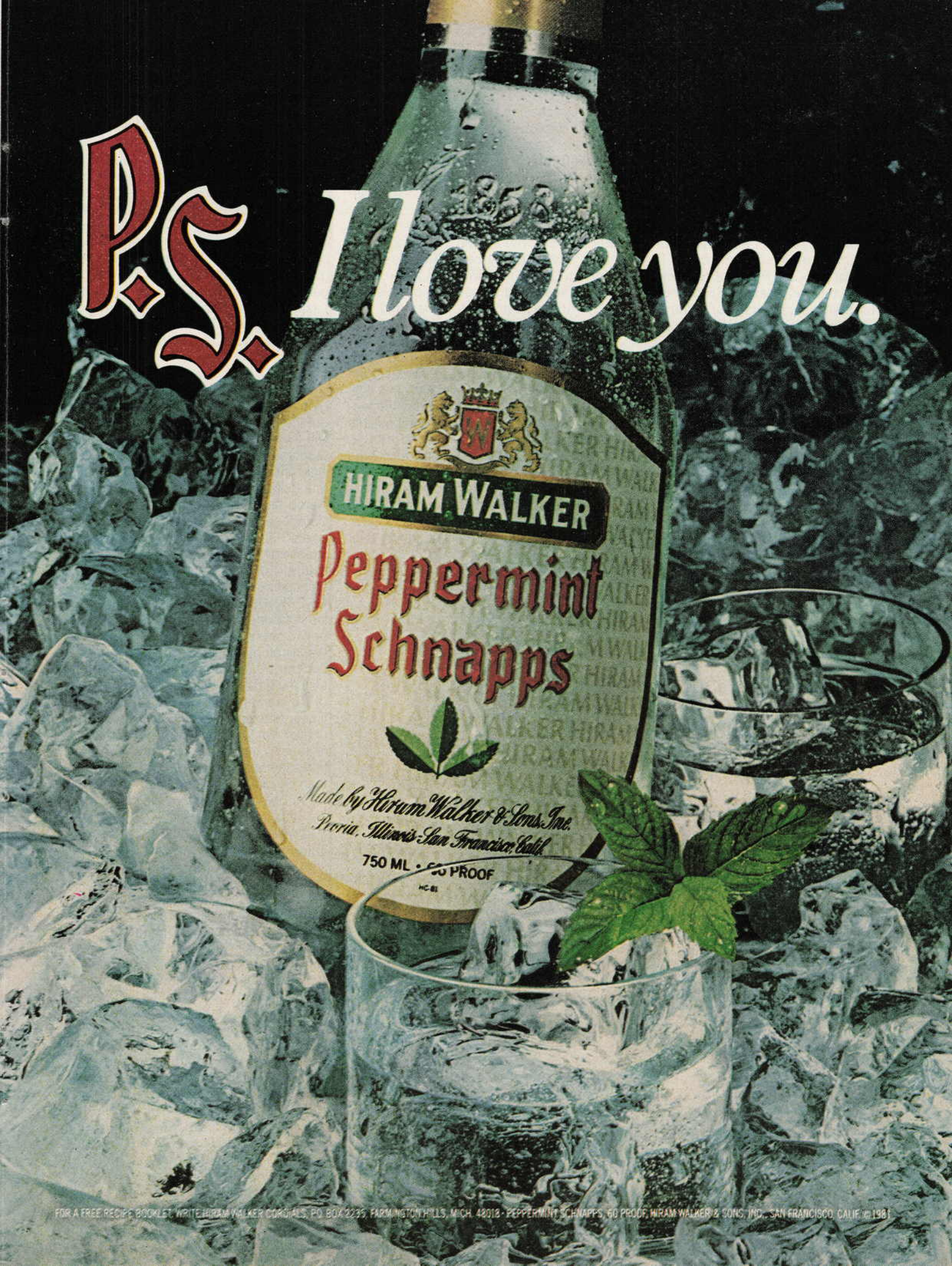
I've moved I don't know how many times, trying to start someplace fresh where that blank background won't hurt me. But no matter where I go, I hit that problem. I do take precautions: quick U-turns while I'm driving, always looking behind me, constant variation in times and routes. I can't sleep more than three or four hours a night; I'll wake up in a cold sweat. If I hear a noise or a backfire or maybe even the rustle of leaves against the house, I'm up and out the door, looking around. My father was threatened by hoods trying to find out where I was, and he's had two bad heart attacks.

The worst effect of all this is not on me but on my wife and kids. I'm tense all the time and often scream at them for no real reason. One of my daughters will just stand there in tears, saying, "Daddy, I love you." They don't know the real truth yet, because I don't know any way to explain to them why somebody would want to kill their father.

And that's where it is today. I take jobs in the sales field, mostly, because that's the one business that cares more for performance than background. I spend a lot of time fantasizing about the future. I'd like to lead a normal life, get a good night's sleep, go to the park with my kids, enjoy my wife's company, take her out to dinner. That's what normal people do. I'd also like to go to sleep at night and not worry about who's at the door. I'd like to stop wondering every time the phone rings whether that wrong number was really a wrong number. It's a fantasy that will never come true because the threat of death will never go away.

If I knew then what I know now, would I have done it? The answer has to be weighed on the scales of justice. On the one hand, I've accomplished something in this life: I'm primarily responsible for putting away some of the worst criminal scum ever to infest this country, in the process saving some lives. On the other hand, look what has happened to my wife and kids.

And every time I look at them, I know the price has been too high.



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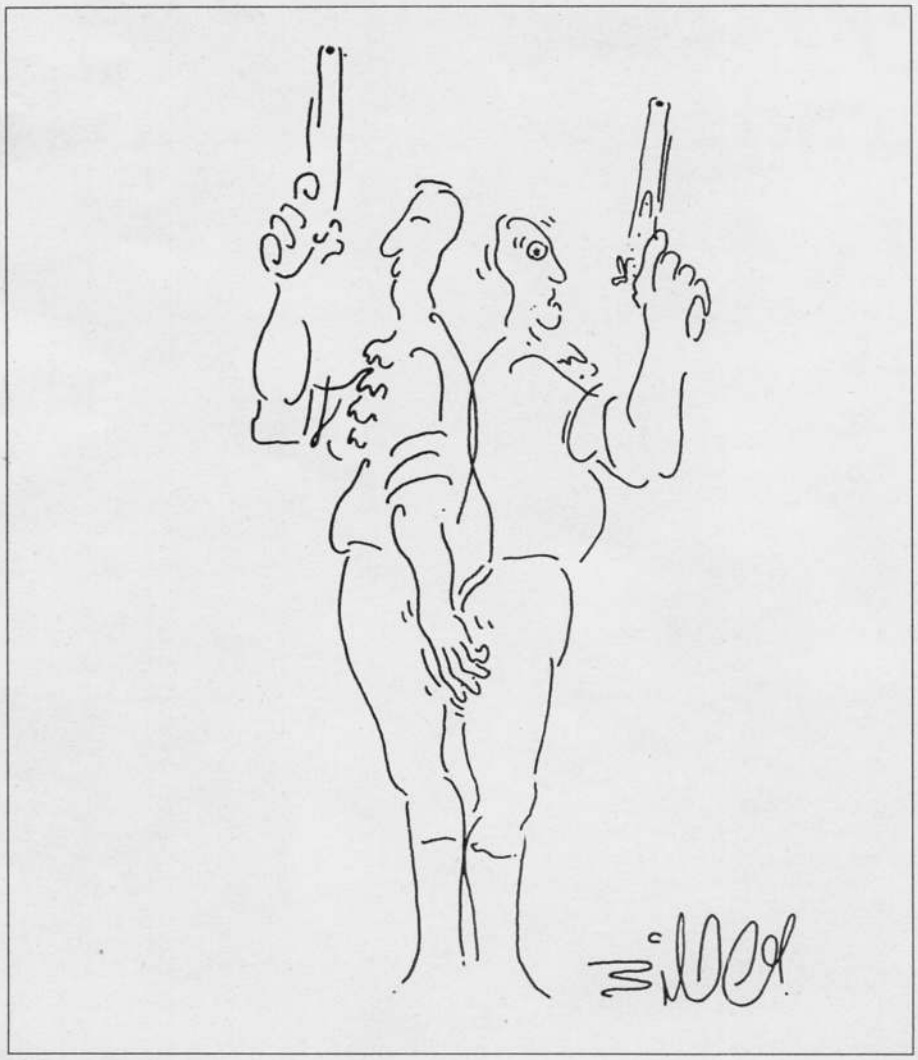
FOOTBALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

(8) RHODE ISLAND
Poor little You-Know-Who. In the last two years, the University of Rhode Island's football team has finished 1-9-1 and 2-9, and its record won't get any better this time around. Graduations eviscerated the Rams' defense, and coach Bob Griffin faces the unenviable task of replacing All-East nose guard Charlie Babbitt and four other starters. An even worse situation obtains on offense. Quarterback Terry Lynch, tailback Jon Rodgers, fullback Joe Brooks, and two pass-catching ends return this season, but the rest of the unit's starters are now alumni. With nary a seasoned blocker in sight, the Rams' big guns won't go off with any frequency. That's really regrettable, for this fall the Rams will butt heads with an upgraded group of opponents, including Delaware, Florida A.&M., and Boise State, three very unheralded pigskin powerhouses. Rhode Island's official state motto is "Hope," and as they head into the 1981 campaign, that's about all the Rams have going for themselves.

(9) WAKE FOREST
Now that all-American quarterback Jay Venuto has graduated, Wake Forest, 5-6 in 1980, is ready to resume its accustomed role as doormat of the Atlantic Coast Conference. In addition to Venuto, the Demon Deacons also lost inspirational head coach John Mackovic to the NFL. Al Groh, his successor, inherits a team loaded with fleet receivers. Flankers Kenny Duckett and Wayne Baumgardner and tight ends Bill Ruffner and Mike Mullen are all estimable pass catchers; the big question is whether or not quarterbacks Gary Schonfield and David Webber can zip the ball to them with Venuto's accuracy. The odds say that they can't. The Deacons' running game, meanwhile, is again likely to average under three yards per rushing play. At five feet seven inches and 200 pounds, running back Wayne McMillan is a pint-sized cannonball who last year rushed for 694 yards, but he'll be hard-pressed to equal that figure this fall. With four members of the offensive line lost through graduation (or a reasonable facsimile thereof), Groh will find it impossible to upgrade his team's ground attack. Wake Forest's defensive line also was ravaged by graduation, and Groh must replace three members of last year's intractable front four. Given less production on offense and less efficiency on defense, this year's Deacons will fall flat on their faces.



(10) CORNELL
The only thing solid about Cornell this year is Bob Blackman, the finest football tactician ever to make a career of coaching in the Ivy League. The Big Red finished 5-5 last year only because it managed to score 95 points in its final four games, but with the exception of swingback Alva Taylor, every member of the 1980 offense has graduated. Putting together an even mediocre attack will take more magic than Blackman possesses. Almost the same situation will prevail on defense, where seven starters (including the entire linebacker corps and both tackles) have graduated. Blackman has won more games than any other Ivy League mentor has, but if he avoids last place in the conference this year, it will be due to the marvelous ineptitude of Columbia or Penn.

(11) MONTANA
It just doesn't seem fair. For too long now Montana has made a speciality of stinking out the Big Sky Conference, and it looks like the Grizzlies are about to do it again. Montana got a short burst of life last year when incoming coach Larry Donovan took one look at the talent around him and declared his club "The Team of the '80s." Unfortunately, The Team of the '80s finished 3-7, which is about how Montana's Teams of the '70s wound up. Montana scored 178 points last season, but 102 of them came in two nonconference routs, a 60-27 win over Simon Frazier (which is either a Canadian college or a Canadian bacon) and a 42-7 wipeout of Eastern Washington, the kind of gridiron power that doesn't answer its phone. In Big Sky play the Grizzlies were 1-6, scored a total of 76 points, and were shut out three times. Montana's offense will continue to sputter, while its defense will be positively futile: only three starters return from a unit that allowed Conference opponents more than 29 points a game. To put it mildly, we're bearish on the Grizzlies.

(12) WILLIAM AND MARY
William and Mary is the nation's oldest college and has played football longer than any other school, but this year's Indians seem certain to continue their more recent tradition of being abject losers. Jimmye Laycock, who replaced Jim Root as head coach last fall, wound up his first season with a 2-9 record, and he's about to experience another abysmal autumn. Blame it on the Indians' newly created Doug Henning Defense; whenever enemy blockers appear, William and Mary's six-man line seems to disappear. It's an illusion, of course, but you couldn't be sure after watching Indian opponents rush for an average of 236 yards a game in 1980. Only five starters return to a defensive unit that will be flat-out pathetic. William and Mary's offense will also go downhill this fall. Accomplished senior quarterback Chris Garrity returns for a final season of first-rate flinging, but his leading receiver has graduated, as have the team's three

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top running backs. The Indians scored just a fraction over ten points a game in 1980, and nothing suggests that they'll do better this season. Given the Indians' inability to score, block, or tackle, you can expect Williamsburg to be the site of a real horror show this fall.

(13) SOUTHERN ILLINOIS
The Salukis, 3-8 in 1980, will be fortunate to do as well this year, but they'll be a vastly entertaining team to keep your eye on. Quarterback Arthur ("Slingshot") Williams is poised to fill the air with passes on nearly every down, and a number of his tosses will be thrown in the direction of tight end Walter ("Too Tall") Jones. Coach Rey Dempsey has devised this offense as one way of coping with the fact that only four starters are back from 1980's offensive platoon. He'd also like to see his defense on the field as infrequently as possible, for last year's Salukis got chewed up but good by their foes in the Missouri Valley Conference. The situation's definitely worse this season, for Rey has to install an entirely new defensive line. If quarterback Williams doesn't get mowed down by pass rushers, he's definitely got a shot at accomplishing everything his coach wants him to. Go get 'em, Slingshot. You too, Too Tall.

(14) V.M.I.
Once upon a time, Virginia Military Institute played decent football, but that was almost as far back as 1938, when Ronald Reagan and Eddie Arnold were on location at the school to star in *Brother Rat*. In recent years V.M.I. has precipitously deescalated its football program, probably because potential all-Americans don't like to dress up and play soldier, especially at a private college. Military education is still something of a southern tradition; lousy football is not, but you'd never know that after watching the Keydets, as they're called. V.M.I.'s three victories in 1980 came against fumble-fisted William and Mary (one of this year's Worst 20), Marshall, and Richmond, the latter two members of last season's score of soft touches. In return engagements against that trio, V.M.I. stacks up as a winner over William and Mary, but improved Marshall and Richmond will hang tough. V.M.I. has an authentic power runner in all–Southern Conference back Floyd Allen, but the unforeseen departure this spring of starting quarterback Dan Fritz presages an impotent passing attack. On defense the good news is that virtually the entire starting unit returns intact; the bad news is that last year V.M.I.'s defense was the worst in the Southern Conference. With only 1,250 students, V.M.I. is the nation's smallest school now playing NCAA Division I football. A few more losing seasons may persuade the Keydets' top brass to rethink its position on the matter.

(15) AIR FORCE ACADEMY
Last year the Falcons dropped down in class by joining the Western Athletic Conference—or so they thought. As it turned out, WAC teams whacked the Falcons around all season long, and Air Force finished 1980 with a 2-9-1 slate. This season will be just as dismal for the fly-boys—and perhaps worse. The Falcons schedule has been upgraded (they're about to get their first look at Brigham Young's air show), but the same can't be said of the Falcons themselves. It's possible that Air Force will cut down on the 290 points which it surrendered last fall, but its own lack of firepower will be much more pronounced. The Falcons scored under two touchdowns a game in 1980, and this year they'll have to make do without able quarterback Scott Shaefer directing their wishbone offense. Coach Ken Hatfield doesn't plan to drop the wishbone, but without a gifted and experienced vet at the controls, the Falcons will score less, fumble more, and get shot down often.

Two predictions:
Colorado won't win more than two games this season, and Chuck Fairbanks won't be back next year.

(16) RICE
Last fall Rice shocked the football world by almost having a winning season. Since it's been aeons since the last time the Owls almost had a winning season, winning five and losing six was considered the harbinger of a great decade to come. How sad my duty, then, to report that last season was a fluke, not a trend. With just seven of 22 starters returning, head coach Ray Alborn will have to start all over again, which means that the Owls will once more resemble contestants on "The Gong Show." Quarterbacks Randy Hertel and Robert Hoffman were both better-than-50-percent passers in 1980, but they've since graduated. It's too much to expect junior-college transfer Mike Calhoun to step in and perform with the same proficiency. Rice's two leading ballcarriers, Calvin France and Frank Wilson, have also departed; so anticipate the Owls' passing and running stats to suffer accordingly. The defensive picture is even gloomier, for Rice has lost eight starters from last year's stalwart unit. The Owls are heavy favorites to get brutalized in their opening games against Texas, Missouri, and L.S.U., all of which will be played on the road. One hopes that they won't be too demoralized after that trio of wipeouts, but don't bet on it. And don't even *think* about the Owls' almost having a winning season again.

(17) GEORGIA TECH
Once a perennial gridiron power, Georgia Tech wound up with only one victory in 1980, and this year's model of the Ramblin' Wreck will also self-destruct. In his second season as head coach, Bill Curry will again lead the undermanned Engineers into battle against some of college football's most awesome outfits, and the results aren't likely to cause joy along Peachtree Street. The simple truth is that the Yellowjackets (this team has more nicknames than Patty Hearst had aliases) just can't compete with such probable top 20 finishers as Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, and Notre Dame. Curry must wait until 1983 before Tech fully joins the Atlantic Coast Conference, which plays a scaled-down style of football that will be a damned sight easier on his boys than the brutal schedule they face this year will be. His team isn't without talent, however. Quarterbacks Mike Kelley and Jim Bob Taylor (a former starter at S.M.U.) are proven passers, but both of last season's wide receivers have graduated; so the Tech air attack won't be quite so flashy as it was in 1980.

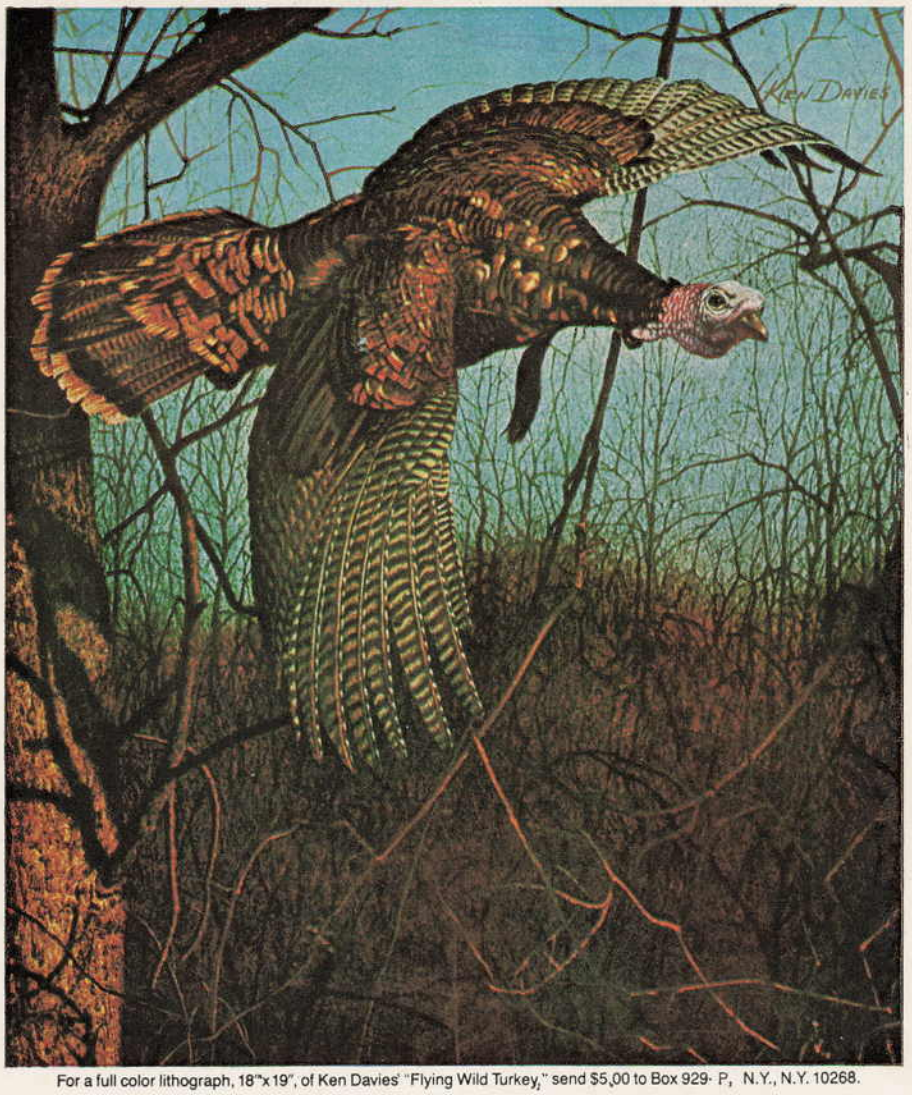
Barring the emergence of freshman speedball Robert Lavotte, the Yellowjackets will begin the season with a negligible running attack and will probably end it the same way. The Engineers will field a seasoned defensive front wall, but the loss of two safeties will make their airtight defense of last fall vulnerable to passes all season long. The season looks grim for Georgia Tech.

(18) CINCINNATI
Of late, Cincinnati has been striving mightily to transform itself into a nationally prominent football power, but darn it if its teams don't keep performing like flounders. The Bearcats finished the last two seasons with identical 2-9 records, which proved reason enough for Ralph Staub to be axed in favor of new head coach Mike Gottfried. He assumes control of a veteran squad that's lost only four starters since last autumn, which ordinarily would portend a successful season. Not in this case, however, for as the Bearcats' record indicates, they just aren't very good football players. Last year the team's quarterback threw only three touchdown passes (against 16 interceptions), but Gottfried may have solved that problem by bringing in all-American J C quarterback James Owens. Gottfried, in fact, has brought in a whole slew of junior-college jocks, and Cincinnati this fall should be vastly superior to such adversaries as Youngstown State and Ohio University. In its rush to glory, however, Cincinnati this year has scheduled games against Penn State, Pittsburgh, and Tulane. Since the Bear-

cats still can't beat the likes of Louisville, Richmond, and Temple, their reach will again far exceed their grasp.

(19) TULANE
Surprise, surprise: after racking up a 9-2 record in 1979 and a 7-4 mark last fall (with both seasons climaxed by losing bowl appearances), the Green Wave this year looks ready to curl under and descend into the bottomless depths of the Worst 20. Second-year head coach Vince Gibson faces a massive rebuilding job. On offense not only has quarterback Nickie Hall departed, but also so has last season's entire crew of linemen. And with only four regulars returning, color Tulane's defense as green as its jerseys. Among the missing: all-American nose guard Wilfrid Dimon and linebackers Frank Robinson and Marty Wetzel, Tulane's top two tacklers of 1980. Despite all that, Tulane might just end up with a winning record this fall, for the Green Wave will play a schedule loaded down with more turkeys than Gibson's boys will eat for Thanksgiving dinner. Tulane's opponents this fall include such underwhelming Worst 20 teams as Air Force, Cincinnati, Georgia Tech, Memphis State, Rice, and Vanderbilt. It's going to be a schizoid season for the Green Wave, for they'll look good in most games and absolutely awful in others.

(20) CALIFORNIA
The year's most intriguing experiment in major college football will take place at Berkeley when California unveils its brand-new run-and-shoot offense. More shoot than run, California will throw up to 60 times a game. If that sounds extreme, it is, but so is the recent collapse of Golden Bear football. Despite the presence of all-American quarterback Rich Campbell, Cal's record last year was 3-8, and head coach Roger Theder has been put on notice that either he produce a winner this season or out he goes. Because necessity is a real mother, Theder has brought in Portland State head coach Darrel Davis to act as his offensive coordinator. Davis invented the run-and-shoot, and over the last four years it enabled Portland State's Neil Lomax to break every NCAA passing record. Campbell has since graduated to the NFL, and although his replacements (J. Torchio and Gale Gilbert) aren't slouches, they're not all-Americans either. Agile receivers Matt Bouza and Holden Smith have also been given their diplomas; so the run-and-shoot may not catch fire immediately. Cal's most pressing need is for a sturdier defense. Last year's Golden Bears gave up more than 30 points a game, and the departure of All-PAC–Ten safety Ron Coccimiglio and two starting lineman will prove to be a major setback. Can the run-and-shoot turn California into an instant winner? Let's hope so, or else Coach Theder will be looking for another job under his Christmas tree.



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MALPRACTICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

Me, Cool Rod Battner. I thought I had a real shot at an Oscar for *Straddling Tall,* and now it's going to end up guitar picks. I coulda been a contender, I coulda had class."

"Any idea why you suddenly couldn't get it up with the Peregrine broad?" Wisda asked.

"Damn'f I know. These virility pills Ashforth gave me didn't do nothin', though. I'm goddamn all eked out."

"Pills? What pills?"

Actually, he had stopped taking Buffy's pills two days earlier. He had noticed a change. Morning hard-ons, even after his wake-up piss. That night he surprised Busy Signal with a bouquet of organic vegetables and fell upon her with the lust of a Minotaur in a convent. He felt like a new man, and Busy thrummed like a possessed switchboard.

"I knew none of those lies were true, Cool Rod," she said, snaking her stout tongue against his wobbly snaggletooth. "Stock, sweetie, you're crying!"

Joyfully, vengefully, Battner brandished an organic Georgia radish, his hand trembling. "As God is my witness, I'll always be horny again!"

While P. Macon Belloch was milking pretrial publicity, appearing before Midol Majority groups and jogging happily through MacArthur Park for *People* magazine, Battner took a quickie guest-star part in *Bronx Grammar Cleaver Horror* as a heroic homeroom guard. Halfway into the shooting, its alcoholic star Burt Betts curtly refused to join him for a drink.

"I'll tell you why not, Battner," Betts said tautly. "My old lady's got a real rag on and is suing me for—and it's because of your goddamn example."

"Suing you for what?"

Betts's eyes welled with tears. His voice broke. "Phallic brevity."

Within a week four other sexual malpractice suits swept the state, one for "lack of spousely encouragement during intercourse," another for "erogenous bungling, probable cause for frustrative masturbation and chronic cystitis." In Santa Barbara there was a class-action suit by two women against a bigamist for his "triple standard." And a Fresno bride was suing her groom for "callous TV rubbernecking, hunt-and-peck foreplay, and gross premarital phallic misrepresentation—double-digit inflation."

"And so, Your Honor," P. Macon Belloch summed up before the courtroom, "my client Miss Peregrine simply seeks just recompense for the traumas brought upon her vocal cords by the, alas, sexually inefficacious man at whom I now point! The alleged penetrator, Melvin Wingleman, better known as Stock Battner!"

The trial had been page-one news for weeks. As strident female spectators cheered Belloch's final nasalities, Battner almost felt like joining them. He was glad it was over—Candy's detailed testimony, Belloch's blather, the "Dud Stud!" taunts of his betrayed fans. His only supporters seemed to be a sodality of crockery-battered husbands from Idaho, the China Watchers. His career in ruins, he had signed to do another ignominious horror feature, *Tampon Strangler II,* set at a Tokyo high school.

As Belloch sat down smugly next to Candy, who wore a bulky plaster cast around her throat, Battner saw in the gallery the icy smile of Lydia Ogilvie, who had richly enjoyed the proceedings. Suddenly there was a commotion at the back of the room, where Ned Glick had stepped out for a moment. Now Glick rushed to the judge's bench, followed by Turk Wisda, who grinned and made a thumbs-up gesture to Battner.

"Your Honor, baby," Glick cried out, "may we ask the court's indulgence to hear a surprise witness? A witness with information relevant to a shameless and prickly *conspiracy against my client?*"

Moments later Battner was amazed to see a sheepish Buffy Ashforth sworn in. The natty old Englishman wiped his eyes and nodded as Glick questioned him. "And what was actually in these so-called macro-ginseng pills you laid on Stock Battner, Mr. Ashforth?"

"Pure saltpeter—cut with cold-shower crystals."

"*Saltpeter!*" Glick shouted above the deafening courtroom gasps. "Otherwise known as Polish fly. And who provided you with these deadly erection-killers because of her known bitter feelings toward Mr. Battner? Who sent Miss Peregrine *The Hite Report* and the card of P. Macon Belloch? And who got your cooperation, not only for two thou, but because of your secret attraction to Stock Battner and your hopes that his pitiful impotence would make him prey to your Italian cooking—and put him on queer street?"

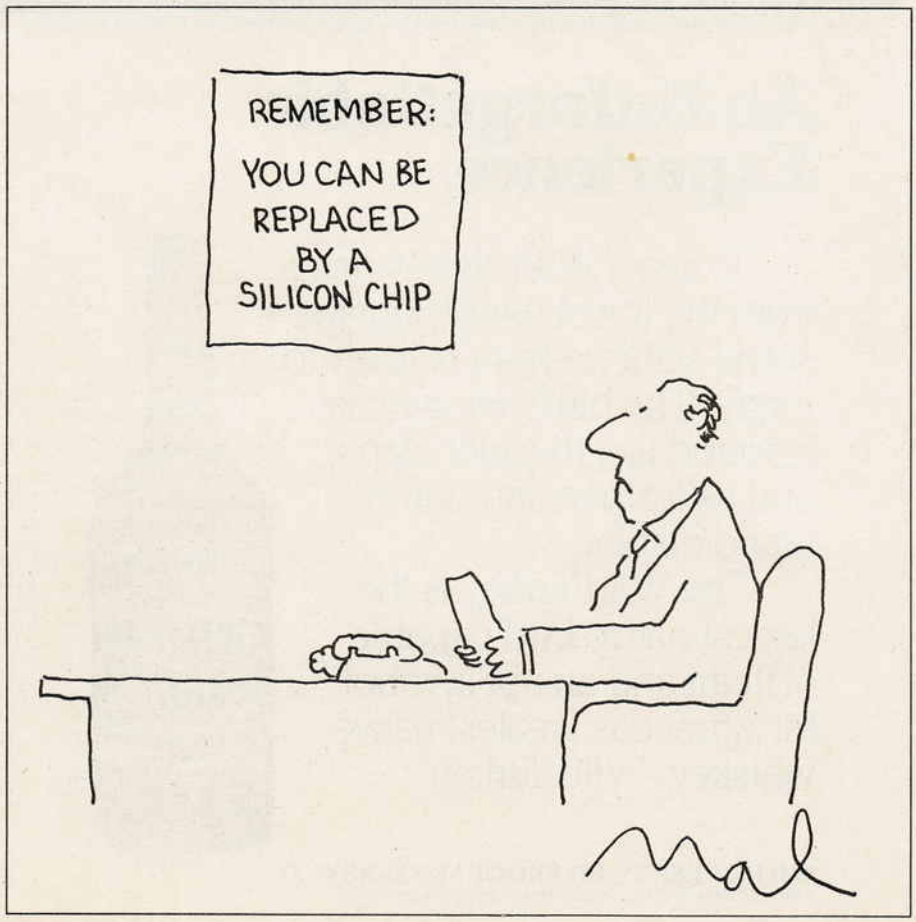
"Objection!" Belloch shouted unheard. Pandemonium reigned as Buffy Ashforth rose and pointed to Lydia Ogilvie, who also rose and promptly fainted. As the judge thumped his gavel against the din of cheers, Battner was voraciously tongue-kissed by Busy Signal and pounded on the back by Turk. Carrying flowers, Buffy stood in line to apologize.

"If only I had known!" Candy Peregrine cried out, her eyes filled with tears. "Stock, take me back! I'm yours!"

As Candy Peregrine's huge throat-cast shattered at one vigorous punch from Busy Signal's tiny fist, Battner heard Glick's excited, exultant shouts in his ear. "The case'll be thrown out, Stock baby. We've won! The studio'll cream in their pants. Think of your box office now! See this little document? It's my new angle. It'll take care of any problems you or any Petro stars have with Proposition Ninety-one."

"What is it?" Battner shouted in agony. Busy Signal's strong and hungry tongue had just fractured his snaggletooth.

"SNOFU, I call it—Sexual No-Fault Underwriting."



The year is 1994. Birth control is a felony. Abortion is murder. Big Mother is watching you.

EMBRYO PATROL

FICTION BY CATHERINE HILLER

It was a glaring, hot day in August, and the temperature was 32°C. Walker Smith, eyes asquint against the building's bright shimmer, pulled out his plastic identicard and passed it over the electronic eye. With mechanical ferocity, the doors of his apartment building swung open.

The lobby smelled of artificial roses. At one end of it, a colored poster, too large for indoor display, had been taped to the wall. It depicted an enormous face: the face of a woman of about forty, with a quiet smile, strong teeth, and handsome features. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG MOTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

Walker Smith crooked his middle finger at the poster—but not before putting his hand in his pocket. Since the development of the microphoto cell, you never knew where they had cameras; since the election of '92, you never knew when they'd be watching. The elevator was awaiting him, preprogrammed to go to his floor. Thou shalt not covet, or visit, thy upstairs neighbor's wife. There was a redhead on the eighteenth floor, but he knew he would never even get to know her name.

Walker Smith was thirty-four years old. In earlier times he might well have kept a mistress or engaged in a series of affairs, for he was a passionate, sensual man. But it was 1994, Big Mother was watching, and extramarital sex was strictly illegal. So Walker's wife, Tina, was his only sexual outlet. He still liked to make love once a day—but she, alas, only enjoyed it a few times a month. Then, however, she was magnificent; he got excited just thinking about how she could be; maybe tonight he could get her like that again. But all hopes for a hot ending to the hot summer's day fled when he looked at her face. The door slid closed behind him. "What is it?" he asked. "What happened?"

Tina gestured with her hand, and he saw two strangers sitting in the living room, a man and a woman.

"Who are they?" he mouthed.

"I went to the center on my way home from work today," she whispered.

He nodded, heart sinking. Big Mother Centers had sprung up throughout the United States in response to the Canning-Dunn Law of '89, which ruled that every female of childbearing age must take a monthly pregnancy test. Every pregnant woman was now under government surveillance—because every preborn human being was under government protection. The phrase *preborn human being* was Newspeak for embryo or fetus—a stunning use of rhetoric, for some sixty percent of embryos miscarry naturally. To call *all* embryos "preborn human beings" was like calling all little girls "pre-mothers."

"Mr. Smith. . . " A gray-haired woman with a voice of steel was addressing Walker now. Ashen, he walked in to greet her, holding out his hand, which she ignored. "My name is Captain Gatling of the Embryo Patrol." The familiar logo was stitched upon her starched white blouse. "It is my job to inform you that your wife is glorious." She gave Tina a look of false piety and love. "Glorious" was Newspeak for pregnant, much the way "gay," only a decade ago, had meant homosexual. Tina did not look glorious: she looked white and strained.

"Congratulations, darling," he told his wife, but his mouth was dry.

"I understand this was not a planned pregnancy," said Captain Gatling.

"Not exactly," said Walker Smith. "We already have two children, you know—they're away at camp now—and Tina's health . . . "

"I know all *about* her health," snapped Captain Gatling. "That's one reason I'm here. Her alleged *heart* trouble. That

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE KRONGARD

quack who tells her she shouldn't have any more children." She pursed her lips contemptuously. "You should have thought of Tina's health three weeks ago," Captain Gatling said coldly. "You know the law."

Walker nodded. Abortion was in every case a felony. No exceptions were granted for victims of incest, rape, or disease. All known abortions were prosecuted as murders. "I know the law," said Walker.

"Good," said Captain Gatling. "Now I'd like you to meet Henry Weston, the preborn human being's government-appointed attorney."

"*What?*"

"How do you do." Henry Weston was a solid-looking man in his forties. "As you probably know," said the lawyer, "the Human Life Bill of the early eighties ruled that for legal purposes, personhood begins with conception. The fertilized egg is considered an individual, entitled to all the privileges of any American citizen. I am here to represent my client's legal rights."

"Your 'client' is smaller than this matchtip right now," said Tina. She held up a match, then lit a cigarette. "Your 'client' is no more than a cluster of cells."

"My client is a preborn human being," corrected Henry Weston, reaching for her cigarette and snapping it in two. "No more tobacco for you, young lady. For the duration of your child's residence *in utero*, you are required to keep his environment healthy. If you pollute it with alcohol, coffee, or drugs, you'll be heavily fined. And if Big Mother sees you doing anything risky—carrying packages, engaging in active sports—you'll be charged with reckless behavior, with intent to kill. Is that clear?" He stood up. "If you're a good little mother-to-be, you won't have any trouble from me, Mrs. Smith. I just hope you listen to my words. Captain Gatling?"

The captain stood up, too, and they walked toward the door. "Enjoy your glory," she said to Tina. Then they all murmured, "Big Mother is watching." It was the common mode of greeting or farewell, but it struck Walker Smith as being especially vile that day.

As soon as his visitors had left, he snapped on the wallavision. An elementary school choir was singing "America the Beautiful." In 1990 the last lines had been changed to:

And crown thy good
With motherhood
From sea to shining sea.

Walker turned the dial. On the country channel, gospel singers were crooning a hymn to Little Lord Jesus. On the rock channel, Remy Diamond was singing her hit, "Now I Want a Baby." You couldn't escape the national nursery sentiment, just as he and Tina probably would not escape arrest much longer, for both of them had, he knew, already committed thoughtcrime. But if they turned on the wallavision loud and got into bed and pulled the sheets over their heads, they could talk to each other with reasonable assurance that their conversation wasn't being monitored. Walker joined Tina in bed. "Darling," he said, "what are we going to do?"

She swallowed. "I guess I'll have to leave my job by New Year's," she said. She was a vice-president of a local bank. Women were no longer allowed to work past their sixth month of pregnancy or allowed to resume working until their children were four. The law proved more beneficial to men than to children: male unemployment dropped to two percent.

"Your *job?*" said Walker. "That's the least of it. What about your health?"

"Your concern's a little late," grumbled Tina. "If it weren't for you. . .you and that insistent *thing* of yours . . ." As if summoned, it stirred to attention, although Tina's tone was disgusted.

"Even when he had an orgasm, Walker Smith was careful to keep the bed sheet over their heads. Pleasure like theirs had to be sexcrime."

"Don't blame me," said Walker. "Blame Big Mother. When I was a teenager, all the girls used pills and IUDs. No one I knew got pregnant." Now, however, these simple and reliable forms of contraception had been outlawed: IUDs because they prevented the implantation of the preborn human being in the uterus wall, and most forms of the birth control pill because they contained chemicals that made the uterine lining reject the preborn human being. In 1994 most people did not remember that a mere fifteen years earlier, abortion (by suction, D&C, or saline solution) had been a legal, safe procedure, freely chosen by a million and a half American women a year. Five years before that, abortions for the poor had even been government subsidized.

"Walker," said Tina. "I'm frightened. What are we going to do?"

"We'll find something, baby. Angel. Love." He began stroking her breasts.

She sighed. "God. Not again."

"Why not?"

"Sex isn't the answer."

"Sex is the question," he murmured.

"The answer is yes," she said after a while. She smiled. "After all, we're already in bed. And it can't do any harm *now*." And now, with all fear of pregnancy gone because the feared was a fact, she felt suddenly hot, lusty-minded. It was one of Tina's magnificent times.

Walker, watching, gloated tenderly. "That's it, baby; that's it." Then he was flying himself. But even when he had an orgasm, Walker was careful to keep the bed sheet over their heads. Pleasure like theirs had to be sexcrime.

A government car took Henry Weston and Captain Gatling back to the Department of Human Life. The building was ovoid in shape and was often called, itself, Big Mother. Actually, the concept of Big Mother had been born within its very curved walls a mere eight years earlier. The department had needed a symbol at once benign and powerful, embodying both reproduction and intimidation. Big Mother was ideal: fecund, commanding, and strong, that giant woman we all have in our past who, with one word or look, can make us feel ashamed and small. "Big Mother is watching" was a powerful slogan because it made people regress, emotionally, to ages two and three.

The search for Big Mother was as extensive—if more secret—as the search for Scarlett O'Hara fifty years earlier. The name of the person who had posed for the photographs in the late eighties remained top secret. Government officials insisted upon the strictest security here: they said that if the model's name became known, she would be under constant and unbearable public scrutiny. It was understood that one slip, one small peccadillo on the part of the model, would irrevocably damage the carefully created image.

All subsequent representations of Big Mother were based upon those original photographs: Big Mother never aged and never changed. But then again, why should she? She was perfect as she was. Her face was powerful, yet calm; her brow was wise; her gray eyes were all-seeing, almost severe; yet her mouth hinted at secret satisfactions. She looked at once public and private, beautiful and sexless, stern and inspiring. It was a commanding and distinctive face, familiar to every American. Yet the person with that face was never discovered. Even Henry Weston's boss's boss's boss didn't know the name of the person who had posed for Big Mother.

Henry Weston stepped into his office, glad to be free of Captain Gatling. He opened a folder and went through a list of names. He put a pencil mark by one name

and made a telephone call to the Copico Corporation.

"I'm not going to pretend I need it for a friend, Max—I need it for me, for me and for Tina."

"Relax," said Max Ritterman. "You're in luck. I know just the person who can help you."

Walker Smith said, "Thank God." His blasphemy went unpunished, for there was far less monitoring of corporations than there was of private homes. Still, you had to be careful. They were talking in low voices in the noisy photocopy room. "How fast can you see the person?"

Ritterman laughed. "I can see her right now, if you like. She works in accounting."

"You mean—here?"

"Don't worry," said Ritterman. "She's a good lady. She does this for friends. And her brother's got a Ph.D. in chemistry."

"How does her method work?"

"Tina simply takes an abortifacient tablet—a development of the old-time 'morning-after' pill. The result is so much like a natural miscarriage that even Big Mother herself would have only sympathy for Tina—not suspicion."

"You've saved us," said Walker Smith. "I feel like a changed man." He almost skipped in walking back to his office. He felt like a soldier on leave, like a kid on vacation, like a pony in springtime. Certainly not like a sales executive at the Copico Corporation.

The tablet was pale green against Tina's palm. It had cost $1,500—although its chemical value was slight. Illegality could raise the price of a simple product by a factor of hundreds. Drugs to terminate pregnancy or to alter moods were usually available (although sometimes chemically impure) if you could pay the price. Now, once again, only the lower economic groups were forced to bear unwanted babies. It was an excellent way to insure that the poor remained poor.

Tina clicked her plastic glass against Walker's. They were sitting on a hillside in Virginia. Both felt it was unlikely that Big Mother was watching them now. Tina swallowed down the tablet with champagne. "To life," said Walker, "—yours!"

"Now it's my own again," said Tina. "*My life*." She finished the glass of champagne and poured herself another. She wondered how the fetus faction had gotten away with describing itself as "Pro-Life" when its aim was to restrict the lives of women, and since it was degrading the quality of life for everyone.

Walker, too, was lost in thought. He stroked Tina's hand and muttered, "It all connects, you know. Everything."

"What everything?"

"Big Mother. Big business. Big defense programs. Federally funded fallout shelters. Civic-defense drills every month. Tax incentives for having children. The new baby boom. In a nuclear war our losses would come to at least a hundred million. The more people we go in with, the more we'll come out with. We're preparing for war. Our population has to grow so we can 'win' it."

"Oh, *no!*" Tina gripped his arm. "Can't we try to stop it? Do something?"

"What? Make speeches? Hand out leaflets? Big Mother is watching."

"Big Mother is watching."

"Big Mother is watching," said a third voice, female, cold. It came from their north, behind a clump of trees. Walker and Tina clutched at each other.

"Stand up with your hands in the air," said Captain Gatling, advancing toward them with a company of twelve. "You're both under arrest."

> Walker might well have kept a mistress or engaged in a series of affairs. But Big Mother was watching, and extramarital sex was strictly illegal.

"You'll never be able to prove anything against us," said Tina.

"Oh, no?" Captain Gatling smiled. "Robbie, hand me that Geiger counter. The rest of you . . ." Captain Gatling gestured, and Tina and Walker were each seized by several soldiers. She advanced with the Geiger counter and passed it over Tina's blouse. It began ticking loudly. "There's my proof," she said. "Proof of intent to murder."

"I don't understand," said Walker.

"You don't understand," mocked Captain Gatling. "You who understand so much! You decadent pervert! You disgusting worm!" She turned to Tina. "The pill was phony," she said. "We gave you a radioactive tracer instead. We've got state's evidence against you right now—in your stomach."

"You mean I'll still be pregnant?" asked Tina.

"That's right."

"And you've given me a dose of radioactivity?"

"You took it yourself."

"But it could damage the embryo!"

"That is a possibility," said Captain Gatling with some satisfaction. "A distinct possibility."

Tina screamed, "No!"

"Mrs. Smith, calm down. Every year tens of thousands of badly deformed babies are born. Many are known to be seriously defective from early in pregnancy. The mothers carry them to term, knowing they're bringing a child into the world who's blind and deaf and retarded or who has no spine. Those mothers show respect for human life! That's just what *you* have to learn!"

Walker leaped forward and fell upon Captain Gatling. It took six soldiers to pull him off her and to beat him into unconsciousness. They were more careful with Tina, who was, after all, glorious. Captain Gatling kept the Geiger counter on in the van so that Tina could hear it ticking all the way to the Department of Human Life, where Walker and Tina were taken to separate floors for their reeducation.

The Department of Human Life used the most sophisticated methods available—chemical, electrical, and psychological—to deal with the new American dissidents. After two months of treatment and indoctrination, Walker Smith was pronounced cured of all sexual and political iconoclasm. No longer would he call the Moral Majority the "rigid dictators." No longer would he scoff at the New Right for forcing a narrow-minded and simplistic credo onto the entire population. No longer would he remember certain facts now considered dangerous: the fact that the Catholic church had permitted early abortions until the year 1869; the fact that child abuse and child prostitution were rising with the birthrate; the fact that the average American was now more restricted and repressed than at any other time in history. Walker Smith had seen the error of his ways, and he'd become receptive to right-thinking. He felt he had won a victory over himself: he loved Big Mother.

Tina's reeducation was more protracted. She was brought to a cell with two other women, both large with child. Magda, who looked fourteen, was knitting a baby garment; Judy was reading a cookbook. "Don't look so scared," she told Tina. "You won't get hurt."

"Big Mother *loves* glorious women," said Magda.

Tina looked away disdainfully.

"Now, now, we know what you're thinking. You're thinking that it isn't glorious at all. But you'll change your mind about that. We did, didn't we, Magda?"

Magda smiled quietly over her knitting.

"Then why are they keeping you here?" Tina asked.

"It's the law," said Magda. "We have to

stay here until our babies are born. If we're completely rehabilitated by then, we don't have to stand trial for attempted murder."

"I just can't believe I ever tried to get rid of my precious sweet darling," said Judy, laying her hand over her abdomen.

A bell rang, and Magda and Judy began rolling up their sleeves. A nurse entered the cell and with brusque efficiency injected Magda and Judy.

"What's that?" asked Tina.

"Extra estrogen. You're next."

Tina folded her arms. "Not for me. I have a heart condition."

"Never mind about that. It's good for your baby," said the nurse.

"It makes you feel so calm and happy," said Judy. "So maternal."

"But my heart!"

Henry Weston walked into the cell. "What's all this ruckus?" he asked.

"Mrs. Smith doesn't want to take her shot," said the nurse.

"Look here," said Henry Weston. "My client is entitled to the best prenatal environment possible. You must follow the program the Department of Human Life so generously provides."

Three guards held Tina down while the nurse injected her. Henry Weston said, "You'll see. You'll soon feel better." He whispered a few words to the nurse, who then gave Tina a second injection, which put her into a deep sleep. As the lawyer and the nurse walked away from the cell, the Babysounds began: coos, gurgles, Brahms's Lullaby on a music box, nonsense syllables of mild distress, sudden giggles. For several hours a night, these idealized nursery sounds formed a backdrop for the women in glory underground as they knitted or read or slept. The tape was designed to make any woman yearn to breed; indeed, the prison guards themselves became rather "broody," and several had had children at forty or forty-five. Two of these babies were born with Down's syndrome.

Magda whispered to Judy in the dark, "Do you think she was telling the truth? About her heart?"

Judy listened to Tina's even breathing. "She seems okay now."

"Anyway, nothing bad can happen to her. Not with Big Mother watching?"

"Of course not," said Judy. "The doctors here know just what they're doing."

But seven months later, Tina Smith suffered a heart attack during labor and died. By performing an emergency cesarean, the doctors managed to save the baby. She weighed 3.2 kilograms and was born with teeth embedded in her skull where ears should have been. Walker wept when he first held her; Captain Gatling, watching on the video-monitor, felt that he'd been properly punished.

Walker took the baby home. Although dazed by grief, he seemed to become a good father and a model citizen.

It was noted that sometimes, when he thought nobody was looking, Walker kissed the poster of Big Mother that hung in his apartment lobby. Brainwashed by the Pro-Life propaganda and devastated by personal tragedy, Walker Smith had conceived the idea that Big Mother was the one person who could help him. If only he knew where to find her! The woman who possessed that severe brow would be passionately just; surely she would take up his cause. He knew that Big Mother was bigger than the woman who had posed for the portrait, but he also knew that merely getting that woman to repudiate Tina's death would agitate and educate the American public. Those eyes, that mouth, held his only hope—perhaps the only hope for America. He couldn't help

"Sixty percent of embryos miscarry naturally. To call all embryos "preborn human beings" was like calling all little girls "pre-mothers."

praying to Big Mother; he couldn't help kissing her poster.

Monomania made him cunning and resourceful. It took eleven weeks, two disguises, and three strokes of luck, but finally Walker Smith found himself in possession of the model's name and address. Her name was Erica Anders, and she lived near Sheridan, Wyoming.

Three days later Walker Smith drove down the long, private road to a spectacular glass and cedar house. Some kind of manservant answered the door. When Walker asked for Erica Anders, the servant led him into a large living room with windows looking across the wide valley to blue mountains beyond. A man of about fifty came into the room. He had curly gray eyebrows and a curly gray beard—and Big Mother's powerful, steady gray gaze. "You must be her brother!" said Walker Smith involuntarily.

The man smiled. "Thank you, Jed," he said to the servant, who now left the room with seeming reluctance. The man turned to Walker. "What can I do for you? Erica can't see you."

"Oh, but she must. I need her."

"Now, Mr.—?"

"Smith, Walker Smith. Everything depends on her. Could you tell her that?"

The man nodded. "Does all this have anything to do with her one-time modeling career?"

"Of course it does," said Walker. "Look, I know she's not Big Mother—not *really*—but she can still help. She'd see me if she knew of my misfortunes. . .if she knew what was done, under her eyes, to me, to my late wife, to our daughter."

The man sat down. "Why don't you tell me about it?"

So Walker Smith told his story and showed his photographs: of Tina laughing, of his two motherless boys, of his daughter who had teeth instead of ears.

There was silence. Then the man said, "I have some photographs, too. Let me get them." He left the room and returned with an envelope. "Let's go for a walk."

They walked about half a mile until they came to a high rock near a waterfall. They sat down on the rock. "Now we can talk," said the man. "Here."

Walker opened the envelope—then gasped in disbelief. The photographs showed a beautiful woman, past first youth, doing a stately striptease. She had that powerful brow, that calm, strong mouth. . ."Your sister!" said Walker.

The man smiled and shook his head. "Let me tell you a story," he said. "Once upon a time, people could do more or less what they wanted. If they wanted to see exotic and unusual entertainment, they could go to certain clubs. Sometimes I'd perform at one of these clubs. I'd put on my clothes and my makeup at home—because, to tell you the truth, being all dressed up on the street was part of the fun. One night, on my way to work, someone asked me to an audition. He said I had just the right eyes, the right smile. Well, I passed the audition, they took all the pictures, and then they found out. If it becomes known, they will kill me. They pay me fifty thousand dollars a year just to keep the beard. I wish I could help you, but it's impossible. Don't you see?"

"You mean, you, you, you . . ." Words failed him at first. Then he saw that it was, after all, completely in keeping with the world he was unlucky enough to inhabit. Embryos had greater rights than women. Pro-Life was progun, pronuke, and prowar. So it was entirely appropriate—but still Walker Smith laughed hysterically—that Big Mother should be a man with a curly gray beard.

He was still laughing when the shot rang through the forest and the bullet entered his brain. Big Mother leaped up and gave a shout of surprise and betrayal. His manservant, Jed, was approaching, holding a rifle. An eagle circled overhead.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU SHY?
SURE OR INSECURE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions to see if you hide or glide through social encounters

PSYCHOGRAPH

For some people, walking into a room full of strangers is about as enjoyable as taking tea with Attila the Hun. It's something to be endured only with much fear and loathing. Yet others will face the same encounter with nothing less than bubbling enthusiasm.

This psychograph may help you find out whether you more closely resemble a shrinking violet or a social lion. It aims to find out just how secure you feel in social situations. The questions that follow deal with things like embarrassment, shame, stage fright, and shyness. These are the components of what University of Texas psychologist Arnold Buss (one of the most active researchers in this field) has labeled "social anxiety."

For the past two decades psychologists have become increasingly interested in how people react when thrown together in the real world. Perhaps the foremost pioneer in this field has been Erving Goffman, whose long string of well-known books dates to 1956, when the University of Edinburgh Press in Scotland published his *Presentation of Self in Everyday Life.*

Since then psychologists have been studying everything from body language to pulse rates in an attempt to find out what makes one person poised and another bashful. (Researchers studying embarrassment, for example, asked people to suck on breast shields, baby bottles, pacifiers, and nipples. The study, published in the journal *Psychonomic Science,* found that the heart rates of those faced with such an embarrassing prospect dropped significantly.)

It's extremely important to be honest in answering these questions. Try hard to give accurate responses. Given the subject matter, it may be easy to lie to yourself. Don't.

1. Try to recall conversations you've had with people you didn't know. Would you say that in such cases you were more likely than the other person to break eye contact first?
   (a) Yes, I'd say I'm more likely to avert my eyes than other people are when I'm conversing.
   (b) I'd probably have to answer yes and no. In conversation sometimes I break eye contact first; sometimes the other person does.
   (c) No, I make a point of staring people down. It establishes who's boss.

2. How often do you feel foolish, ridiculous, out of place?
   (a) always
   (b) often
   (c) sometimes
   (d) rarely
   (e) never

3. Do you blush often?
   (a) yes
   (b) occasionally
   (c) rarely or never

4. Would you say you're basically the type of person who worries a lot?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. When you're on your way to meet people you don't know well (at a party, dinner, business meeting, etc.), do you fear that you may not be dressed properly, that you may be either too formal or too casual?
   (a) Yes—after all, clothes make a big impression on people.
   (b) No, I don't think about clothing much. People should accept you for what you are, not for how you dress.

6. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I am easily swayed by the opinions of others, especially if the people voicing those opinions are more important than I am"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

7. Be honest now. Would you say that, at heart, you are really a conformist who is very concerned over what other people think of you?
   (a) Yes, I'm very much a conformist.
   (b) I guess I'm what you'd call a moderate conformist.
   (c) I conform a little, but not much.
   (d) I feel I'm a complete nonconformist.

8. If you were forced to join a theater group, which would you prefer to be?
   (a) an actor
   (b) a stagehand

9. With which of these statements would you be more likely to agree?
   (a) Basically I'm a competent person who can handle most of the problems and complexities of everyday life.
   (b) Basically I'm not a very competent person. Even when I do something well, I may attribute it to luck rather than to skill, since I feel I'm essentially a fuck-up.

10. With which of these statements would you be more likely to agree?
    (a) I'm comfortable with most types of people.
    (b) I'm uncomfortable with many types of people. I usually don't feel at ease unless I know a person fairly well.

11. Imagine that there is something like a lecture, a concert, or a discussion group that you really want to attend. When you arrive, you discover that you are the only man among a large number of women. How do you feel?
    (a) great
    (b) somewhat uneasy
    (c) very uneasy

12. Imagine that you and a female friend are walking along and decide that you both really want a hamburger and a beer. It suddenly starts to rain heavily. You duck into a nearby bar. There are no other bars for several blocks. You discover that you apparently are the only straight couple in a gay bar. How do you react? (By the way, the hamburgers look delicious, and there are several brands of good beer on tap.)
    (a) I get the hell out of there.
    (b) I stay and eat but feel uncomfortable the whole time.
    (c) I relax and enjoy my meal and my companion. As long as nobody bothers me, I'm not going to get upset.

13. Imagine that you are in the same situation as that described in the previous question. The one difference is that you are alone. How do you react?

(a) I get the hell out of there.
(b) I stay and eat but feel uncomfortable the whole time.
(c) I relax and enjoy my meal.

14. Do you find you often forget people's names or call them by the wrong names?
(a) yes
(b) no

15. Do you prefer to make love with the lights out?
(a) yes
(b) Sometimes I like them off, sometimes on.
(c) No, I prefer lights on.

16. How do you feel about undressing in front of the person you'll be going to bed with?
(a) I think it's erotic.
(b) I don't think much about it one way or the other. It certainly doesn't bother me.
(c) I prefer not to.

17. When you're in a group at a social occasion, do you often wish you could take back things you said because they sounded inappropriate?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no
(d) I rarely join in conversations on such occasions just so I won't be faced with that problem.

18. When you're taking a shower in a men's locker room, do you try to hide your penis behind a towel?
(a) yes
(b) no

19. Do you often regret the things you do?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "My body is quite ugly compared with other people's"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

21. Before you go out, do you always check your clothes and physical appearance in a mirror?
(a) yes
(b) often, but not always
(c) sometimes, but not often
(d) no

22. Do you feel you're more clumsy than other people?
(a) yes
(b) no

23. When you're talking with people you don't know well, do you often have trouble finding the right words to convey what you want to say?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no

24. Imagine you are at a lecture. You don't know anybody else in the audience. After the speaker has finished, he asks if there are any questions. You have a question that you would really like answered. Do you:
(a) get up and ask it
(b) keep quiet because you're intimidated by the large audience of strangers

25. Do you feel people often ignore you?
(a) yes
(b) no

SCORING

All answers have been awarded point values, which are listed in the following tables. Find your score by adding up the point values of the answers you chose.

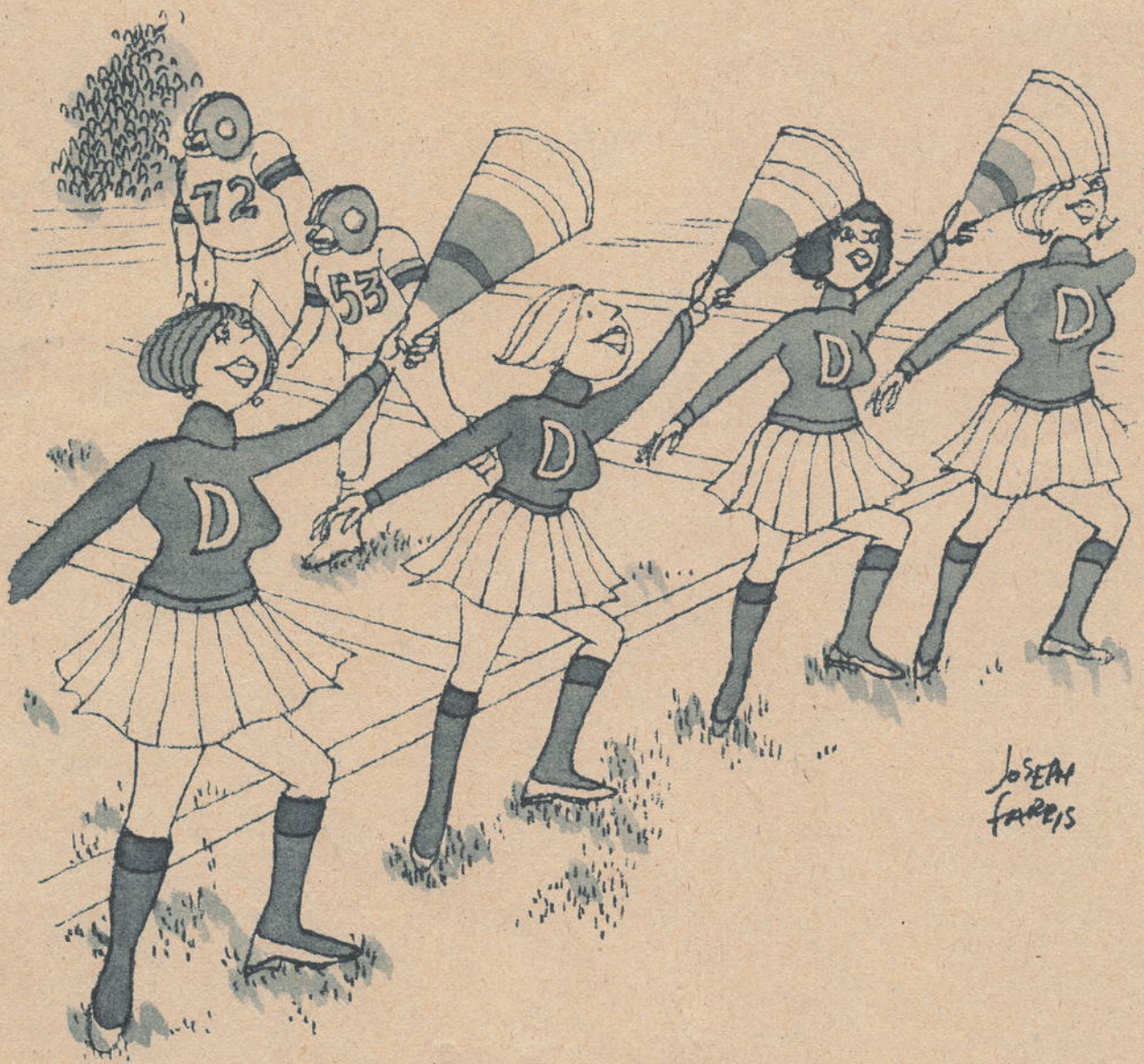
1. a-1, b-4, c-2	13. a-2, b-3, c-4
2. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-2	14. a-1, b-4
3. a-1, b-3, c-4	15. a-1, b-4, c-4
4. a-1, b-4	16. a-4, b-4, c-1
5. a-1, b-4	17. a-1, b-3, c-4, d-1
6. a-1, b-4	18. a-1, b-4
7. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-3	19. a-1, b-4
8. a-4, b-1	20. a-1, b-4
9. a-4, b-1	21. a-1, b-3, c-4, d-4
10. a-4, b-1	22. a-1, b-4
11. a-4, b-3, c-1	23. a-1, b-2, c-4
12. a-1, b-2, c-4	24. a-4, b-1
	25. a-1, b-4

The highest possible score is 100; the lowest is 25.

If you scored 75–100 points:
You are the complete social animal. You understand the laws of the social jungle and feel fully comfortable with them. You're the type of person who seems at ease on every occasion. You are not a status seeker, but you are likely to be viewed as a high-status person because you seem so able to adapt to every situation. You would appear cool and unruffled whether you were meeting with Europe's prime ministers or the guys who hang out at Joe's Bar and Grill. You may (especially if you scored at the upper end of this category) come across to some people as something of an egotist, but the one thing nobody will ever accuse you of is being easily intimidated. You do pretty much what you want to do, and, happily, it turns out to be the "correct" thing in just about every case.

50–74 points:
You are not an insecure bowl of jelly, but neither are you always as socially secure as you pretend to be. Like most of us, you have a modicum of shyness and inhibition that you've never been able to overcome. In new social situations you're likely to worry about saying or doing the wrong thing, especially if you feel the people you're dealing with are smarter, richer, or more powerful than you. When you are faced with these fear-arousing situations, there's one thing to remember: most of the other people in the room feel (or have felt at some time) exactly the same.

25–49 points:
You appear to have a high level of social anxiety. In other words, you are scared shitless of meeting new people and facing new situations. You are probably shy and easily embarrassed. You're the type of person who—if he can be persuaded to go to a party in the first place—will go off and sit in a corner the minute he gets there. Occasionally, however, people like this overcompensate and make complete asses of themselves. It's the socially insecure person who's likely to get zonked out of his mind and start putting lampshades on his head or spilling drinks down the front of his hostess's dress. You, like people in the category above you, have to remember that you are not the only person who ever felt intimidated. It happens to just about everybody; you just let it get to you more than others do.



"V-I-O-L-E-N-C-E...VIOLENCE, VIOLENCE!"

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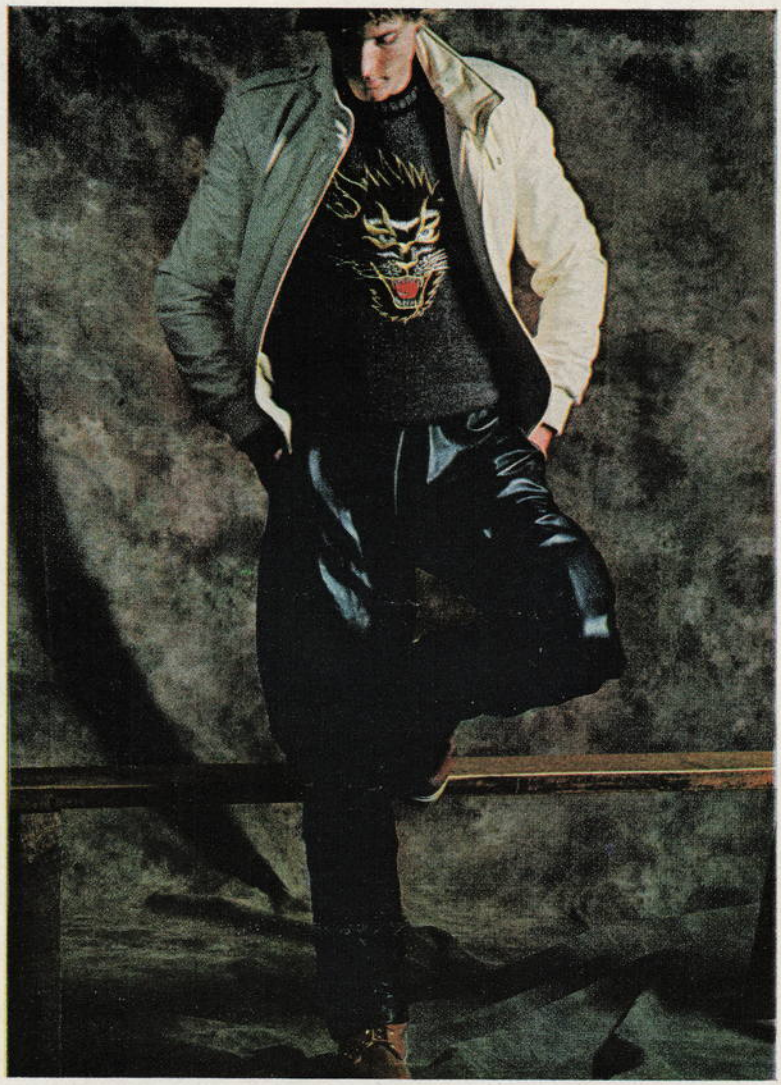
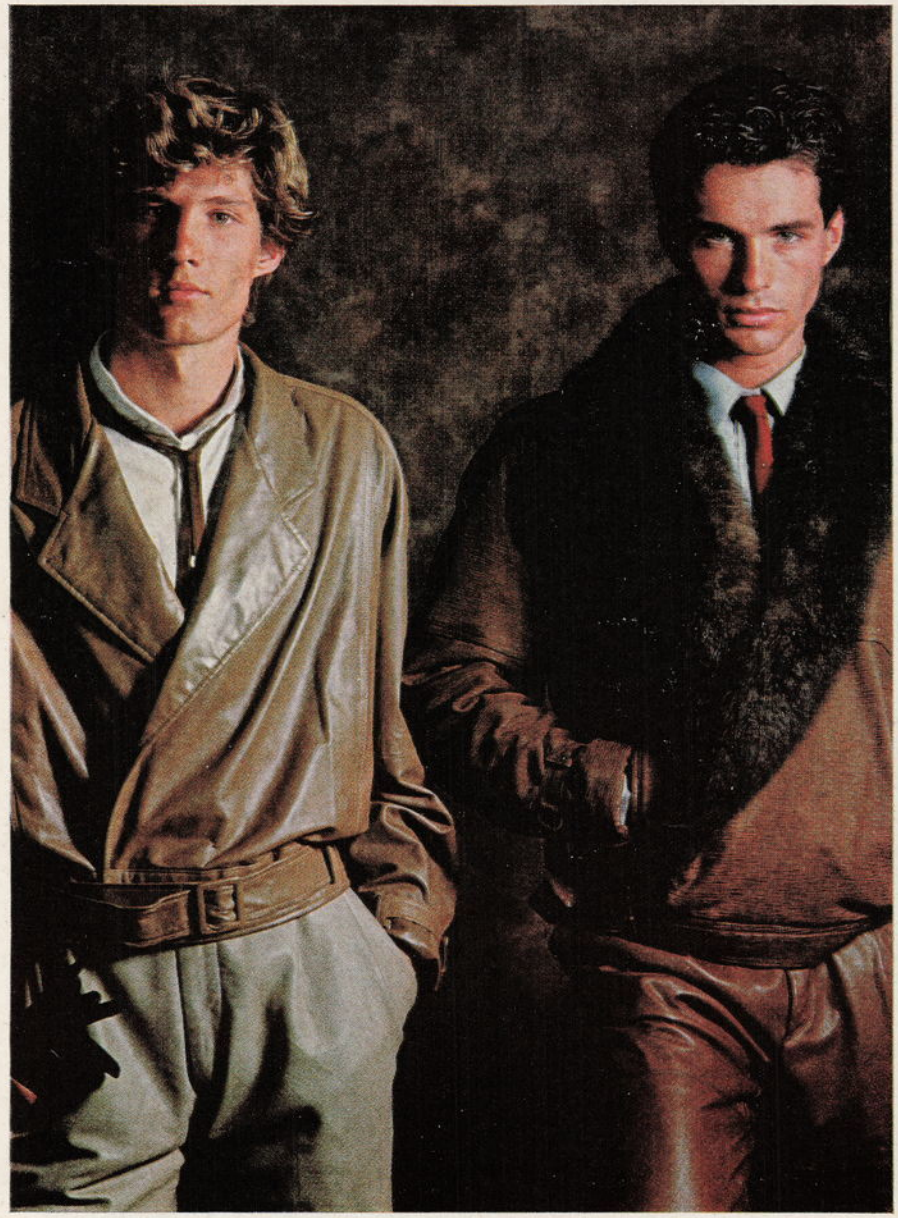


When institutions of higher learning open up this fall, enter with confidence—and some pointers from *Penthouse*—and you'll be recognized as a body of fashion knowledge. The jackets, vests, and sweaters shown here in leather, suede, and heavy-duty wool are practical and allow you to survive in alien surroundings. Outerwear in classic, earthy tones have you looking like a man of the world, while zip-out linings and hidden hoods make sure you're at home anywhere in any weather. Sweaters are in brighter shades, lending some spice to the old grind. Higher necklines keep you warm while you're keeping the midnight oil burning. Study our outline for fall fashion, and you won't be worrying about making the grade.

The napped lambskin white-parchment blouson jacket (above) features knit waist and cuffs and a stand-up collar with zip-out pocket and removable epaulets ($350) by North Beach Leather. The wool and acrylic pullover sweater with embroidered tiger face motif ($185) is by Kansai Yamamoto for Achilleus Sport International. The glove-leather pull-on jodhpurs with covered snap closures at the waist and leg openings ($620) are by Andrew Fezza. The boots are by Herman Survivors. The glove-leather multi-snap-pocketed jacket (opposite page, left) with red wool zip-out lining and a stand-up collar with zip-out hood ($450) is worn over the wool crew neck sweater ($70); both items are Equipment by Henry Grethel. Corduroy jeans ($42) by Sergio Valente Jeans. The dark brown, soft leather jacket (opposite, right), with racing-strap collar, knit waist and cuffs, and epaulets ($215), is Members Only by Europe Craft. The wool striped sweater ($40) is by Lord Jeff. Cotton corduroy pants ($45) by Yves St. Laurent Jeanswear. All gloves shown here are by Elmer Little & Sons, Inc.



The olive green lamb-suede quilted and polyester-filled jacket (opposite page), which has zip-off sleeves to change it from jacket to vest and a stand-up ski collar with snap-tab closure, is Jerry Wong by M. Julian ($325). The French lambskin leather military pants ($300) are also Jerry Wong by M. Julian. The white wool crew neck raglan-sleeve sweater ($54) is by Ron Chereskin. The caramel-colored glove-leather jacket (above, left) with belted waist ($550) is worn with South American sheep leather double-pleated pants ($430), an all-cotton-ribbed stand-up collar white shirt ($70), and a suede string tie ($15), the entire ensemble by Andrew Fezza. The stamped lambskin leather double-breasted belted jacket (above, right), featuring an Australian opossum fur collar ($1,250), is worn with brown one-piece cut-and-styled pleated-leather pants ($600) and a wine-colored suede tie ($40), the ensemble by Dimitri Sport by Piero Dimitri.

The all-wool flannel jacket (above) with a high corduroy collar features an embroidered samurai motif on the chest pocket and a wool-knit sweater on the back with a samurai warrior motif. The multi-colored corduroy sleeves zip out to change the jacket to a vest ($490). It's by Kansai Yamamoto for Achilleus Sport International. The cotton olive green modified boat neck sweater ($35) and cotton plaid shirt are by Yves St. Laurent Jeanswear. The blond cotton corduroy pants ($50) are by Ron Chereskin. The all-weather poplin vest (opposite page, left) reverses to quilted leather and has vertical leather side-snap pockets ($275). It is worn with a wool burnt-orange crew neck cable sweater ($70) and cotton twill plain-front army green trousers ($40). All are Equipment by Henry Grethel. The American shearling vest (opposite, right) has zippered pockets and closure (about $225) and is by Bert Paley, Ltd. The blue cotton denim five-pocketed Western jeans ($44) are by Calvin Klein Men's Jeans. The red lamb's-wool cable-stitch crew neck sweater ($60) is by Yves St. Laurent Menswear.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 182

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VOYAGERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

Kirill Vasilovsk Markov sat at the deserted bar of the Officers' Club and sipped a tall glass of iced tea.

Only the Americans would think of icing tea, he said to himself gloomily. It was mid-afternoon, and the club was empty except for him and the bored bartender. Of course, Markov thought. Everyone else is at work. What work can a linguist do with an alien spacecraft that remains as silent as a rock?

He was a long, lanky Russian with a long, thin face and a scraggly little beard. His reddish hair was graying, but his ice-blue eyes sparkled, and his smile, when it came, was warm—almost boyish.

He was not smiling now. Face it. Kirill Vasilovsk, he told himself, you are here only as a front for your illustrious wife. A linguist!

He almost laughed. Maria is the reason we were sent here, to this godforsaken island, this den of crazy Americans, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

Cooperate with the Americans. That was the word from the Supreme Soviet and the Academy of Sciences. Cooperate. So a handful of Russian scientists are sent to the American base where they can jointly study the far-off alien spacecraft. And a linguist is sent with them. A linguist whose wife happens to be a KGB major. That's true cooperation, Markov thought.

He pictured his native Moscow, so far away. And his students, especially the young female students, the ones who came to his apartment for private tutoring—while his wife slaved away somewhere deep inside the Kremlin.

And he thought of Sonya Vlasov, the cheerful, buxom, bouncy Sonya, who was tireless in bed and as inventive as a Chinese acrobatics team. Poor Sonya. Once Maria found out about her, Sonya was packed off to a tractor factory in Smolensk.

Markov sipped at the strangely cold tea and shook his head. The women on this island were mostly American and therefore mostly crazy. Beautiful, independent, young, and strong-minded. But crazy. Like the one who tempted him to go swimming in the lagoon a few nights ago. In the moonlight. When the sharks invade the lagoon waters.

He sighed. At least he had learned a new word from the experience. Skinny-dipping.

Stoner. Of all the Americans, Stoner was the best. Also the craziest. But at least Stoner's madness was the driven fury of the true scientist. Stoner wanted to study the alien spacecraft, to fly out into space himself, if necessary, to study it firsthand. True madness. But of the right kind.

Markov smiled to himself. Stoner was the kind of man worth knowing. An American and therefore crazy but the kind of American a man could feel friendly toward.

Jo Camerata was going down the stairs from her office to the main floor of the computing building. Tall, long-legged, she wore the sleeveless blouse and cutoff jeans that had become the trademark of the American women on Kwajalein.

At the bottom of the stairwell she saw Dr. Cavendish standing listlessly, one hand on the cinder block wall, as if supporting himself. With a shock, Jo realized that the Englishman looked much older than he had when they first arrived at the island, only a few weeks earlier. His body was gaunt; the clothes hung on his frame limply. His face was deeply etched with sleeplessness; his eyes were dark and sunken.

"Dr. Cavendish, are you all right?" she asked him.

He blinked and peered at her. "Ah, yes . . . Miss . . ." His voice trailed off.

"Camerata. Jo Camerata. I'm with the computing section here."

"Oh, yes, of course," Cavendish said. "How stupid of me not to recognize you."

"Is there something I can do for you?"

He shook his head slightly. "I've just come out from the weekly meeting with Professor McDermott, and I was gathering my strength before going out into the hot sun again."

"It *is* more comfortable in here," Jo agreed.

"It's not true about mad dogs and Englishmen, you know. I hate the heat. I think it's affecting my health, actually."

"Isn't your office air-conditioned?"

"Oh, yes. They've wedged me into a splendid little nook over in the electronics building. Brand-new air conditioner sitting in the window, puts frost on my tea when I turn it all the way up. But it's the getting there that's the bother. I'll have to walk half a mile in that sun. . ."

Thinking swiftly, Jo said, "Why don't you work in my office for the next hour or so, until the sun goes down a bit and the afternoon breeze cools things off outside?"

"In your office. Oh, I couldn't. All my papers and things. . . ."

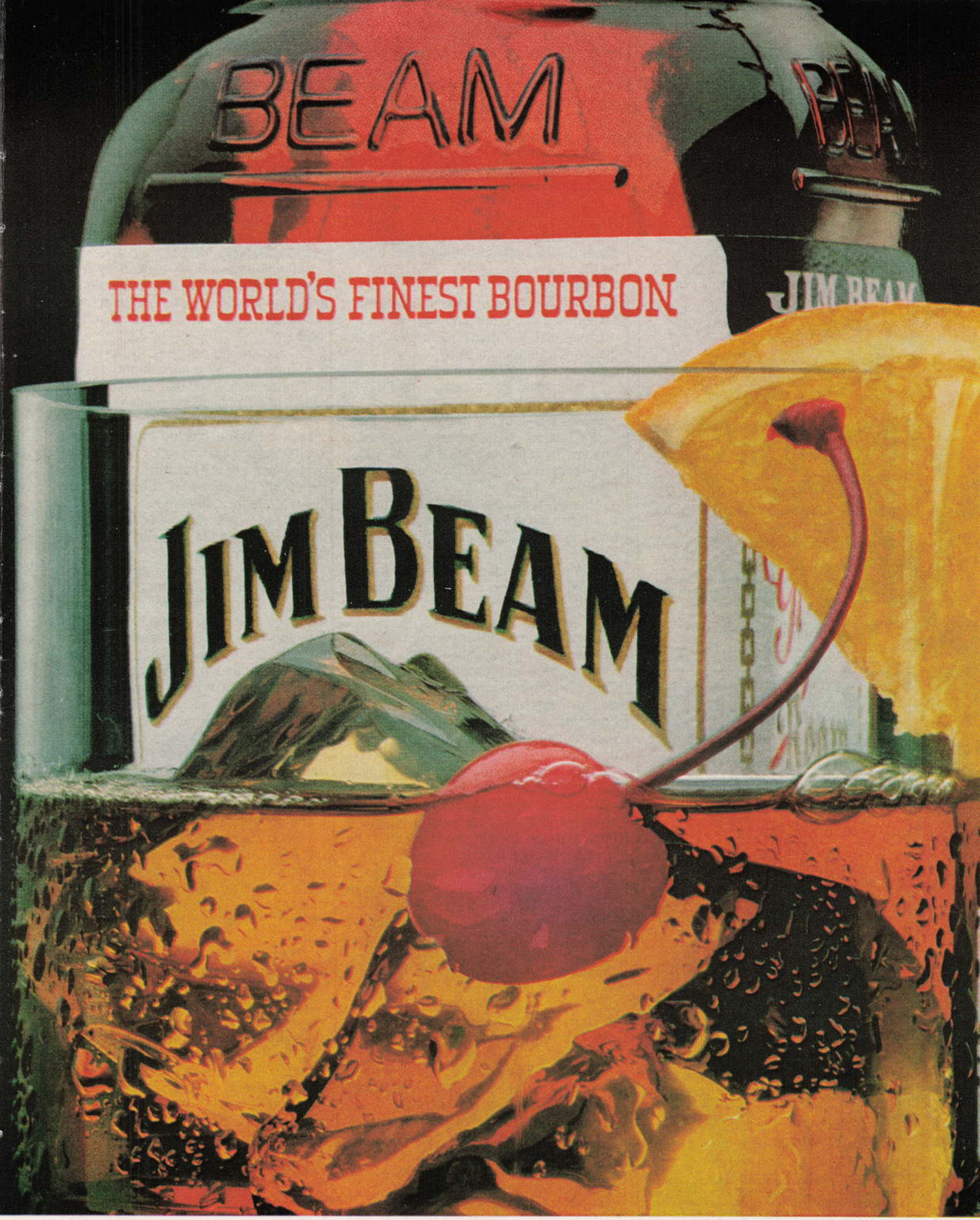
Jo took him by the arm and started walking slowly up the steps with him. "The data you're working with is in the central computer, isn't it? You can use my terminal and work just as easily here as at your own desk."

"I never thought of that."

She smiled at him. "You're accustomed to working with paper. My generation is accustomed to working with electronics. Anything you need can be called up on the computer terminal's readout screen."

"Yes, but I'll be dispossessing you of your own office."

"I can work anywhere," Jo said as they climbed the stairs. "Don't worry about it. You'll be a lot more comfortable here."



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"It's awfully good of you," Cavendish said.

They reached her office. Jo sat the old man down at her desk and showed him how to summon up his own work on the computer terminal.

"Marvelous," Cavendish said, smiling. "I even have a teakettle here, if you don't mind drinking American tea."

His smile lost a notch. "From tea bags?"

Jo nodded. "If you need anything, I'll be down on the main computer floor, in the Pit."

"The Pit?"

"That's what the programmers call the central well of the building: the Pit."

Cavendish's shaggy eyebrows rose. "Is there a Pendulum also?"

"A pendulum? Like on a clock?"

"Edgar Allan Poe's story, 'The Pit and the Pendulum.'"

With a shake of her head, Jo admitted, "I don't think . . . Oh, wait, wasn't there a Vincent Price movie by that name?"

American education, Cavendish thought bleakly.

After a few more words, Jo left him and headed back downstairs, feeling like a good daughter. Cavendish played delightedly with the computer for a few minutes, but then the headache came back with blinding force, and he collapsed on the desk.

Markov watched Stoner pacing back and forth across the hot, stuffy control center, threading his way around the jumble of chairs and standing men and women. A dozen technicians sat at their humming consoles, headsets clamped over their ears, eyes riveted to their green-glowing screens.

The room was dark except for the glow from the screens and the lighted buttons on the console keyboards. There were too many people standing around, radiating heat and anticipation, overpowering the rumbling air conditioners.

Stoner prowled ceaselessly, like a caged jungle cat, scowling at the backs of the seated technicians and the shimmering numbers on their readout screens.

The outside door opened, and a painful spear of sunlight lanced into the room. Vampires, thought Markov. We are like a pack of vampires, hiding from the light of day.

Stoner strode past him, and the Russian reached out to touch his arm. "Is there anything. . .?"

"Zilch," Stoner said. "We've been beaming three different sets of messages at it for damned near six hours and no reaction from the thing at all."

Markov peered at the nearest screen, as if he could understand what the numbers meant. "I don't know whether to be happy or sad."

"Sad," snapped Stoner.

The Russian shrugged elaborately. "It's only been six hours. Give them time. They may respond."

"They'd better. Nobody's going to keep funding a project that doesn't get results. That damned thing might be just a lousy chunk of rock for all the reaction we're getting from it."

Cavendish picked listlessly at his dinner, finally gave it up. The headaches came in waves, unpredictably, and nothing could help them. He had staggered from Jo's office to the medical center and spent nearly two hours being tested and examined by a young U.S. Navy medic.

"Migraines are often caused by emotional stress," the earnest young man had said, with the look of a funeral director on his tanned face. "Perhaps you're working too hard."

Cavendish had accepted his prescription, then wadded it into a tight little ball and threw it into the first trash receptacle he had found outside the medical building.

Useless, he knew.

Now he stood outside the restaurant. The headache was gone for the moment, but the memory of it kept the old fear burning through every nerve of his body. The sun was touching the horizon, a fat ball of molten red. The sky glowed copper, with a few long streamers of gold and purple clouds hanging in the west.

Cavendish felt bone-tired. His whole body ached. His eyes burned from lack of sleep. Yet something made him walk along the beach that circled the island. He walked slowly, like a man searching for a specific place even though he doesn't know where that spot might be. The sun sank out of sight, and the shadows of evening covered the world.

All the way past the docks he walked, like a sentry, like an automaton, and down around the ocean side of the island, where the reef comes close and the surf booms out of the twilight.

Someone was sitting under the trees that fringed the beach. Waiting for him.

"Good evening," said Maria Markova.

"Yes," Cavendish answered.

Maria's suitcase of electronic gear was at her feet, its tiny light gleaming red in the darkness. The breeze off the ocean gusted, and the trees whispered among themselves.

"Report."

Without hesitation Cavendish began, "The meeting was chaired by Professor McDermott. Attending were Academician Zworkin, Dr. Stoner, Dr. Thompson . . ."

Nearly an hour later they were both sitting on the sand, Maria resting her back against a tree, Cavendish cross-legged, straight-backed. It was too dark to see the pain in his eyes.

". . . and he gave me a prescription for the headaches, which I promptly threw away," the Englishman finished. "Then I had dinner and walked here."

Maria sat in silence for a while, thinking. Her orders had come from Moscow that morning, in a coded hand-written letter: prevent the Americans from achieving contact with the alien spacecraft. Use all

necessary means available.

That meant Stoner must be eliminated, she knew. McDermott was a useless figurehead. Stoner was the heart and soul of the American research team. Eliminate him and the Russian scientists working inside the Soviet Union could make first contact with the alien spacecraft and acquire their marvelous advanced technology for Soviet Russia. And for no one else.

"Stoner must be eliminated," she said to the Englishman.

"How?"

"We will find a way."

In the darkness she could hear the raggedness of his breath as he choked out the words, "I . . . I am not . . . an assassin. I wouldn't . . . be able . . ."

"You will do what must be done," Maria said firmly. "You know how useless it is to resist."

"Yes." It was almost a whimper.

"Very well. Stoner must be eliminated. I will tell you how and when to do it. Until then you will observe him carefully and report every detail of his movements to me."

"Yes."

"You may go now."

The old man got slowly to his feet, and as he stepped out from under the shadow of the trees, Maria could see the anguish that twisted his face into a hideous death's mask.

He walked away without another word. Maria's hands were shaking as she turned off the machine, then snapped the lid shut. The suitcase felt heavier than ever as she carried it back to her bungalow.

But once she got back to her own bedroom, she opened the suitcase again and turned the power on once more. Cavendish must be kept under control, she told herself. That was vital. After a few hours she'd let him sleep for a while. But he must be kept on a tight, firm leash.

Markov felt like a sailor returning home from a shipwreck. He was stiff-kneed from standing so many hours in the control center. His neck hurt with the strain of watching those screens, waiting for a signal, a contact, a sign of some sort—which never came.

The aliens, if there *are* aliens aboard that thing, are not communicative, Markov thought as he stepped slowly up the front stairs of the little bungalow. Maria was not in the front room. With a sigh that looked forward to nothing more than collapsing facedown on his bed, he opened the bedroom door.

Maria gaped at him, startled, shocked. The suitcase beside her on the bed was filled with strange electronic controls. A tiny glowing screen was flickering with a jagged trace of light, like an EKG.

But it was the expression on her face that stunned Markov. Guilt, anger, fear, were all there. Her mouth was open, but no sound issued from it. Her eyes stared at him, and he could see all the way into her soul through them. She looked the way Lucifer must have looked when he realized that God had opened the pits of hell for him.

"What are you doing?" Markov bellowed. "What is this?"

"It's not your affair!" Maria's voice was strangely high with alarm. "Don't get involved . . ."

Markov advanced on his wife. She got up from the bed, backed away from him, confusion and shame written across her face. He looked from his wife to the suitcase of electronic gear. He grabbed the suitcase and raised it over his head.

"Don't!" she screamed and leaped at him.

He hurled the suitcase against the nearest wall. It split in two under the impact.

"You don't know what you're doing!" Maria screeched, clawing at him.

He pushed her away, and she bounced onto the bed. Markov stepped over to the electronic equipment. One baleful red light still gleamed. In a cold fury he smashed his foot against it. Glass shattered, and plastic buckled. Again and again he stamped the suitcase until nothing was left but unrecognizable shards of glass and circuit boards.

Maria was round-eyed. "You . . . you've destroyed a vital piece of State property."

"Be silent, woman," Markov growled, "and be grateful that I don't do the same to you. I don't know what that equipment was for, but it was for no good. I could see that much."

Staring at the smashed equipment, Maria broke into sobs. "They'll kill us, Kirill. They'll kill us both."

"Then let them!" he snapped. "Perhaps we'd be better off dead."

Cavendish walked ceaselessly through the night, the agony his constant companion. But more than the pain burned through him. Shame twisted its special knives under his skin. They're controlling me, he knew. They've stolen my soul.

All his life he had been under their control. The only difference now was that he knew it, understood what was happening to him, and knew that he could never escape from them. They would control him as long as he lived.

He took a deep breath of the sweet night air. His head felt strangely clear, cool.

The pain was gone!

His hands flew to his face, his scalp, as if they had a will of their own, probing, searching, trying to find from touch if he was deluding himself and the pain was really lurking in there somewhere, hiding, waiting to come back in even more terrifying force.

"It's gone," Cavendish whispered shakily into the night shadows. "Truly gone . . . as completely as if someone had turned off a switch."

A switch. "Quite," he said to himself. "A switch that they can turn on again just as

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THIS MONTH IN OMNI
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 22

BREAKTHROUGHS

PSI-Q TEST

BRAINSTORMING

FICTION

KEYS TO THE FUTURE—*Omni* will be three years old in October. A spectacular issue will mark the occasion with an insightful section devoted to breakthroughs: the growth mechanisms of science and technology. The future of our world is dictated by how, when, and where science leaps forward. This month *Omni* presents the need for breakthroughs in 22 fields of human endeavor, including:

- Food: We can vacuum-pack, freeze-dry, vitamin-enrich, preserve, and irradiate just about any food. What we need now is a reasonable, inexpensive way to freeze a tomato. Why? Once we achieve that, we're on our way to freezing human beings.
- Office: That great breakthrough in technology, the computer, promised to eliminate the need for paper. It has become a prodigious paper producer. *Omni* looks at future machines and asks whether there will ever be a "paperless" business office.
- **Plus:** Thinking machines, religion, shelter, and more.

PSI-Q TEST—Do you have psychic talents? Are those skills influenced by the way you think and learn? Find out by taking the Mobius Psi-Q Test, rigorously designed to uncover hidden precognitive skills. Developed by experts in parapsychology, the test will ask you to predict a computer-generated event occurring in the future. It will also determine whether your thought processes are governed by the right or the left hemisphere of your brain. When you take the test, you will receive an *individualized* profile of your brain-hemisphere dominance and an indication of how you rank in psychic ability compared with other test takers.

BRAINSTORMING—All communications networks, including the brain's, are built on electricity. Fifty years old, the electroencephalograph has been a fairly blunt instrument for examining the brain's "software." But scientists at the University of California at San Francisco have developed a method for tracking brain waves that promises to revolutionize how we think about our cortex. *Omni* heralds this tool that may shed "electrical" light on our cerebral musings.

FICTION—*Omni* previews *Oath of Fealty*, Jerry Pournelle and Larry Niven's novel about an elite community within the confines of Los Angeles. Also, lightning uncovers an ancient secret in Harlan Ellison's story "On the Slab," and humankind pays a high price in its quest for knowledge in "Hinterlands," by William Gibson. In addition, Bill Chamberlain has a computer program that has written a story entitled "Soft Ions." Human authors, watch out!

easily, whenever they decide they want more from me."

He pulled his trembling hands away from his head. Despite their tremor, inwardly he felt quite calm. His mind was his own again—at least for a little while. And with a clarity that comes only when all distracting thoughts have been burned away, Cavendish at last realized what he had to do.

The only person who makes slavery possible, he had once read somewhere, is the slave himself. And with that brilliant, blazing clarity of vision that had suddenly been granted him, Cavendish saw how he could end his own slavery.

"I know what you want," he muttered through clenched teeth, "but you can't make me do it. I'm a man, not one of your bloody trained dogs."

Very deliberately, he turned his back on the buildings and streets of the American base and threaded his way past the trees and brush, heading for the beach on the ocean side of the island once again. It took only a few minutes before he was standing on the wide, moon-drenched sand.

The surf boomed close. The sea stretched out under gleaming skies. Beyond the scudding clouds he thought he saw the flicker of an aurora. Strange to have an aurora this far south, a small part of his mind noted.

The ocean surged at his feet, alive, breathing.

Cavendish smiled wanly into the dark waters. "Sophocles long ago heard it," he quoted. "And it brought into his mind the turbid ebb and flow of human misery."

There were strong currents in that remorseless ocean, currents that would sweep a man away from land, currents that harbored the planet's most efficient carnivores.

Cavendish stood at the water's edge. No thoughts of his past life paraded through his mind. He wondered briefly what the alien spacecraft truly was, where it had come from. But that was for younger men, stronger men like Stoner, to discover. It was enough to know that humankind is not alone in the universe. Out there in the wide and starry sky there are others with intelligence—perhaps even with compassion.

A warm wavelet slid up the beach and lapped at his feet. He thought about the future, his own future, a bleak, grim future of pain and slavery to unknown, unknowable masters.

With a crooked smile he muttered, "But while I have the strength, I can end all that."

He waded into the sea, into the warm, engulfing amniotic fluid that would erase his pain forever. Straight into the waves he walked, up to his knees, up to his hips, his chest, oblivious of what waited out there hungrily, oblivious of the lights in the sky that made the night brilliant with eerie glowing fire. Sure enough, the current seized him, and soon he disappeared from the land.

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IN THE OCTOBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

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CAMP STREET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

duties. He told associates that he was training Cuban guerrillas and flying to Cuba and back with passengers, using the Florida Keys as an intermediate stop. And he confided to one of his CAP cadets that he was training five-member small-weapons units in "guerrilla warfare tactics under the auspices of the U.S. Marines for action in Cuba."

On August 5, Oswald showed up at a store run by Carlos Bringuier, an anti-Castro fanatic. Displaying a marine manual, Oswald told Bringuier that he "had been in the Marine Corps and was willing to train Cubans to fight Castro."

Bringuier could therefore hardly believe his eyes when he spotted Oswald on the street a few days later dispensing his pro-Castro literature. There was a heated exchange of words, then a scuffle. Both were jailed for disturbing the peace. Oswald put in a call to his uncle, Charles ("Dutz") Murret, who had been his surrogate father in the formative years, seeking the $25 bail. Murret, who is described by the House Select Committee on Assassinations as an associate of "significant organized crime figures affiliated with the Marcello organization," wasn't home. But his daughter contacted family friend Emile Bruneau, a big-time gambler, who arranged for the bail to be posted.

After the fight a Cuban Revolutionary Council public-relations man named Manuel Gil set up the famous radio debate between Oswald and Bringuier in which Oswald declared on August 21 over WDSU, the local NBC affiliate, "I am a Marxist." Three months later those words would be rebroadcast, this time to the nation, after President Kennedy was shot.

The debate contributed to a well-established belief that Oswald was in fact a committed Marxist who had tried to infiltrate Bringuier's group. But information compiled by the authors and by the House Select Committee on Assassinations suggests that it was all a charade. One of Banister's collegiate undercover agents recalled that when he kidded his boss about sharing a building with people papering the streets with leftist literature, Banister snapped, "Cool it—one of them is mine." And Delphine Roberts, Banister's longtime secretary, told the House Select Committee on Assassinations in 1978 that she "saw Oswald in Banister's office on several occasions, the first being when he was interviewed for a job during the summer of 1963."

She knew that her boss received CIA funding and that he ran a network of young agents. When Lee Oswald showed up, filled out an "agent" form, and went into a long closed-door meeting with Banister, she gathered that the two had already known each other. Thereafter Oswald appeared frequently, using a vacant office. He accompanied David Ferrie to a Cuban exile training camp "to train with rifles." It therefore came as something of a shock when Roberts spotted Oswald dispensing pro-Castro literature on the streets. "He's with us," Banister said, calming her. "He's with the office." Roberts understood. "I knew there were such things as counterspies, spies and counterspies," she said, "and the importance of such things."

Oswald was now in the most dangerous of worlds. He was acting out pro-Castro pantomimes under the command of a violently anti-Castro cabal dominated by autonomous intelligence operatives and Mob elements.

Two men stood under the flashing lights that said Carousel Club. It was tacky enough—the type of place where Dallas attorney Carroll Jarnagin hoped to find a job for one of his clients, an exotic dancer. Tall and blond, Jarnagin looked out of place as he and his out-of-work customer walked in and slid into a booth. Later he would recall his October 4, 1963, visit to Jack Ruby's club in precise detail.

The day following the assassination of JFK, Jarnagin wrote a letter to J. Edgar Hoover, reporting on an alleged meeting between Ruby and Oswald. In the dimly lit club, Jarnagin recalled, he noticed a rumpled young man in a Windbreaker appear in the lighted entrance and ask for Ruby. The attorney believes he recognized him as Lee Harvey Oswald. Oswald had arrived from Mexico City the previous night.

Jarnagin overheard the reputative Oswald and Ruby talking in a nearby booth. Oswald said that he had just got in from New Orleans. He needed money. "You'll get the money when the job is done," Ruby said, adding that if there was a slip-up, "they" would want all their money back or feel double-crossed. The job, Jarnagin remembered, was to shoot Texas Gov. John Connally, who, Ruby said, was not opening up the state to the rackets. "The boys in Chicago have no place to go, no place to really operate," Ruby complained. "They've clamped down the lid in Chicago; Cuba is closed."

Ruby knew what he was talking about. The lid was indeed on in Chicago. Bobby Kennedy's organized-crime steamroller was in high gear—and Mafia boss Sam Giancana was directly in its path. Giancana felt bitter, believing that contribution to JFK's election had earned him protection (the Chicago mob automatically put its muscle behind candidates endorsed by Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic machine, and Giancana boasted to his and JFK's girl friend, Judith Campbell, that he had put her boyfriend in the White House). More important, Giancana and his associate John Roselli, a top Las Vegas mobster, had been recruited in 1960 by the CIA in its efforts to assassinate Fidel Castro. In the summer of 1963 Giancana had filed a suit charging FBI agents with too much tailing—they followed him everywhere, cocktail lounges, church, his late

wife's mausoleum, even the golf course. A federal judge ordered the surveillance relaxed, specifying that agents stay at least one foursome back on the links. Bobby Kennedy also was pushing a law through Congress that would jail anyone refusing to testify before a grand jury under immunity, and Sam Giancana, no stranger to the Fifth Amendment, was in line to be one of its first major applications.

According to Jarnagin, Oswald suggested that Bobby Kennedy ought to be hit. Ruby said no—the security in Washington was too tight; besides, his brother would stop at nothing to solve his death. It was Connally who had to go. When Oswald argued that killing the governor would also bring plenty of "heat," Ruby replied, "Not really, they'll think some crackpot or Communist did it, and it will be written off as an unsolved crime." There were other credible reports of an Oswald-Ruby link, including that of a garage owner, who said Oswald drove Ruby's car, and an auto repairman, who said Oswald brought Ruby's car in for repairs.

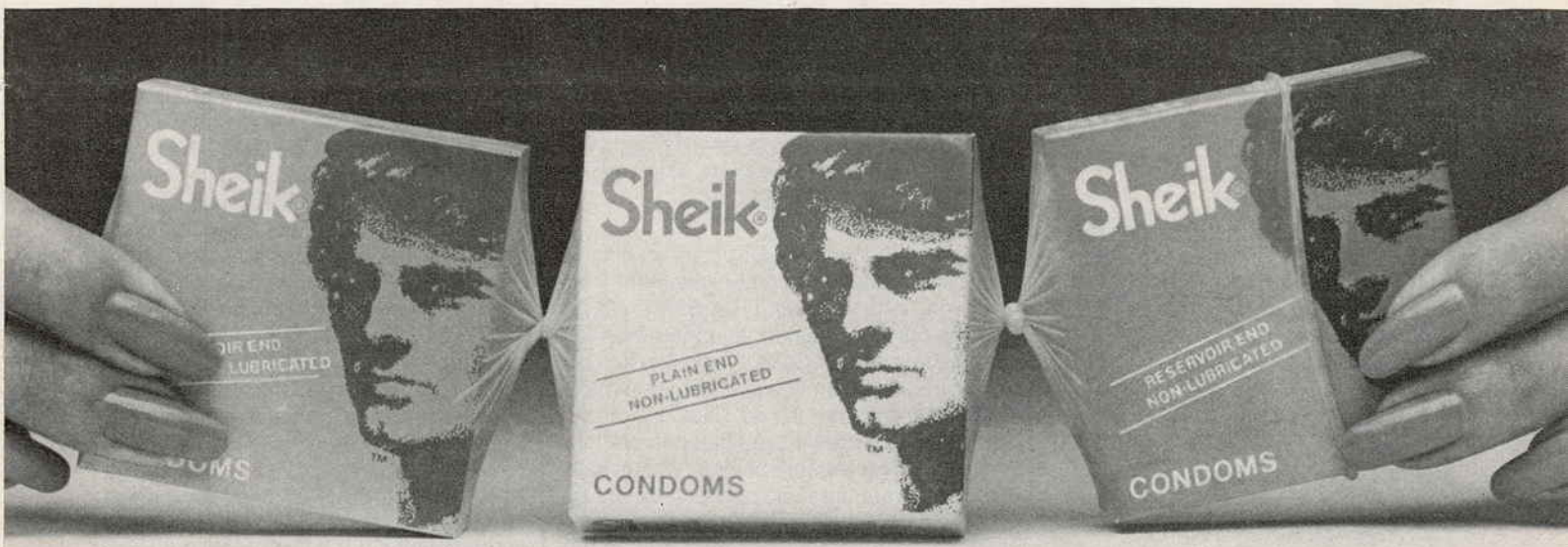
Jack Ruby was an alumnus of the Chicago mob, class of 1947, who retained his old-school ties. Back then he was known to hang around with a rising young mafioso named Sam Giancana. When Ruby opened a nightclub in Dallas after the war, it represented a major move by the Chicagoans into Texas rackets territory. Ruby became the fixer for payoffs to police, the man to see for a piece of the action. In deference to the syndicate protocol, he made his peace with Joe Civello, who was aligned with Marcello and Trafficante in the Sunbelt Mafia.

When the syndicate turned Havana into a casino boomtown in the late 1950s, Dave Yaras, an old friend of Ruby's from Chicago, was "credited" by the McClellan Senate Rackets Committee—Robert F. Kennedy, chief counsel—with playing a significant mob role in Havana as well as being implicated with the corruption-ridden Teamsters Local 320 in Miami. Ruby himself did not miss out on the action. One report had it that he had helped smuggle guns to Castro when the mob was hedging its bets. Ruby was especially close to a gambling supervisor named Lewis J. McWillie, whom he visited in Cuba in the summer of 1959. McWillie, who described Ruby as a "brother," had followed a lucrative trail to Havana, where he was manager of Lansky's Tropicana. According to an FBI memo, "McWillie solidified his syndicate connections through his association in Havana, Cuba, with Santos Trafficante; . . . Meyer and Jake Lansky; Dino Cellini and others who were members of or associates of 'the syndicate.' "

When the House Select Committee on Assassinations examined Ruby's long-distance telephone calls preceding the Kennedy assassination, it found that he had been in touch with such heavies as Robert ("Barney") Baker, Jimmy Hoffa's muscle and bagman in Chicago; Irwin Weiner, a Chicago bondsman "well-known as a front man for organized crime and the Teamsters"; Murray ("Dusty") Miller, a Hoffa deputy and "associate of various underworld figures"; Nofio J. Pecora, a top lieutenant of Carlos Marcello's; and Dave Yaras's fellow hired gun, Lenny Patrick. Ruby wasn't the only mob type busy making phone calls on or about November 22. Baker called Yaras in Miami Beach on the eve of the assassination. The call lasted three minutes. No one knows what they talked about.

Sam Giancana was fit to be tied. The drawn-out Castro project had been a slow-burning failure, and his credits were being used up with the CIA, which had been helping him out in the importation of prostitutes from Marseilles. Johnny Roselli was to be given his walking papers. In October, shortly after Oswald returned from Mexico, Giancana called a summit meeting in Miami.

It was held at the secluded mansion on Pine Tree Drive. Giancana opened the table to discussion in the Mafia equivalent of democracy; no one disagreed with his verdict that Roselli be replaced or with his choice of a replacement, Charles Nicoletti, the Chicago mob's senior hit man. Nicoletti was an Al Capone protégé who had



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stuffed more bodies in trunks than anyone cared to count. When he was given a contract, the victim was considered as good as dead.

But Fidel Castro wasn't the only enemy on the mobsters' minds that day. Like Giancana, Trafficante had become a prime target in Bobby Kennedy's war on crime. This only inflamed Trafficante's long-standing grudge against the Kennedys. A year earlier he had met in Miami's Scott Bryan Hotel with Miami businessman José Alemán, whose father, a former Batista official, became famous for taking millions from the Cuban treasury in suitcases. They discussed a $1.5 million teamsters loan to Alemán that "had already been cleared by Jimmy Hoffa himself." Trafficante spoke harshly of the president: "Have you seen how his brother is hitting Hoffa, a man who is a worker, who is not a millionaire, a friend of the blue collars? He doesn't know that this kind of encounter is very delicate. Mark my word, this man Kennedy is in trouble, and he will get what is coming to him."

Alemán expressed the view that Kennedy would surely be reelected.

"No, José," Trafficante said softly, "he is going to be hit."

Bradley Ayers was briefing his killer commando team at a CIA base near Miami. A single-engine Cessna came over low—he recognized it as a CIA plane. As it passed overhead, a white object was released. It was a roll of toilet paper, streaming out as it fell toward the ground. Taped inside the cardboard tube was a message:
NOVEMBER 22, 1963
PRESIDENT KENNEDY HAS BEEN SHOT BY AN ASSASSIN. SUSPEND ALL ACTIVITY. KEEP MEN ON ISLAND. COME ASHORE WITHOUT DELAY.

There was joy in the CIA's Tokyo station. "It was a scene of great excitement, confusion, and wild talk. The conservatives were obviously elated, and there was talk of an invasion of Cuba," said Jim Wilcott, the Tokyo station financial officer in 1963. CIA hard-liners "hated Jack Kennedy" because they felt that he had betrayed the agency over the Bay of Pigs, Wilcott said. Agents were breaking out bottles and having drinks to Oswald. Tongues became loose, and there was a great deal of talk about Oswald's connections with the CIA. "It was accepted as given that Oswald worked for the agency." This is what Wilcott says he learned:

"Oswald was originally under control of the Tokyo station's Soviet Russia Branch. He was trained at Atsugi Naval Air Station, the secret base for Tokyo CIA special operations." (Oswald's standard biography has him stationed with a Marine Corps unit at Atsugi from 1956 to 1958.) "When Oswald returned from the U.S.S.R. in June of 1962, he was brought back to Japan for debriefing. They were having some kind of difficulty with Oswald. The Soviets were on to him right from the start. That apparently made him very angry, and he became difficult to handle."

Wilcott told the authors of this article that he at first found it difficult to accept that the man who was said to have shot the president worked for the CIA. "Then I heard about more and more employees who had been working on the Oswald project in the late 1950s." Part of Wilcott's job was to hand out cash for covert CIA operations. "When I expressed disbelief, they told me, 'Well, Jim, so and so drew an advance from you for Oswald,' or, 'You gave out money for the Oswald project under such and such a crypto.' "

The NBC network scored a coup, thanks to its New Orleans affiliate WDSU. Early in the evening it played a tape of Oswald's voice professing admiration for Fidel Castro and declaring, "I am a Marxist!" The tape had been made during Oswald's August radio "debate" with Carlos Bringuier of the Revolutionary Student Directorate.

At a late-night press conference, Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade stated, "Oswald is a member of the Free Cuba Committee." He was immediately "corrected" by Jack Ruby, who had mingled with the reporters. "No," Ruby said, "he is a member of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee."

On Saturday morning Secret Service agents, armed with Fair Play for Cuba literature of Oswald's bearing the address 544 Camp Street, went there to find out whether the Dallas suspect "had occupied office space." They learned that "Cuban revolutionaries" had been tenants until recently. They talked to an exile accountant who revealed that "those Cubans were members of organizations known as 'Crusade to Free Cuba Committee' and 'Cuban Revolutionary Council.' " The accountant said that one Sergio Arcacha Smith was authorized to sign checks for both organizations, but he had moved to Texas. Guy Banister's office was closed.

The agents reported that they had been unable to find any trace of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

At 11:20 A.M. on Sunday Jack Ruby shouldered his way through a line of reporters in the basement of the Dallas jail and fatally shot Oswald as he was being led to an armored car for transfer.

That afternoon Seymour Ellison, a law partner of Melvin Belli in San Francisco, received a phone call from Las Vegas. Ellison knew that the caller was connected with casino proprietors who had been ousted from Cuba. "Sy," the Las Vegas man said, "one of our guys just bumped off that son of a bitch that gunned down the president." He wanted Belli to take on the defense of Jack Ruby. It was to be understood that the client of record would be Jack's brother, Earl Ruby. Ellison called Belli, who became excited about taking

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the important case. The Las Vegas group sent a $25,000 retainer, but the promised big money down the line never materialized. Belli not only lost the Ruby trial but also lost a considerable amount of his own money in expenses.

On Monday Guy Banister received a telephone call from Ernest C. Wall, Jr., of the FBI, which had just been ordered to take over the assassination investigation by President Johnson. No introduction was needed. The Spanish-speaking Wall had long been a bureau liaison with anti-Castro groups, including the Friends of Democratic Cuba, created by Banister and Arcacha Smith. His call apparently was prompted by the fact that Secret Service agents had come up with Arcacha's name in connection with the Newman Building.

Wall was simply going through the motions, if his report is any criterion. Consisting of one paragraph, it said Banister "advised that SERGO [sic] ARCACHA SMITH of the Cuban Revolutionary Council, who was the head of that organization . . . some time ago, had told him on one occasion that he, SMITH, had an office in the building located at 544 Camp Street. Mr. BANISTER stated that he had seen a young Cuban man with SMITH on a number of occasions in the vicinity of 544 Camp Street, but could not recall the name of this young man." That was the end of the report. Thus was the lid put on the mystery of 544 Camp Street.

In Chicago an FBI bug picked up a conversation between Sam Giancana and one of his lieutenants. The lieutenant remarked that Oswald was an "anarchist" and a "Marxist Communist." Giancana coolly replied, "He was a marksman who knew how to shoot."

On December 3 the UPI put a story on the wires that led off: "An exhaustive FBI report now nearly ready for the White House will indicate that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone and unaided assassin of President Kennedy, Government sources said today." The story, carried in newspapers throughout the nation, was leaked to the UPI on orders of J. Edgar Hoover.

On December 19, dual pairs of FBI agents took turns double-teaming a bank robbery suspect named Richard Case Nagell in the El Paso, Tex., hoosegow. A lanky man with a vertical scar on his forehead, Nagell was supremely uncooperative, so much so that the FBI report of the extended grilling session consisted of but one sentence: "For the record he would like to say that his association with OSWALD (meaning LEE HARVEY OSWALD) was purely social and that he had met him in Mexico City and in Texas."

As a bank robber Nagell could have been out of *Ripley's Believe It or Not.* On September 20 he had walked into the State National Bank in El Paso, pulled out a .45 automatic, and fired two shots into

the ceiling. He never asked for a dime. He walked outside, sat down on the curb, and waited to be arrested. He did it, he would later say, for "the sole purpose of having myself arrested and detained by federal authorities." He wanted to be in the comforting arms of the law for his own protection—he said that he had stumbled into "a domestic-formulated and domestic-sponsored conspiracy" to assassinate John Kennedy.

All of this could have been written off as a bit whacko were it not for Nagell's exemplary record—with the military and with the CIA. During the Korean War he had won a battlefield commission and then graduated from the army intelligence school at Fort Holabird, Md., at the top of his class. Upon leaving the army, he was recruited by the CIA, which dispatched him to Mexico City during the Missile Crisis and thereafter assigned him to keep tabs on the more fanatical Cuban exiles there.

During his assignment in Mexico, Nagell encountered Oswald, whom he knew only as Aleksei Hidell. Nagell claimed Oswald was being used by an anti-Castro cabal bent on assassinating Kennedy, a group that wanted the assassin branded a Castro agent so the United States might invade Cuba.

In early September Oswald, unaware that he was being set up, boasted to Nagell, "We will kill him before the month is out." Nagell frantically warned his CIA case officer, whom he identified as one Robert Graham, about the assassination plot. Nagell said Graham told him to "take care of" Oswald as a means of "stopping the clock"—but Nagell could not bring himself to murder. Instead, on September 13, he sent off a registered letter to J. Edgar Hoover, giving the FBI the details of the plot to kill Kennedy. A week later he strode purposefully into the El Paso bank. It was the first bank handy on his way out of Mexico.

When he heard that Kennedy had indeed been shot, Nagell handed a jailer a note asking to see the Secret Service on an urgent matter. An FBI agent showed up. Nagell, angered that the bureau had failed to heed his warning, refused to talk to him. He continued to stonewall the FBI. At his trial he would say only that the bizarre robbery attempt had provided a "temporary solution" to an "unbearable problem."

The judge meted out the maximum sentence of ten years. This was a stiff rap for a war hero and first offender who didn't even try to take any money. Five years later an appellate court overturned Nagell's conviction on the grounds that there was no evidence of intent to rob. The man who had shot a bank walked out of Leavenworth Penitentiary, carrying with him whatever secrets he knew about the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

In 1979 the House Select Committee on Assassinations concluded that there most

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I used to try hard to please girls. The gentleman who treated them with respect. The type of man all women say they want.

But I didn't become extremely successful with them until I treated them worse — a lot worse.

For example, girls claim they want a man who is faithful and reliable. A man they can depend on. A man who is trustworthy, predictable, with no vices.

Unfortunately, if they find such a man, they will find him dull. They will also say he is boring and unexciting. I know because I've been there.

Girls also claim they want a man who will give in to her wishes and demands. A man who puts her first. A man who anxiously waits to please her.

I remember when I tried to be this perfect gentleman. They thought I treated them so nice because no other girl would have me. And no girl wants a man no other girl will take.

I know what it's like to be a failure with girls. And I know what it's like to be outrageously successful with them. And I am certain that you — like me — can decide just how successful you want to be. It doesn't matter if you're presently a complete failure with girls or even if you're quite successful with them already. It's as simple as that.

So I'm going to ask you to send me something I don't need to be successful with girls: money. Twelve dollars to be precise. Why? Because there's more to life than just girls. And because if you have your money invested in something, you'll look it over, and decide if it's worth it. And I don't want you to keep it if you don't agree it's worth — at the very minimum — 10 girls more a year for you.

Is it worth $12? No, not if you look at it as paper held together by glue. But then I'm not selling paper and glue. I'm selling information. Information you can't get in a college education. Information that will enable you to pick up and be more successful with girls than you can imagine. Information that could have saved me from countless humiliations, if I had discovered it sooner.

What if I'm so sure you'll pick up and be successful with girls my Smart Man's Way that I'll make you this unbeatable guarantee?

Here's what I mean:

Just post date your check 31 days from today. That means I won't be able to cash your check even if I tried. It'll also give you time to examine it and try it. If it isn't everything I say it is, simply return it. Your uncashed check will be returned to you. No questions asked.

Remember, when it comes to girls, I'm already giving you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 15 years to develop. How to pick up and be successful with girls the Smart Man's Way.

O.K., now I'm going to brag a little. I really don't mind. But it's necessary — to convince you that sending me twelve dollars...which I won't cash until you're satisfied...is the wisest thing you ever did.

How many times have you noticed a beautiful girl with an ugly guy and wondered how he did it? I used to wonder, too. But now I know. I now feel any guy can do the same — even if he isn't ugly.

I can easily pick up 5 girls in one week. As a matter of fact, I have picked up 3 girls in one day, time and time again.

No, I don't do this every week. Only when I tire of my present company. I'd be a fool to settle down with one girl. Especially when there are so many beautiful girls out there that I haven't met yet.

I know exactly how to treat a girl. How many times have you noticed the harder a man tried to please a girl, the less he pleased her? I'll teach you why, and exactly how you shouid treat her.

I'll also show you where you can go and legally put your arms around a girl you never saw before. It is one of the best pick up places I've ever found.

I'll give you the exact pick up lines that I use. They're Smart — and probably unlike any you've heard before. And they don't make you feel like you're begging for a date — like most pick up lines do.

Once you use them, I'm sure you'll consider them the best also.

And I'll give you top-notch excuses for not having called. You'll need them when you've been too "busy" to call a girl you wanted and promised to date a month ago.

And there's more. A lot more. I'll show you exactly how I did it all — the Smart Man's Way — a secret I have shared with just a few until now.

It doesn't require being "handsome." I can assure you I'm quite average.

It doesn't require "being rich." When I first became successful with girls, I was $5000 in debt. I won't kid you. There are girls who are money hungry. But who needs girls like that?

It doesn't require being "smart." Anybody with an eighth grade education can understand and apply my concepts. I call it the Smart Man's Way simply because I became successful when I followed these concepts.

It doesn't require "experience" with women. I'll give you mine.

Exactly what does it require? Trust. Enough to take a risk. Enough to put these concepts into action. If you do that — not a hair more, not a hair less — the results will be hard to imagine. Don't forget — I guarantee it.

What I'm saying is probably contrary to what you've heard from your buddies and from girls themselves.

Your buddies are probably wrong because they told you what they heard from girls.

And girls don't know what they *really* want in a man. They're "too close to the trees to see the forest."

A wise man who knew women, especially how to handle them, once told me, "Most men treat girls too nice to be extremely successful with them."

It took a while for me to understand what he meant. Now I know just how right he was.

And I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" what I have said. Just try it and judge for yourself. In other words, if I don't prove it, all you're out is a trip to the mail box and a stamp. But what if I do?

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Jim Rascony Publishing Co.
1405 Marcelina, Suite 101 D, Dept. PH-981
Torrance, California 90501

Okay, you may be full of bull, but your guarantee has taken the gamble out. Send me the Smart Man's Way to Pick Up Girls. But don't deposit my check for 31 days after the material is in the mail (the same applies to money order).

If I return your material — for whatever reason — within that period, return my uncashed check or money order to me. On these conditions, here's my twelve dollars.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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RALLY! Wake up to the possibilities of greater physical and mental energy. Wake up to RALLY—a new dietary supplement that can help your metabolism release more energy for all your vital processes.

RALLY contains Gotu Kola, a natural herb that promotes the production of energy and contributes to the proper functioning of the nervous and muscular systems. RALLY also contains Natural Glutamic Acid that has been found to improve memory and stress capability. And Panax (Korean) Ginseng, long recognized for its healthful and stimulating effects.

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PH. 10

probably had been a conspiracy and that the FBI and CIA were derelict in not pursuing it. Hoover, the committee charged, had had "a personal predisposition that Oswald had been a lone assassin" and had wrapped up the investigation with unseemly haste.

The committee also found that after the Warren Report had been issued, the FBI steadfastly refused to explore fresh leads pointing to a conspiracy. It specifically noted that in 1967 the bureau had balked when given information by Earl Warren "regarding organized crime figure John Roselli's claim of personal knowledge relating to Cuban or underworld complicity" and "took repeated action to discredit the source" instead of investigating advice that "New Orleans Mafia leader Carlos Marcello had allegedly made a threat against the life of President Kennedy."

The committee similarly rebuked the CIA for passivity, echoing 1976 criticism by the Senate Intelligence Committee. The Senate report stingingly observed: "The conspiratorial atmosphere of violence, which developed over the course of three years of CIA and exile group operations, should have led CIA investigators to ask whether Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby, who were known to have at least touched the fringes of the Cuban community, were influenced by that atmosphere. Similarly, arguments that the CIA domestic jurisdiction was limited belie the fact. CIA's Cuban operations had created an enormous *domestic* apparatus, which the Agency used both to gather intelligence domestically and to run operations against Cuba."

The Warren Commission, hobbled by its dependency on the FBI and the evasiveness of the CIA, went about its business as best it could. Staffers assigned to probe Oswald's background could find no plausible motive for him to have shot Kennedy. Leads suggesting that he had Cuban backing were washing out; one, in which a Nicaraguan falsely claimed to have witnessed Oswald's being handed a thick wad of bills in the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City, was suspected as the handiwork of General Somoza.

Two Warren Commission staff attorneys, W. David Slausen and William Coleman, began thinking along opposite lines. In an internal memorandum they wrote: "The evidence here could lead to an anti-Castro involvement in the assassination on some sort of basis as this: Oswald could have become known to the Cubans as being strongly pro-Castro. He made no secret of his sympathies, so the anti-Castro Cubans must have realized that law enforcement authorities were also aware of Oswald's feelings and that, therefore, if he got into trouble, the public would also learn of them. . . . It is possible that some sort of deception was used to encourage Oswald to kill the President. . . . The motive of this would, of course, be the expectation that after the President was killed, Oswald would be caught or at least his identity ascertained, the law enforcement authorities and the public would blame the assassination on the Castro government and a call for its forceful overthrow would be irresistible."

Slausen and Coleman pressed for an investigation of this hypothesis. The most logical place to start would have been with Guy Banister, who was certainly capable of engineering such a scenario. But Banister was unfortunately permanently unavailable, having been found dead in bed of an apparent heart attack with his monogrammed Magnum at his side. When gathering up his effects at the 544 Camp Street building, his widow, Mary Banister, reportedly found a large stack of Lee Harvey Oswald's Fair Play for Cuba literature stored in Banister's office. But no investigation was ever conducted along the lines Slausen and Coleman urged.

In 1979 the House Assassinations Committee, after spending $5.4 million to exhume the leads buried over ten years before by the Warren Commission, concluded that the president's murder was probably the product of a conspiracy. The most probable conspirators, the committee said, were mobsters and possibly anti-Castro Cubans.

But the committee said too many years had passed to be sure.

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

our expertise.

After all, most major inventions have been stolen by our opponents, the Soviets. They want our computers, our products. And the Japanese are just paying us their most enormous compliment. It is a custom in Japan that if you have an expert teacher—a *sensei*—who favors you, it is your duty to try to surpass your teacher. Japan is doing just that, and we'd better watch out. We are under siege economically. And historically, all wars have started for economic reasons.

Penthouse: You're confident we can triumph?

Clavell: Of course. Unequivocally. But we should not be afraid to learn from other people. After all, we have the best form of democracy there has ever been. Take Japan for a moment. In Japan the government, the tax system, and business all work together benevolently. The tax people are not the enemy, as they are seemingly here. We view the tax people as the enemy because they try to get the maximum they can out of every citizen. In Japan the overall attitude is "How can we make business work? How can we help business?" *The people* are employed by business. The primary difference between Japanese industry and our own industry is that Japanese companies believe that their major asset is their employees, and they believe their first duty is to their employees and their second to the stockholders. Japanese companies concentrate on making their employees happy. In America we mostly don't give a goddamn. American stockholders say, "You've got to give us more dividends." The Japanese say, "But that's the wrong attitude."

Penthouse: How did you feel about the United States' opening relations with China?

Clavell: It was a brilliant and wonderful and necessary thing. Of course, it did come at a time of their choosing, not of our choosing. They said, "Yes, we'll be glad to see you." It wasn't just a miraculous thing or that suddenly Mr. Kissinger called them up and said, "Look, can I come to dinner?" Previous administrations had made probes, but the Chinese were not receptive until Nixon's administration.

But then President Nixon, in his foolishness—and not knowing anything about Asia, for all his erudition—did not first inform our ally, the Japanese. The first they knew about it was when they read it in the papers. They even created a new word to describe their reaction—"shocku." It was a matter of face—of manners.

Penthouse: You're giving the Chinese as much credit for opening relations with the U.S. as Nixon or Kissinger?

Clavell: Absolutely! This whole unnecessary mess started many, many years ago. In 1949 when Mao Tse-tung took over the mainland, both he and Chou En-lai—and this is a matter of record—asked to be allowed to come to the United States to discuss the whole problem. And they were rebuffed. Very shortly after that, when John Foster Dulles was secretary of state, there was this famous meeting—I think it was in Geneva. Mr. Chou En-lai went over to Mr. Dulles and put out his hand and said to him, "Mr. Dulles, may I introduce myself? My name is Chou En-lai." And John Foster Dulles turned his back on him! Now that will be remembered a thousand years. Not only was it stupid, but it was really very bad manners.

Penthouse: Do you think that other nations see hope in President Reagan?

Clavell: Yes. Of course, they're praying and hoping, like we're all hoping and praying for him. I think they hope for stability. Let's face it: this high tax system which some twit economist has put upon us is tyrannical. It hasn't worked abroad. Take England and its socialist theories. They just haven't worked. In my opinion, any government that takes over 30 percent of your money is a tyranny. That's why I love Hong Kong. Taxes there are 15 percent on money you make inside Hong Kong, and there is *no* tax on money made outside Hong Kong. One of the few things they tax is legal gambling—horse racing.

Penthouse: Why do the Chinese love gambling?

Clavell: They want to make the killing. It's the only way that they can get out from under. You bet a little to get a lot. A big winner won't go blow it on a big car or a vacation. In *Noble House*, a coolie wins $10,000 and plans to buy a used plastic-making machine and some clothes for one of his grandchildren so she can become a dance-hall girl.

Gambling is the only legal way a poor person can make it fast, that is, if the gods smile at you. If they don't smile at you, you lose. Maybe next time!

Penthouse: In *Noble House* a wealthy junk-fleet owner goes mad in a Mah-Jongg game and loses a fortune.

Clavell: Yes, but don't forget he was very peed off to lose! If you remember, he said, "Well, gods are gods." Because sometimes the gods are on your side, and sometimes they're not. Chinese theory is that gods and goddesses are like people: there is a fisherman god, a prostitute goddess, a madame god, a moneylender god, a bad god, a good god, a miser god, and so on. And like people, well, they go to *sleep* sometimes. You can pray all you want, but if the bugger is sleeping, he's not going to hear you, so you don't get your prayer answered. Maybe he's out to lunch.

Penthouse: Doesn't that sound like a pretty childlike view of religion?

Clavell: Well, at least it's a logical answer to why sometimes we win and why sometimes we lose. The Chinese are very practical people. They have an enormous awe and an enormous feeling for survival. They feel that they understand life, and they love life.

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.
Robert Service
The Men That Don't Fit In
A one hundred proof potency that simmers just below the surface. Yet, so smooth and flavorful, it's unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted. Straight, mixed, or on the rocks, Yukon Jack is truly a spirit unto itself.
The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.
Yukon Jack
100 Proof Imported Liqueur
made with Blended Canadian Whisky.
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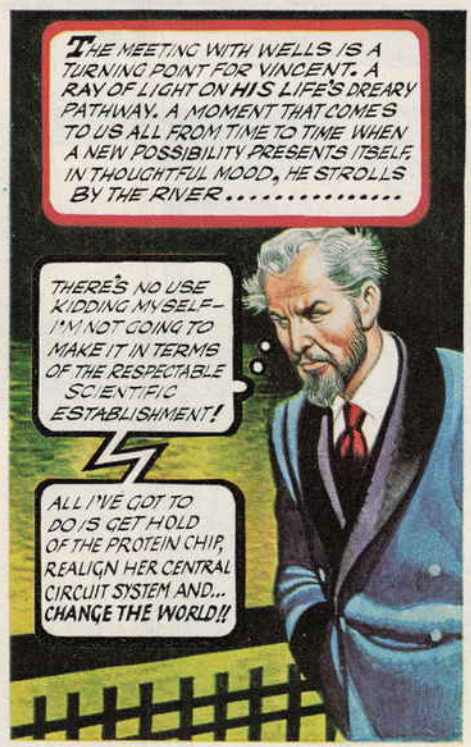
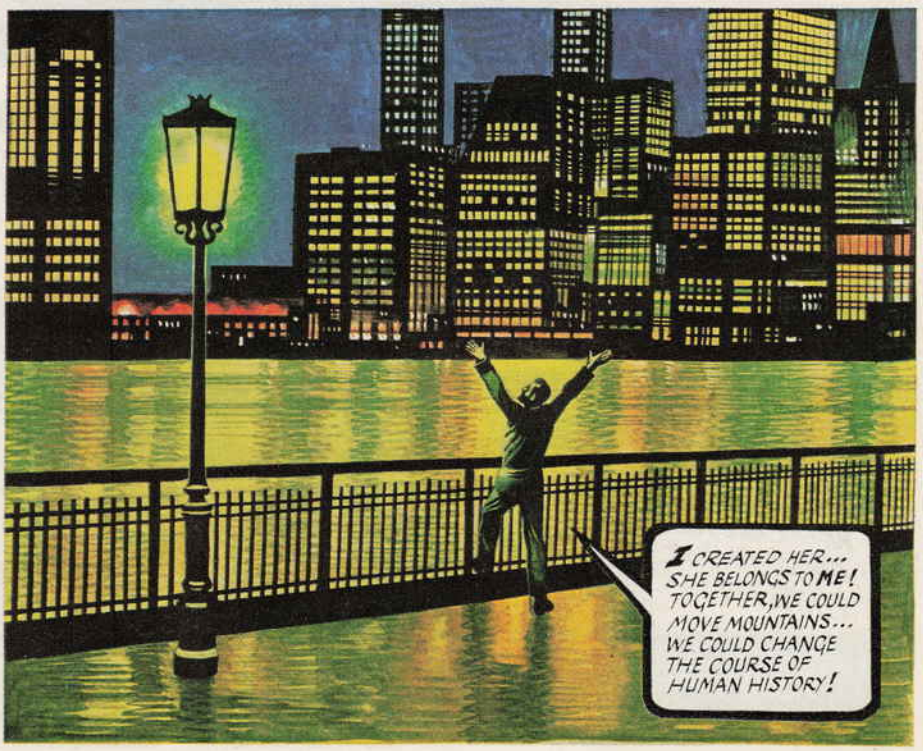
Sweet Chastity
OH, I DO MISS DEAR HOWIE, ODDBALL!
FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO MISSED, FELL ASLEEP DURING OR COULDN'T UNDERSTAND LAST MONTHS INSTALMENT, LET US PUT YOU IN THE PICTURE. SWEET CHASTITY IS RESTLESS. SHE HAS BEEN PROGRAMMED TO RESPOND TO AND PLEASE ONLY HOWARD HUGE AND THEIR NEW YORK PENTHOUSE IS BLEAK WITHOUT HIM.....
HE'LL BE BACK IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, MISS CHASTITY!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
HOWARD HUGE IS IN ZURICH AT MADAME TRUSS'S S&M REJUVENATION CLINIC. HE IS RECHARGING BATTERIES WORN FLAT BY THE DEVOTION OF SWEET CHASTITY
WHAT'S ON THE AGENDA TODAY, NURSE?
WELL, FIRST YOU'VE GOT YOUR GOLDEN SHOWER FOLLOWED BY HORMONE INJECTIONS AND LIGHT SPANKING... AFTER LUNCH: PROCAINE H-3, B-COMPLEX, CELL THERAPY, ORGAN IMPLANTS AND STRICT, ENGLISH DISCIPLINE... AFTER DINNER:
IN A SEEDY, DOWNTOWN HOTEL VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN, CHASTITY'S CREATOR, HAS RECEIVED A SUMMONS
IT'S FROM AWESOME WELLS! HE WANTS TO TALK TO ME!
AWESOME WELLS — THE FILM MOGUL? SHOULD I PACK?
HE WANTS TO TALK ABOUT SWEET CHASTITY — NOT YOU!
HUMPH! AND I REMEMBER WHEN HE MADE "WHORE OF THE WORLDS."

THE MEETING.....
NOW, FRANKENSTEIN, I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION TO PUT TO YOU. DO YOU HAVE ANY INFLUENCE WITH YOUR NIECE, SWEET CHASTITY?
I....
BEFORE YOU ANSWER THAT QUESTION I WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU WHY I HAVE FLOWN ALL THE WAY FROM ROME TO SPEAK WITH YOU
MOVE OVER, KID! THIS IS A WALK-ON PART— YOU'RE HOGGIN' THE FRAME!

I AM ABOUT TO START SHOOTING THE GREATEST MOTION PICTURE OF ALL TIME...THE STORY OF MAN, NOT SOME NAIVE FUNDAMENTALIST CONFECTION BUT THE REAL STORY OF MAN... THE MOST DANGEROUS CARNIVORE THAT EVER ROAMED THE EARTH!

THE GREATEST WRITERS, ACTORS, AND TECHNICIANS IN THE WORLD ARE CLAMORING FOR A PIECE OF THE ACTION BUT THE FILM NEEDS A FOCAL POINT, I.E. THE FINAL, IRREVERSIBLE TRAGEDY OF MAN AS SYMBOLIZED IN THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SWEET CHASTITY.
I WANT HER—AT ANY PRICE! ARE YOU PREPARED TO HELP ME, FRANKENSTEIN?
I HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF INFLUENCE WITH MY NIECE MR WELLS. LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!


THE MEETING WITH WELLS IS A TURNING POINT FOR VINCENT. A RAY OF LIGHT ON HIS LIFE'S DREARY PATHWAY. A MOMENT THAT COMES TO US ALL FROM TIME TO TIME WHEN A NEW POSSIBILITY PRESENTS ITSELF. IN THOUGHTFUL MOOD, HE STROLLS BY THE RIVER.....
THERE'S NO USE KIDDING MYSELF— I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE IT IN TERMS OF THE RESPECTABLE SCIENTIFIC ESTABLISHMENT!
ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS GET HOLD OF THE PROTEIN CHIP, REALIGN HER CENTRAL CIRCUIT SYSTEM AND... CHANGE THE WORLD!!


I CREATED HER... SHE BELONGS TO ME! TOGETHER, WE COULD MOVE MOUNTAINS... WE COULD CHANGE THE COURSE OF HUMAN HISTORY!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT SWEET CHASTITY HAS SOME UNEXPECTED VISITORS....
WH...WHO IS IT?
IT'S YOUR UNCLE VINCENT!
UNCLE VINCENT! HOW LOVELY TO SEE YOU— BUT WHY DON'T YOU USE THE FRONT DOOR?
IT'S A SURPRISE! GIVE YOUR OLD UNCLE A KISS!
CLICK!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HER?
YOU AIN'T GONNA TAKE HER TO PIECES, ARE YOU?
IDIOT! I'VE JUST IMMOBILIZED HER! SHE NEEDS SOME ADJUSTMENTS. GET HER ONTO THE COUCH!
QUICKLY! MY BAG —AND BRING A LAMP OVER HERE!
I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU!
HOW THE HELL DID YOU GET IN HERE?
MY GOD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MISS CHASTITY?
NOW, IGOR! LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE REALLY WORTH THE WAGES I PAY YOU?
GET HIM!
TO BE WORTH THE WAGES HE PAYS ME IS TO BE WORTH NOTHING!
OH! NOT VIOLENCE! I CAN'T STAND VIOLENCE!

HERE'S ONE STRAIGHT OUT OF A JOHN WAYNE MOVIE!
HERE'S ONE YOU WON'T FIND IN A JOHN WAYNE MOVIE!
HAVEN'T WE GOT ENOUGH VIOLENCE ON T.V.? DO WE HAVE TO HAVE IT IN PENTHOUSE NOW?

DONE!! LET'S GO! I'VE COMPLETELY REPROGRAMMED HER PRINCIPAL INTERESTS, AMBITIONS AND SEXUAL ROLE.
SHE WON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THIS WHEN SHE WAKES UP!
I THINK MY EYEBROWS NEED PLUCKING!
I'VE STRUCK A BALANCE BETWEEN JUNG AND FREUD... BUT HER PERSONALITY IS STILL FRAGILE AND INDEFINITE... MUSTN'T OVERDO IT!
I WISH HE'D FORGET ALL THIS NONSENSE AND SET UP AS A DENTIST! WE COULD ALL BE SITTING PRETTY!
Burlesque
PUSSYCAT
COCKTAILS
BAR
BURGER KING
HOT DOG
HOT PRETZELS
MAKIN' AN HONEST BUCK IN THIS TOWN DOESN'T GET ANY EASIER!

HOWARD HUGE, THROBBING WITH ANTICIPATION, A REJUVENATED METABOLISM AND SEVERAL FRESH ORGANS, ARRIVES HOME.....
PUT THE BAGS DOWN THERE!
YOO-HOO! CHASTITY! ODDBALL! I'M BACK!
MY BEAUTIFUL MAN!
MY PERFECT WOMAN!
?
CHASTITY!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
ODDBALL! WHERE'S ODDBALL?
WILL SOMEBODY TELL ME WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON!!!
IS HOWARD HUGE'S BEAUTIFUL DREAM WORLD ABOUT TO FALL APART? WILL IGOR AND ODDBALL MAKE IT UP? WHAT HAS VINCENT DONE TO SWEET CHASTITY— AND WHAT HAS SHE DONE TO THE BELL BOY? WE'LL REVEAL ALL NEXT MONTH!

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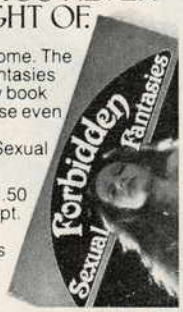

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Please write your card number in the space below:

Expiration Date ____/____ Mo. Yr.

X _____
(Your signature as it appears on credit card)

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

ing at home and consider the adventures as frivolous escapades.

You're a bit hypocritical in not being able to tolerate any infidelity on Ted's part. After all, did your affairs interfere with your good relationship at home? Don't be surprised if someday he expresses the wish to do the same. You will then have to stop all outside actions and stick together or else be tolerant. You may want to consider swinging in group sex—don't dismiss the thought if you haven't tried it. You may like making it with other women as well.

SEXERCISING

I've read extensively on physical disciplines ranging from body building to yoga and haven't run across any exercises for the penis. Is that because there aren't any, or have I missed something? I'm proud of my body and exercise daily. Can you tell me any exercises for the penis or where I can find literature on keeping my most important muscle well toned?—A.N.

I don't know of a better exercise for keeping a man's sexual apparatus in good shape than having regular sex, either by getting sucked, fucked, or, in case of an emergency, by masturbation. I doubt body builders have found exercises for developing those muscles.

I once made love to a very handsome body builder in Toronto, and to my surprise he had a minuscule, poorly functioning penis. He had taken up body building thinking it might develop *all* his muscles. The tremendous contrast between his biceps and his penis was rather funny. My advice to you is to stay just as you are and keep on loving.

STUCK ON LIPSTICK

Lipstick knocks me out. Any color is appealing, especially if it is something wet, bright, and shiny. Watching a beautiful woman looking in her little mirror and carefully spreading gooey, shocking-pink on her lips gives me a hard-on. Does a woman know what she's doing to me, and possibly other men in the room, when she stains the end of a cigarette with a bright orange shade or leaves a glossy crimson smear on the rim of a glass?

If I kiss a woman wearing lipstick, the feeling of it smearing all over my lips and tongue can actually make me come in my pants. A smooch on the cheek that leaves a lipstick print is one of the most erotic things I can think of, and watching a woman paint my dick a bright, shiny color with her mouth is really mind-boggling.

Women do many things to turn men on. If they know how sexy lipstick is, why do most women wipe it off before making love? Also, is that your mouth in the picture illustrating your Penthouse *column? If you go to bed looking like that, I like your style.*

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It is believed that lipstick was first used by the prostitutes of ancient Egypt and Phoenicia. They specialized in fellatio and colored their mouths to publicize their talents. Cleopatra supposedly had a well-established reputation for fellatio, which may have been useful in captivating Caesar and Mark Antony.

Today lipstick may enhance a woman's appearance, making her more desirable, but it does not indicate a particular erotic talent. Unfortunately, practicality often comes before sensuality: women usually wipe off their lipstick as well as other makeup to avoid soiling sheets and pillowcases.

By the way, whether or not the mouth in the photo is mine remains a secret.

YOGA BUFF

I have an unusual problem I hope you can help me with. Let me begin by telling you that my girl friend loves to suck my cock. We have been going together for the past six months, and I hope to marry her. The first couple of times we went out, she barely let me kiss her. Now she'll do anything to suck me off. Marla says she just loves the taste of my come, and when she uses that warm mouth of hers to bring me off, she gets a full load. Marla also likes it when I bring myself off by rubbing my cock between her tits. She always wants me to lick my own love juices off her after I ejaculate, but until now I have refused. This is where my problem comes in.

I began practicing yoga about two months ago. I usually work out in my loose white pants, but a couple of weeks ago, following a warm bath, I felt very relaxed and decided to work out in the nude. Well, I got into one particular position that put my love stick right by my mouth. Intrigued, I put a pillow under my head, adjusted my position, and found I could suck myself off. The sensation was indescribable. I got about half my cock in my mouth and, needless to say, I shot a heavy load. This was the first time I ever tasted my own come, and to my surprise I liked it. It was warm, salty, and sticky, but I find it impossible to swallow my whole load.

I have given myself a blowjob at least once a day since then. Should I tell Marla what I can do, and should I now abide by her request to lick my come off her after spurting it on her chest? Is there a trick to swallowing a whole load of come, or is it common to continue spitting it up for as long as an hour after swallowing it? Your help would be most appreciated.—M.J.

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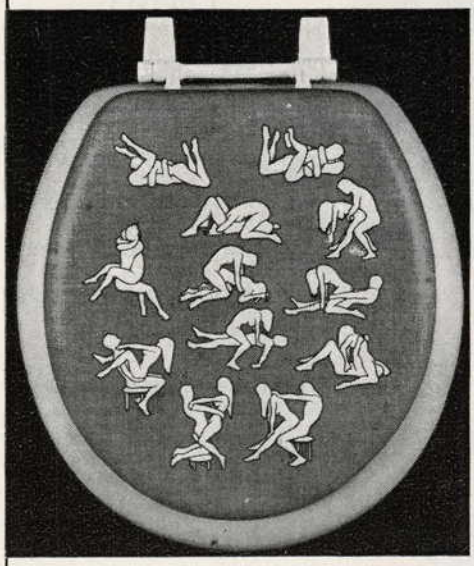

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lected it all in your mouth. It tends to get gooey, especially when one is in an uncomfortable yoga position. I have seen four men who were able to swallow their own sperm in so-called auto-suck or self-fellatio. All of them were very excited about getting to the orgasm itself, but they spat out the sperm immediately.

An interesting experiment for a man who is not able to suck himself off but likes the taste of sperm while having sex with a girl friend is to ask her to perform fellatio, then instruct her to kiss him with her mouth full of sperm.

A TRAVELER'S TRYST

I would like to tell you of an experience I had this past January. I was driving back to my Rocky Mountain home after visiting friends in Florida. As I was about to enter the turnpike in Fort Lauderdale, I spotted this good-looking blond hitchhiking. She was about five feet seven inches, 125 pounds, and had shoulder-length hair, a nice ass, and a pair of nice tits. I stopped and asked her if she wanted a ride and inquired as to how far she was going. She replied, "All the way," or as far as I would take her, and got in. As time passed we got to know more about each other, and I talked her into traveling the whole way with me.

We stopped for a bite to eat, and about a half hour after we had gotten back on the road she began to get frisky and took her clothes off. She slipped into my parka and reached over to unzip my jeans. She took out my now rock-hard cock and sucked and licked it ever so slowly. It was an unbelievable experience. I had always dreamed of getting head while driving down the road, and now it was happening. It seemed like she worked on me for hours as she worked up and down the shaft, taking the head into her mouth, which was hot and wet.

When I couldn't take much more of her hot tongue, I exploded into her mouth and damn near wrecked my station wagon. I knew she wanted to do more, so I pulled the car off the road and parked in an abandoned gas station. We climbed into the backseat, and I got completely undressed. I rubbed her breasts, with her nipples hard as little cherrystones. I tugged at them between my teeth and then worked my way down her flat stomach, kissing and licking until I found her steaming hot pussy, wet with excitement.

I licked around her outer lips, working my way to her clit, and then went deep inside her cunt. She started bucking and moaning like a wild woman. She exploded into one hell of an orgasm and then grabbed my cock and sucked it hard. She inserted it into her cunt, and we fucked like chain lightning. She moved so fast I thought she was going to break my cock in half. I think we fucked for about two hours before we fell asleep.

When we awoke, we ate each other for a while and then started out again. While we drove, I had my fingers in her pussy, working on her like a madman. She was wet and dripping but seemed even more excited when a semitrailer passed us and the driver looked down into the car.

The best part of the whole trip was when we stopped for gas and I bought a box of fruit candies, the soft and chewy kind. I inserted a few into her pussy and let them sweeten her juices. It was the sweetest-tasting pussy I've ever eaten. I would like to meet this person again and repeat our lovemaking sessions. She was the best lover any man could ever ask for.—J.R.C.

It sounds like you had quite a trip. Exhibitionism—the truck driver's peering into your car while you were fingering your companion—can be quite a turn-on.

When I was in Brazil for carnival, I happened to be riding in a car with five young Brazilian playboys. I was wearing a flimsy, low-cut dress, and since it was extremely hot, I hadn't put on a bra or panties. While two of the boys fondled and fingered me, a third had pulled down the strap of my dress to kiss my tits. We had a jolly time, especially when a local bus loaded with adults and children passed by. The banging against the glass and the screams of excitement from the windows of the bus made me have an orgasm on the spot, my pussy exposed in the wind.

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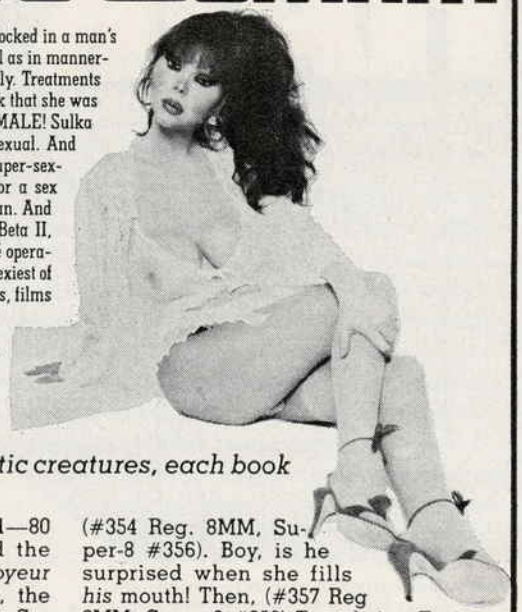

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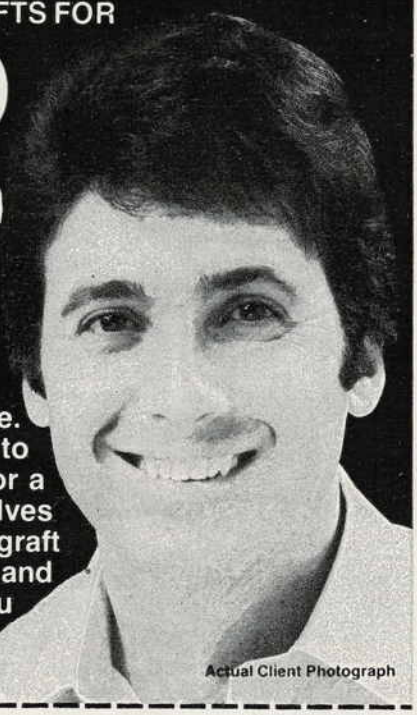

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

rector of Biostatistics, Roswell Park Memorial Institute, Buffalo, N.Y.

Mormons and Indians

I am the director of the Indian Child and Family Services Program, Inc., in Sacramento, Calif. I would like to commend and thank *Penthouse* for its in-depth analysis of the very complex and misrepresented relationship between American Indians and the Mormon church. The article "Cultural Genocide," by Jon Stewart and Peter Wiley (June 1981), was excellent.

We have encountered problems that we feel directly relate to the issues addressed in this article. Although most people would praise the efforts of the Mormon church to provide a higher "standard of living" to "impoverished" Indian children, the reality is that these children are being deprived of their cultural heritage. They have problems identifying themselves as American Indians, their immediate families are disrupted, their traditional life-styles are changed to meet the needs of "round-eyed Caucasians," and tribal unity and traditional religions are threatened by the indoctrination process of the Mormon church.

Is it worth the effects of genocide to subject an Indian child to traumatic separation from his or her family, to questionable purification processes, to legal tug-of-wars, to disorientation, only to provide a "better environment"? Is it worth it to endanger a fragile culture to feed the hungry corporate interests of the Mormon church? Can we help comparing the subtle attempts to change "Lamanites" into "white and delightsome" with less subtle attempts by one man of the past to homogenize a society?

This historically misguided intervention has eroded the American Indian's traditional beliefs and religious and spiritual strengths, leaving alcoholism, suicide, disease, and poverty a way of life. Should we also allow the extermination of an already dwindling culture? Through our Indian ways, we will survive and pray that this will not be our fate.

I hope *Penthouse* continues to publish articles that will enlighten the rest of American society to the plight of the American Indian children.—*Art Martinez, Sacramento, Calif.*

I looked for the credentials of Jon Stewart and Peter Wiley, authors of the article "Cultural Genocide" in your June 1981 issue, but could find none. I presume they have some, but if I had been their schoolteacher, I would have given their paper a "D." The grade comes not because of their attack on the Mormon church, but because their argument failed.

As I understand their contention, the Mormon church's interest in the Indians of the Southwest is primarily economic. Missionaries are there to capitalize on the human resources of the Navahos, and Mormon lawyers are acquiring for their church the Indians' natural resources. The human-resources argument focuses on the Mormon "Indian placement" program, the practice of providing foster homes during the school year for Navaho children who have converted to Mormonism. The authors contend, on the one hand, that this practice, in reality, provides the Mormon homes with cheap labor and, on the other, that the Indians are acculturated to upper-middle-class American values through materialistic overkill. It doesn't take much of a logician to see that these two contentions are contradictory. Either the Indians provide their Mormon foster homes with cheap labor, or they are showered with toys, clothes, and other trappings of American materialism, but not both. The authors logically cannot have it both ways.

Secondly, the data presented by the authors in support of these contradictory contentions are sketchy at best. In support of the cheap-labor argument, the only evidence is a statement to that effect by a California professor with Mormon connections. The article contains no case studies, surveys, or other substantial data that would allow a serious reader to believe

what Stewart and Wiley contend. In support of the acculturation argument, the authors cite a study, conducted by another California scholar, of 25 Navaho placement students. While these data are suggestive of the possible psychological trauma suffered by these children, a sample of 25 is extremely limited in comparison with the large population of Indians who have lived with Anglo-Mormons. The contentions in the article may be correct, but the documentation does not allow a careful reader to accept them.

The natural-resources argument contends that Mormon missionary activity among the Indians of the Southwest has experienced a resurgence since coal and uranium were located on the reservation. I looked in vain in the article for a history of Mormon proselytizing efforts among the Navaho to show that this revival had actually occurred. Seeing no data, I must again be suspicious of the contention.

The authors, however, did present an interesting scenario of Mormon lawyers defending Indian claims against the government. The authors insist that this action, rather than satisfying the Indians' claims, simply enriches the lawyers and enables the Mormons to gain greater control over tribal councils. While such information would inspire the Joe McCarthy in us all, the authors do not show how the actions of these Mormon lawyers benefit the Mormon church in any way. The same kind of logic has been used in the past to insist that John Kennedy would turn the nation Catholic, that Jesse Owens was a credit to his race, and that Shylock was the prototypical Jew, that is, culturally irresponsible.

Frankly, I'm surprised that *Penthouse* would give credence to such ill-founded arguments. Maybe the editorial staff could share the "D" for this article.—*Stephanie Cooper*

Bonzo

Congratulations re "Bonzo Economics," by Ben Stein. You have finally published an economist as truthful and lucid as Xaviera Hollander is about sex.

May your circulation be trebled! May Mr. Watt fall off his bulldozer. May Mr. Edwards return to Charleston to study the energy cycle of Strom. May Jesse Helms be pregnant.

The Russians don't need to come: we are doing it to ourselves.—*Warren O. Stiles, Wrightsville Beach, N.C.*

"Bonzo Economics" should be read by all—conservatives and liberals.

Even after reading it, I am not sure that our well-educated economists and business and government leaders know how to handle the problem of ever-rising prices. This is a serious situation that neither party has shown much ability to correct or even make more bearable.—*Frederik Miller, Cedar Rapids, Iowa*

It was wonderful to read the article by Ben Stein entitled "Bonzo Economics." Not only does Mr. Stein point out the weakness of Ronald Reagan's economic program, but also he goes out of his way to tell us what the future will bring and how it will defeat this program.

Mr. Stein does not have any fresh ideas on curing inflation. Instead, he suggests the same old cures that conservatives have suggested for years, namely, a tight money supply and big bellyache for the economy. Mr. Stein goes on to explain that cutting taxes is not a good idea, despite the fact that they go up a real six percent each year. Nor is Mr. Stein concerned with outrageous government growth, which he seems to think does not add to inflation. I suggest we title his thinking "Benzo Economics."—*Charles Morasch, Overland Park, Kans.*

One more time

There are three things I would like to say about Emily Prager's "New National Monuments," in the July 1981 issue. Bravo. Bravo. Bravo.—*Roberto Gonzalez, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Editor's note: In the August 1981 pictorial "Georgia on My Mind" the photographer's name was misspelled. It should have read Cory Brandon.

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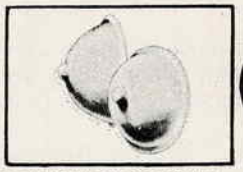

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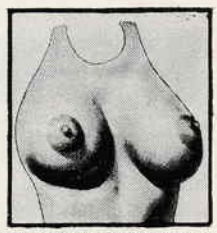

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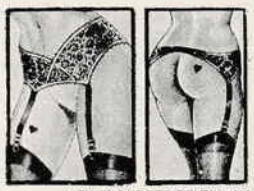

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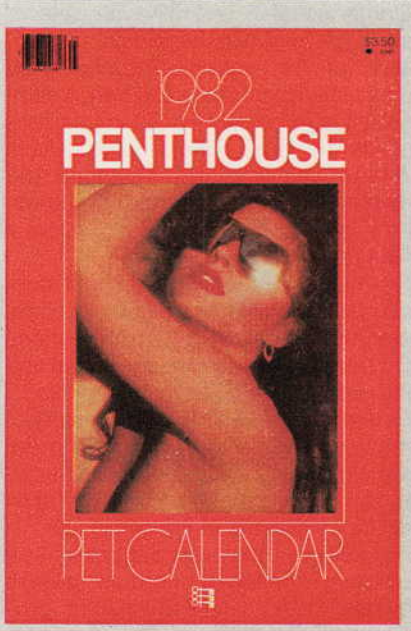

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

any indication, I know I'll be going back for more soon.

I am a fairly plain-looking guy—though girls say I have a nice personality and a good "way" on a mattress. It wasn't until I visited a friend at a college in New York, however, that I really discovered the pleasure of female juice in the Big Apple. My pecker's still huffing and puffing from three days of hard labor that I'm sure you'll want me to describe.

We arrived at my friend's dorm late Friday afternoon. It was one of those rustic living quarters that look like they should house sterile priests. Inside, however, I found there was plenty of good ol' American twat to be found. We were bringing some six-packs of beer to the room when I literally ran into one of the coeds who live downstairs.

"Ooh, sorry," the girl said. She had flowing black hair and a cute face, and she leaned into me with wet blowjob lips. I immediately started feeling a rumbling in my jeans as my dick tried to stand at attention. She went to steady the packages in my arms, making sure her hand glided over my crotch before reaching the underside of the package. "No problem," I stammered, staring directly at her Vaginal Territories, which stared right back in a beautiful, arching Y beneath her faded jeans. I swear they were faded right through, and her fuckin' cunt was making like embroidery.

She didn't blink. "Got a problem down there, I see," she said, smiling and pointing at my crotch (which was beginning to look like a launching pad at Cape Canaveral). I couldn't believe it was me talking, but I managed to deadpan right back: "Yeah, I've got something for you if you can take it." We both laughed, and again she leaned right in as she giggled, pressing those lovely, soft tits into my side. Her nipples felt like Hershey's Kisses.

I'd forgotten all about my friend, who said, "Alan, this is Jill. She's only a freshman, but she's pretty mature. Jill, meet my good friend Alan, who's maturing pretty fast . . ." Actually, I'm not sure what he said next, because before I knew it, I was in my pal's room (for the first time), and he was throwing the keys on his desk and wishing Jill and me good luck. By the luck of the fuck, I was about to get a taste of the big city.

Someone next door was blasting "London Calling" by The Clash. I would quickly find The Clash aren't good just for dancing. "Let me give that some air," Jill whispered, moving her slender fingers to my zipper. She undid my pants and, kneeling on the blue rug in front of me, slid my jeans to my ankles. My nine-inch flesh weapon was standing straight out like a hot lance, and my gray fireman's helmet looked ready and willing to douse my newfound friend. Jill's eyes grew wide as her fingernails toyed with the elastic on my underpants. She slipped a finger inside, then in one motion yanked my pants down and took my aching Swahili in her hot mouth. It looked so good to see Mr. Penis nestled between those thick 18-year-old lips. She grabbed my balls and held them like she was about to serve at Wimbledon, then moaned and tried to stick a finger up my bunghole. She was squirming on the carpet, and I noticed a growing wetness around her gorgeous crotch. My dick was about to revolt.

"I'm coming. Take it or leave it," I moaned, blasting a salvo of come cream deep into her throat. She took almost all of it, then gently licked the tip of my iceberg to salvage the remaining droplets. "Ummm. I'm glad I bumped into you," she said. "Eat me, please, Alan." Needless to say, I take orders obediently in these situations, so I pushed this leggy bitch onto the bed and prepared for a sloppy clam bake. What the heck, it was Lent, and I had to eat fish on Fridays.

I tore those mother-fucking jeans off Jill and peeled her soaked pink panties off her hairy bush country. A beautiful cunt awaited me. She moaned and arched her back, thrusting that dripping pussy in my eager face. I plunged in like a 12-year-old eating ice cream, slipping my tongue be-

tween her hot lips and running it up to her vibrating clit. "Oh, Christ!" she yelled. Her smooth, tanned stomach was thrusting up and down.

My tongue needed no road map as it continued its ascent. It darted up to her navel, then up between her tits, leaving a trail of saliva and cunt juice behind. As I slipped atop my fuckmate to kiss her, my prick magically slipped into Jill's viselike cunt. "Fuck me! Fuck the hell out of me!" Jill yelled between kisses. I obeyed quickly. I waited a moment between songs on The Clash album, which continued to sound through the wall. Pulling my pleasure-rod partly out of Jill's box, I flicked my dicktop back and forth and around her cunt lips. "Oh, fuck," she moaned. "Please fuck me." This was no time for subtlety. But I was waiting for the big downbeat in "Brand New Cadillac," a Clash song.

Jill was just about to yell again when I came in—right on cue. Wham! I plunged Mr. Olympia deep into her slippery twat. I must have hit rock bottom, and Jill managed to outscream the band.

Again and again I banged away. I'm sure my ass must've hit the ceiling. Finally, I exploded, blasting round after round of love ammunition from my male artillery. I must've created a semen reservoir in her love basin. All I could smell was our sweat and a fine love aroma from Jill's honeypot, as we parted and lay on our backs on the bed. My dick called time out.

"Not bad for a freshman?" Jill asked playfully.

"I'll tell you after tomorrow night," I said. She smiled, and damned if we didn't fuck around on Saturday and Sunday too. Who says New York is impersonal? You know I'll be visiting this college as often as my prick allows. —*Name and address withheld*

A different kind of education

I have been reading your magazine for a long, long time and gain much pleasure from it. I would like to share my pleasures with your readers as they have with me.

My husband and I are swingers and have been for several years. My husband worked with a very handsome, sexy, young man for many years to whom I secretly wanted to make love. This, however, was before we had become swingers. After both Jules, my husband, and David, his friend, quit working for the same company and became self-employed, they remained good friends, and I became even more desirous of David.

I would encourage Jules to take me to David's place of business so that I could see him. Each time my desire became more and more intense. Finally, I convinced Jules to confess to David the fact that we are swingers, even though we would run the risk, in our very small community, of being discovered. My husband and I are both professionals, and I even have my master's degree, and we are risking much. However, my desire for Da-

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vid grew so intense that I had to know him. Jules, as discreetly as possible, hinted to David about our open relationship, and soon both of them agreed that we should have a ménage à trois, which we did.

While we were making love, David picked up a lighted candle and held it close to my face in order to see more clearly as I made oral love to him. At the same time my husband commented on how much I seemed to enjoy David's beautiful cock. What none of us realized at the time was just how much David's cock would come to mean to me. We were only slightly aware.

After one more evening with the three of us together, David and I decided we would like to go out alone. This was the beginning of my "finding myself." The first time we were alone together, David took me to a nearby shopping mall, where he bought me my first garter belt and pair of seamed stockings. I am seven years older than David, which turns both of us on very much, and I remember wearing this sort of apparel when there were no other styles. However, I had forgotten what a beautiful turn-on it is to wear them.

That night I bought a black garter belt, black seamed stockings, a lacy black bra, and bikini panties to wear while we made love. The moment I touched John, as he calls his cock, to my mouth, I knew I was in for a new and totally beautiful experience. Jules has asked me many times to give him head, but I always did so with little involvement. I had never, in the 15 years we had been married, really enjoyed sucking cock. I always did so just to please Jules and never really turned on to it. However, when David and I began making love that night, I felt a change taking place within me. He very slowly and lovingly taught me the art of oral love. When I say *art*, I mean in the finest sense of the word. We have devoted as much time to this art as I have to my education in another field of study.

David has the most beautiful cock I have ever seen. I am five feet two and weigh 105 pounds, and my hand will not reach completely around the base of John. He is so big and gets harder and stays harder longer than any other cock I have ever seen. He can stay hard for five and six hours while I suck and lick and stroke him. Because of the many, many hours of pleasure we have shared together, I have learned to "open" my mind and to accept what I am and who I am. Also, because of my very puritanical background and small-town environment, one can easily understand my reticence to accept the fact that deep inside of me is the desire to be a whore and to suck cock. I am a feminist and had always thought that most men are chauvinists. Now that I have known David, men are very beautiful to me. Very lovingly and tenderly David and John turned me into that which I have always wanted to be—a sexy, loving whore who loves sex and who especially loves to suck cock. I have been seeing David several times a month, with the okay of Jules, who has benefited indirectly.

I have grown to love David deeply for allowing me to be "me" and for encouraging me to "let go" while we are together. Not only have I learned how much I turn on to wearing sexy, beautiful clothes and sucking big, hard, juicy cocks. I have also discovered that I am extremely turned on to the idea of being David's whore. What he doesn't know yet is that I really want more than to be a whore. I want to be his possession, his slave to do with what he wants. I am an extremist and need what only he has been able to turn me on to.

His fantasy is to have a ménage à trois with his very young girl friend and me. Although the thought of sharing him breaks my heart, at the same time my desire to give him pleasure needs to be free. Inside, my desire to be a whore and sex slave is far greater than my jealousy. It is something which I have no power to control now that David has unleashed the real me. I need only to see him to know my weaknesses, and when he touches me, I am his totally.

Unless one experiences the beauty of "letting what is inside come out," he will never know the level of pleasure he can reach. David and John have given me this, and we continue to enjoy higher and higher levels of pleasure each time we meet.

David talks to me while I suck his cock and make love to him, telling me all the beautiful things that really excite me. This is a very important and integral part of our relationship. He knows all of my many and varied moods and knows exactly what to say to encourage me to "let go." Very often I lose control of my senses and get so involved in what he is saying and what we are doing that I feel myself pushing the limits of pleasure further each time. —*Name and address withheld*

The stranger at the wedding

I've read your magazine since it came out and have enjoyed it no end. With all the great things that have come my way with ladies and the different places I've gotten it on and off in, this one I had to share.

I got into L.A. on a Saturday morning and dropped by on an old friend. He was getting ready to go to the wedding reception of an old friend of ours and insisted I come. So a quick change of clothes, half a dozen joints rolled, and off we went to a big, sprawling house in the hills over L.A. We arrived, smoked a joint, went in, and greeted the newlyweds. Our friend certainly married well, and the girl was a stone fox. We wished them well and then split up to cruise the crowd and check things out, the bar, the food, the women.

An hour later I was on the second-floor landing and decided to step into one of the bathrooms to smoke another doobie. Who should I find inside lighting up but my friend. So I closed the door and locked it, and we stood right there in this outrageous bathroom, smoking. There was another door that led to a bedroom that suddenly opened, and in stepped a woman, in a halter-top dress that would have paid for my car. She was in her middle thirties and full-breasted, with nipples to match, and the thigh-high slit in the dress showed off her dancer's legs and hard, rounded ass.

She looked at me, us. I looked at her and then handed her the joint. She let out a big smile and took the joint and hit deep off it. I watched her breasts strain against the fabric, her nipples hardening, along with my cock. We finished the two joints of killer weed; then my friend stumbled out the door, looking for food and booze. She watched him go and then locked both doors, smiled at me, and pulled a vial of coke out of her handbag. I laughed and nodded, and we looked each other in the eyes as she fumbled around for her coke spoon. We hadn't said a word. She couldn't find it, so she took off the cap, put some blow on her finger, and gave me a gum-numb. Then she took one for herself.

The looks were getting deeper, and my cock was trying to climb up my leg but was held down by the pants. Then she reached up and undid the top of her dress, freeing those gorgeous mounds of pleasure. I was slightly blown. She took the coke and shook some out on each nipple and then lifted them to me. I was in a dream. I bent down and tooted a noseful off each nipple and then sucked them clean. Her nipples were large and hard and delicious.

While I was feasting, she reached down and unzipped me, pulling my rock-hard "seven" out and started stroking. I stood up and stepped back, and her eyes went down to see what her hands held. The head was swelling, turning purple, and I was kneading those pleasure domes of hers. I took the coke and shook some out on the head of my dick, and her eyes grew in size, lighting up like a Christmas tree. She slid down to her knees and tooted off my throbbing cock-spoon and then took the head in her mouth, running her tongue over and around. I've never been that hard in my life! And then she deep-throated me. I've never had head like that—never—and I've been sucked by some wonderful ladies.

I started pumping her mouth with my dick. She pulled off and placed it between those tits, and I started tit-fucking her. She was moaning like a bitch in heat. I pulled her up, set her ass on the counter, pulled her dress up, and was into her dripping honey pot with my silver tongue. She wasn't wearing any panties, and she grabbed my head and spread her legs farther as she came and came and came. What flavor! What a cunt! What a woman! I stood up, placed my cock at the slit of her opening, and taking her by the hips, look-

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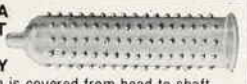

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ing deep into her black eyes, literally pierced her with the flaring crown of my cunt-hungry cock. She shuddered and came, and we started fucking like crazed animals, which we were. The coke held me back from coming, but she came like there was no tomorrow.

My pleasure and pain were indescribable! I wanted more of her! I pulled out of her, and her eyes fastened again on my cock, making it throb and swell even more. She turned around, lifted her dress clear off her round ass cheeks, spread her legs, and grabbed the counter. We locked eyes in the mirror, and I slowly greased my cock up with her cunt juice, giving her a good view in the mirror. Then I spread her ass, placed my cock against her rosebud, and started easing in—the deeper I got, the bigger her eyes grew. Then I started stroking my lightning rod up and down, in and out, holding her hips while she leaned into it. She came again. Then we both felt my load building, deep in my balls. She leaned into me as far as she could, and I blew an ungodly load up her ass!

My head started spinning, and I almost passed out, holding on I don't know how. Things slowed down, finally, and I was still up her ass, still hard. She realized it, slowly squeezed me out, ran a wash cloth over my dick, pushed me flat on my back, mounted my cock, and rode me like a horsie while I sucked on those red-tipped fruits of passion. She came twice more and got off. I fucked her doggy-style, blowing a load up her cunt. We were gone—in heaven. The world seemed to settle slightly.

We got up, cleaned up, kissed long and deep. Then she went out the bedroom door, and I went out the other. We'd never said a word the whole time. Two hours later the groom introduced me to his stepmother-in-law. It was my lady—woman—from the bathroom. We nodded, he asked her to show me around the place, and we disappeared into the stables! We never spoke to each other. We still don't. Every now and then we exchange notes, with a time and place—I have never known such passion, such lust, such silence. Silence is truly golden. *—Name and address withheld*

A one-night waitress

My wife, Jill, and I live in a small, conservative town in central Illinois. She was my childhood sweetheart, and we married when I graduated from college and Jill was a junior. Our very limited sex life has been great for us both, even though neither of us has ever had sex with anyone else. We have always been open with each other about sex, and one night we read an article in your magazine about a woman who flashed other men while her husband looked on. We both thought this sounded like a real turn-on, but we knew it would be impossible around our hometown, because everyone would hear about it. We didn't discuss it again until a couple of months ago a friend told me about a topless bar he had visited in another city. He said the girls were really dynamite and the men were copping feels and cramming dollar bills down the girls' pants.

When I got home, I told Jill about the bar and asked how she would like to be a topless waitress. Since the place is about 150 miles from home, Jill said we would try it. We took a long weekend trip and got a room right across the street from the bar. Jill had already called and was supposed to meet the manager at one o'clock in the afternoon. She dressed in skintight jeans, heels, and a blouse thin enough that her braless tits almost showed completely through. She was gone about two hours and was so turned on when she returned that she had to hop into the bed before she could tell her story.

She got the job and was to start at eight that evening. The bar was very classy, and she said she was not ashamed to remove her blouse for Larry, the manager of the bar. She said he was very businesslike and warned her against hustling in the bar. He told her to expect pinches, and he reached out and lightly pinched her tit to get her reaction.

We decided that I would wait a couple of hours after she went to the bar so that she could get comfortable without worrying

about me. At exactly ten o'clock I walked in the door of the crowded bar and began searching for her. I saw her immediately, and my cock got harder than it ever had been before. Here was my sweet little innocent wife of ten years walking around in a bar full of men with nothing on but a pair of black satin panties. She was carrying a tray of drinks to a booth in the corner, and I walked behind her until she got to the booth.

In the booth there were three men in three-piece suits and ties loosened after an afternoon and evening of drinking in the bar. I stood and watched as one of the men rubbed his hand up and down Jill's thigh as she placed the drinks on the table and made change. She just smiled at him and patted his cheek before walking off. I couldn't believe how well and quickly she had adjusted to this. I looked around as if searching for a place to sit and then walked to the end of the bar and stood while I ordered a drink from the bartender. As Jill passed by, she gave me a quick smile and whispered in my ear, "I love it." Then she was off to take another order.

I waited until one of the men at the table went to the men's room, and I followed him in. As he walked through the door, I "accidentally" bumped into him. I apologized and said that it was so crowded that I couldn't even find a chair. He was sympathetic and invited me to sit with him and his friends.

After we returned to the table and everyone was introduced, I commented that the place had some super-looking waitresses. There was instant agreement all around the table, and they all said to wait until I got a look at "their" waitress. We all drank quickly, and soon Jill was back at the table. I noticed that she had several one- and five-dollar bills tucked into her panties.

As I watched from the corner, one of the men folded a five up and reached for Jill's waist to tuck it in. All the men whooped as he pulled out her panties about three inches and smacked his lips as he leaned over to look down the front of her panties. She patted his hand lightly and said "naughty boy" as she pulled back and asked for our orders. I asked her where I could put a 20, and then she looked me straight in the eye and said, "Anywhere you like." This got a real charge out of my newfound friends, and the one next to me leaned back in his seat as I reached over him to give Jill her "tip."

As I leaned forward, Jill stepped closer until she was leaning against the other guy. He placed one hand low on her leg and began gently rubbing as she pushed against him. I reached for the crotch of her panties as the other guy eyed my hand. I pulled gently on the band of her panties and stuck two fingers directly into the wettest cunt I had ever felt.

The men were in an uproar now as Jill pulled back from me and commented that we were certainly a horny bunch of boys. She took our orders and hurried back to

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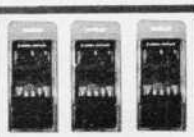

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the bar. The guy next to me commented that he had never been so hot in his life. He also said he would give a hundred dollars to fuck Jill. You can't imagine how proud I was to know that my sweet little wife could get these strangers so worked up.

When Jill returned, the guy across from me offered her $20 to sit on his lap. She said, "Okay, but only for a second." As she sat the drinks down and crawled across the first guy, there were four hands touching, rubbing, and squeezing her. As she settled onto the guy's lap, he said, "God damn, she's got a hot, wet pussy." I could see that she was in ecstasy as this good-looking guy stroked her cunt.

She sat there only for about 30 seconds and then got up so she wouldn't get in trouble. As she left our table, I noticed the manager stop her and whisper something to her. I got up and went over to where she was standing and asked her what was wrong. She said he had jumped on her about sitting in the booth and she quit.

We practically ran to the motel room, and we were both so turned on that we literally fucked all night. We have discussed trying this again and maybe even having Jill sleep with someone else. Who knows? I can only say this undoubtedly was the most exciting time of our lives.—*Name and address withheld*

Take a tip from him

There seem to have been a number of letters in "Forum" recently on the subject of circumcision, and several in particular on the subject of adult circumcision. After reading some of them I thought I would like to tell your readers about my own interesting experience.

It all started one evening when my wife and I were out barhopping with a bunch of friends. We were all pretty loaded by the time we hit a bar that was having an amateur night for male strippers, open to any male who wanted to enter. There was a grand prize of $100. It took a massive amount of coaxing from my wife and her friends, but they finally persuaded me to enter. Along with the other seven contestants I was issued an outfit complete with bikini shorts and waited my turn in line. These guys were really out to win and weren't holding anything back, right down to dropping their shorts and strutting their stuff.

I was the fifth one to go out onto the stage, and by then the crowd was really going. I was actually enjoying myself and soon got down to my shorts and let them drop to the stage, revealing my now semi-hard manhood for all to admire. As I looked over to my wife, she was cheering me on like there was no tomorrow and I noticed that her girl friend was pointing at me and saying something to her. After all the contestants had had their turn, we were all brought back out onto the stage in a line for the audience to select a winner. As we stood there in line, I again noticed my wife's girl friend pointing at me and another couple of guys and saying something. Well, I didn't win—but I was third runner up, which was all right with me. I had a good time any way. On the way home I asked my wife what her girl friend, Delores, had kept saying while I was on stage, but my wife just said, "Oh, it was nothing important. I'll tell you about it some time."

Almost six months would pass before I was to find out what Delores had said to my wife that night. My wife has since told me that when I dropped my shorts that night, Delores had noticed the obvious fact that I was uncircumcised and asked my wife if she had ever had a circumcised man. When my wife replied that she had not, Delores was quick to tell her that she didn't know what she was missing and she really should have one at least once. She then pointed out a couple of other guys who she knew in the contest, who were circumcised, and said how great they were and that she would fix my wife up with one of them. My wife told Delores that she was a married woman and could never do that. Delores just smiled and said that one of these days she'd talk her into it.

Michele, my wife, had almost forgotten about that night when one evening Delores called her up and invited her over for a couple of drinks and a good time, since I was out of town on business, as I often am.

Before long, my wife and Delores were having a few drinks, smoking some grass, talking about sex, and just getting mellow, when Delores leaned over and said to Michele that she had a nice surprise for her. With that one of the guys from the contest walked out of the bedroom, completely nude. As he walked over and stood in front of my wife, Delores pointed to his heavy-hung cock and said to her, "You're finally going to have sex with a circumcised man, and I'm going to stay here and make sure you do. I'm not leaving until you have the beautiful head of his circumcised cock buried deep in your pussy, so you might as well get ready to enjoy it!"

My wife claims she was opposed to it but finally agreed to try it just once. She proceeded reluctantly at first, but by the time the bulbous head of his circumcised penis had been rubbing the inner lips of her vagina for about 15 minutes and he started to slip it into her wet pussy, she was having a powerful orgasm like she had never had before. After they finished making love and he had left, Delores asked my wife what she thought, to which my wife had no choice but to answer "fantastic." Delores said, "Great, now we can move you on to Jeff. He's even bigger and better." My wife immediately protested by saying that she had done it once, as agreed, but that she could not do it again. Delores just looked at her and said, "But how will you know if it was the circumcised penis that produced those wonderful orgasms or just Roy?" She also said that if my wife would agree to try sex one more time with a circumcised guy, Jeff, she would not pursue the matter any further after that if my wife did not want to. My wife agreed, and it was arranged for the next night. It seems that this guy Jeff was not only circumcised but very well hung and produced an even more intense orgasm than Roy had. When Jeff left, Delores asked my wife if she wanted to stop or if she would like to meet more fabulous guys with circumcised cocks. Michele said that she knew it was wrong, but she had to have more. She had finally had a taste of the circumcised penis and just couldn't stop now.

Delores then explained to my wife that she knew all these circumcised men from a club that she and one of her boyfriends had started recently for circumcised men only, and for women who insisted on circumcised lovers. She went on to say that one of the members was a doctor who performed the circumcisions on any of the uncircumcised men who were recruited as prospective members through rituals arranged by their wives or girl friends. It seems that they had a ritual that they would put a prospective member through to convince him to let them circumcise him. So far this ritual had produced a 100 percent success rate. Delores then told my wife that she would like her to have sex with some of the other members, and if afterwards she was convinced that the circumcised penis was the only kind she

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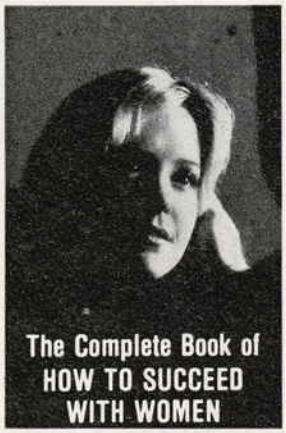

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wanted, she should help them arrange for one of their rituals with me. Michele said that she would like to try sex with some of the other members anyway, but that she was already convinced that the circumcised penis was the greatest and that she would be delighted to help them arrange a ritual for me. Delores then said that for them to prepare a ritual for me they would have to insist that Michele have sex with Dennis, who is the best-hung member of the club, and allow them to film that on videotape, to be shown to me during my ritual. My wife was eager to agree and ready to start any time they were. Michele had sex with several of the other members before she tried Dennis. He was incredibly well hung, and his cock was so large that Michele was unable to take it all the way into her vagina the first three out of four times they had sex together. The fifth time she had sex with him, they filmed it on videotape and were now ready for her to help them arrange my ritual.

I was still unaware that anything had been going on, and so when Michele told me that we had been invited over for cocktails to one of Delores's boyfriends, who was a doctor, I didn't think anything of it. We had not been there long when I started to feel a little dizzy. I later found out that they had put something in my drink. They suggested that I lie down on the couch and rest. The next thing I knew, I woke up on an examining table in the doctor's office, which was in the back of the house, and I had nothing on except a terry cloth wraparound. My wife was at my side, holding my hand and reassuring me that I was safe and that she was sure when the night was over that I would be glad she had arranged for this evening. She proceeded to introduce Dennis, who was standing on the other side of me and also wearing only a wraparound. She then reassured me once more, saying that she would be just around the other side of the white curtain, and then she left.

Without saying a word, Dennis reached over and unsnapped my wraparound, opened it, and began to gently massage my penis to erection. I never thought I would ever let another man touch my penis, let alone enjoy it, but I was doing just that. Dennis could soon tell I was getting quite excited and reached down and slowly unsnapped his own wraparound and let it fall, revealing the most gigantic cock I had ever seen. He took my hand and placed it on his massive tool and asked me if I noticed anything different between his penis and mine. Since the head alone filled the whole palm of my hand, I gasped and said that it must be at least three times as big as mine (and I'm not that small at seven inches). He said that yes, it was true, but asked if I noticed anything else, to which I answered I could plainly see that he was circumcised.

He then said that there was one other difference, and that was that my wife had sucked off his penis and begged for more. Dennis then said that our penises did have one thing in common, however. My wife, Michele, had taken both of them in her pussy all the way to the hilt. Seeing the size of his cock, I had real doubts how he'd ever get his whole cock into my wife's pussy, and knowing her past reluctance to give me head, I rapidly questioned his statement. With that he reached over and turned on the video recorder in front of me, and sure enough, there was my wife giving him the most enthusiastic blowjob I've ever seen. Soon the picture changed, and she was lying on the bed with her legs spread wide as he rolled over and began to work his incredible cock into her pussy, slowly working a little more in with each stroke until the whole 16-plus inches were buried inside her and he was pumping away like a stallion with his balls actually slapping her ass with each stroke.

By now I had lost track of what was going on over on the other side of the curtain where my wife was, but it was obvious from the sounds that someone had come into the room and was making love to her with great zest. Within a few minutes she was screaming in orgasm like I have never heard her, and Dennis asked me if I would like to see what was producing that type of orgasms, to which I said yes. I couldn't believe it when Dennis reached over and

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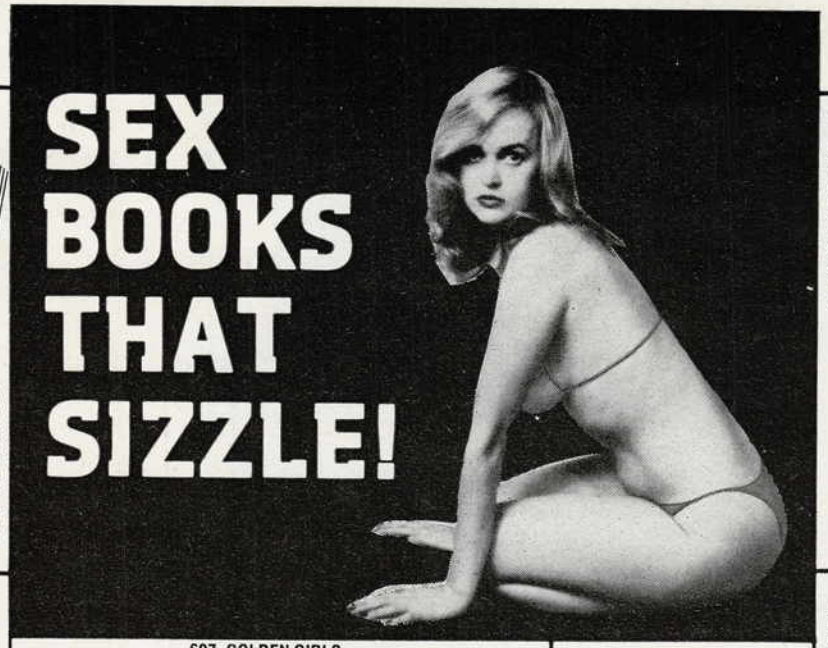

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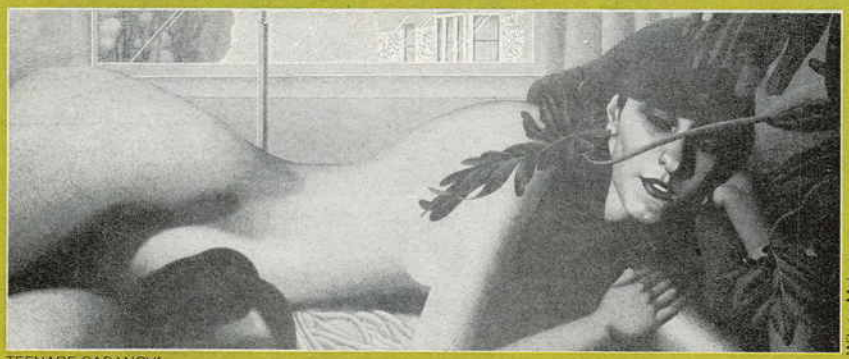

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TEENAGE CASANOVA

Roman Polanski's Last Days in America—The rape case against the famed Polish film director was too strong. There was his assignment from a French men's magazine to shoot a glossy photo spread on little girls of the world. There were the photos of the 13-year-old girl, sprawled in a Jacuzzi as she sipped champagne. And there were the drugs. And the false claims made to the girl's mother. And Angelica Huston's promised testimony against Polanski. Of his young victim, Polanski would later say: "She talked about sex. She never objected." A first look at what will be one of 1982's hottest best-sellers, *Polanski*, by Barbara Leaming.

The New Hite Report—Four years ago *Penthouse* magazine published a questionnaire asking its readers how they felt about monogamy and adultery, violence and pornography, homosexuality and masturbation. Those answers are now part of *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality*, a book that has topped the best-seller lists and been considered as ground-breaking as the original Kinsey report. "The Penthouse Answers" constituted over ten percent of the new *Hite Report*.

Death Beam—At a top-secret location deep within the Soviet Union, Russian scientists are putting the finishing touches on an irradiation killer beam that they plan to use against the United States. Known as Project Razrukha, it can wipe out the East Coast of America, and there is no known counterdefense. In this terrifying exclusive excerpt from the novel *Death Beam* (to be published by Crown), Robert Moss, coauthor of the best-seller *The Spike*, counts down the weeks before the most horrifying technological invention ever made can be launched.

Teenage Casanova—Jeanie Fleming is 41, and Gerard Morell is 16, and their love is as intense as Romeo and Juliet's. Although Gerard has made a habit of sleeping with his girl friends' mothers, he never bargained on falling in love. Neither did Jeanie. But the first time she kisses Gerard, it seems to be the first kiss of her life. Only a very rich, very bored society hangout like Aspen, Colo., could be the setting for this humorous and moving short story by Ben Stein. And only people like the Aspen elite could resolve Jeanie and Gerard's affair in such a "civilized" fashion.

The New Space Race—In an important essay Ben Bova, editorial director of *Omni* magazine, discusses the importance of immediate space exploration and development "to build a flourishing, fair, and free global society" as the only possible alternative to save the earth from impending disaster. He writes: "This race is not merely between two nations jockeying for political prestige or military power. This new race involves the whole human species in a contest against time."

pulled the curtain back to reveal my wife lying there getting fucked to her heart's content by a black man (something I never thought she would do). One look at his cock when he pulled it out of her started me thinking this was a display of the world's biggest cocks, and all of them circumcised. With the tip of his cock still showing the remains of the obvious orgasm he had just had inside my wife, he looked over at me, smiled, and said, "After you're circumcised, you'll be able to produce that kind of orgasm in her too."

At that point my wife got up and came over to my side and began to explain that I had been brought there to be convinced to let them circumcise me, and she hoped that I could consent. Frankly I was so excited from watching her make love to another man that I think I would have consented to anything at that point. I told her that if she wanted my penis circumcised, I would be honored to have it done for her and that in all honesty I had fantasized about having it done but never had the nerve. She said she most definitely wanted my penis circumcised and then introduced me to Fred, who was the doctor member of the club. He proceeded to prepare me and explained that I would have a very sore penis for a few weeks but that it would be worth it. He continued by saying, "Now lie back and enjoy your last orgasm from an uncircumcised penis," and began playing with my foreskin, which produced an almost instantaneous ejaculation. Then he administered local anesthesia, and I had the pleasure of watching him perform the circumcision on my penis as my wife and her newfound friends also watched and cheered when the doctor had finished.

I'm now a proud member in the exclusive club and have even recruited a few new members myself, with the help of my wife.

I feel very fortunate that I've been able to experience sex both as an uncircumcised man and as a circumcised one. Not many men have that opportunity. But as a result of this episode, I was awakened to another fact. It happens that I am excited by and enjoy watching my wife make love with another man, and she has, several times since that night, with other members of the club. Before other men automatically assume they wouldn't be turned on by it, they should try it. I also hope that the subject of adult circumcision can be brought out into the open more often, and I will encourage all uncircumcised men to seriously consider circumcision. Take it from one who knows: it can change a man's life for the good. —*Name and address withheld*

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